

# THE Review















# VALEDICTION

I'm afraid that any valediction or appraisal of the year that I am able to give will be biased. Over the past five years I have developed strong feelings about St. Andrew's that perhaps distort and exaggerate the true value of the school; I hope not. However, these are not the feelings of a Head Prefect, but rather of a student of a departing Upper Sixth. And so I would like to talk — to tell you how I feel about *this* year, about St. Andrew's College.

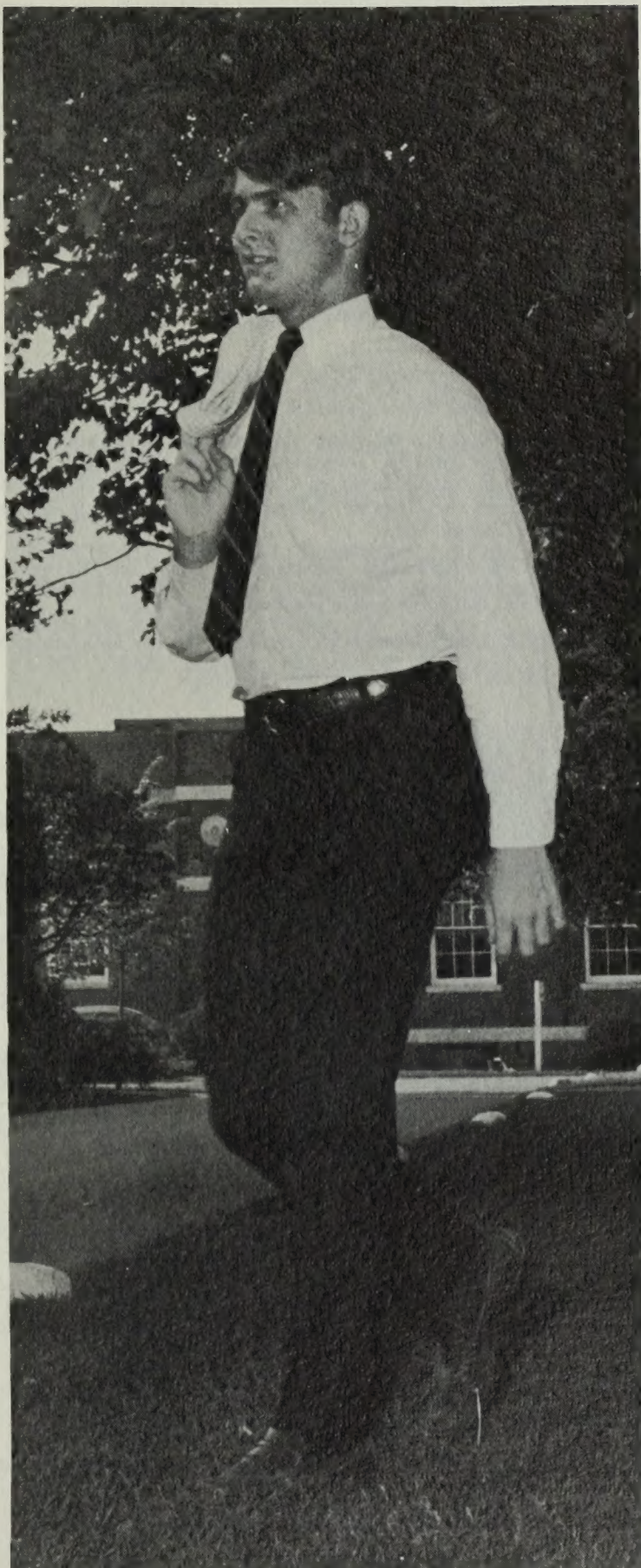
In the fall the Headmaster told me that the job of a Head Prefect was one of disillusionment — he said that in this position I would be exposed to all the problems that St. Andrew's was to face — essentially the bad side of the school. He went on to say that because of this, prefects and even more so the Head Prefect often lose sight of the positive achievements and the assets that are the backbone of St. Andrew's. He was right in what he said. But still, with all the disillusionments in mind I feel I can rightfully say that we have had a good year — perhaps one of the best.

There is little need for me to go through all of our events and accomplishments of the past 9 months — you know of them as well as I do. I feel that we have seen a great deal of leadership, participation and valuable learning in sports, in Cadets, in dramatics and in all of the other facets of the school. It has been a year of harmony and co-operation, not only in the individual teams, committees, bands, and clubs, but also in the whole school. The Winter Carnival was probably the most outstanding example of total co-operation and support that our student body has expressed throughout the year. It is just one of the things that has contributed to *this* harmony and general well-being that we have experienced.

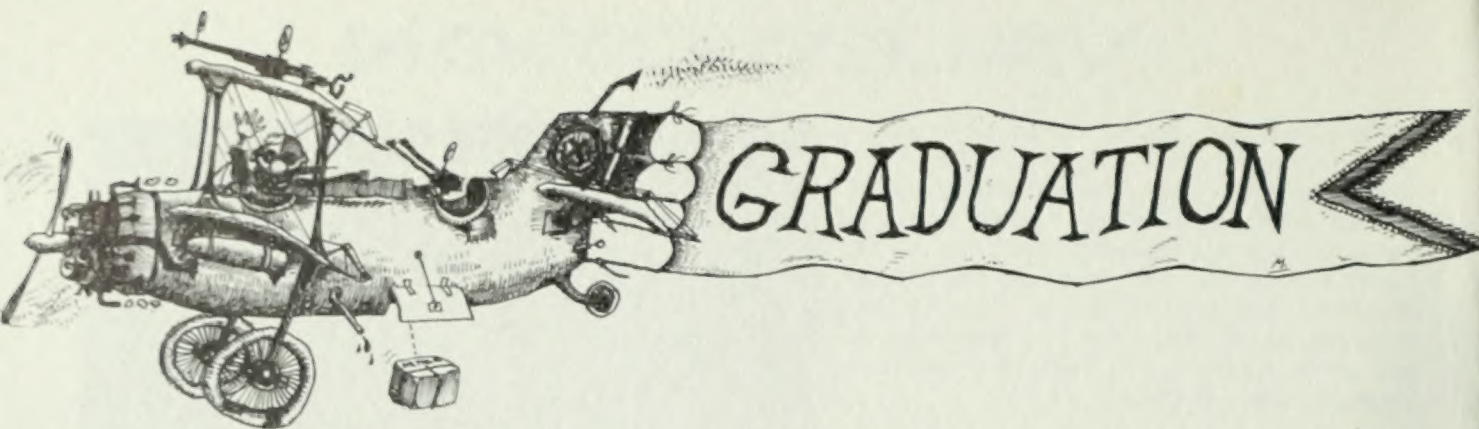
Yes, it was a good year — but it is over now. The more important thing for you to think about is the future of our school. I hope that we, the graduating class, have given you cause and incentive to continue the spirit of St. Andrew. I hope that our leadership has provided an example for you to follow and improve on. I hope that some of our faults can be recognized and corrected. There will be a lot of problems to face in the future, but I'm confident that as long as we, and I speak of masters, old boys, and students, as long as we maintain our spirit, St. Andrew's will never die.

There are probably a lot of things that I have said and done that you have not agreed with or believed in. — But if nothing else, I hope you will believe I am sincere when I say that I'm proud to be an Andrian.

R. S. Jolliffe







G. R. AGAR — "Memnon, Clem, General" '64 - '69.

*Was I made a prefect?*

**ACTIVITIES:** 2 i/c of Cadet Corps, Mac House Football and Hockey Director, Organist, Service Committee, Odd Couple, Man for All Seasons, Cheerleader, Ex P.I.T., Literary Editor of the Review, Telling everybody how it should be done, Chapel boy.

**FAVOURITE PASTIME:** Keeping the Fan-Club Happy.

**AMBITION:** To have a few more shoulder bars.

**PROBABLE DESTINATION:** Assistant to the Headmaster.

**NEXT YEAR:** Something at the U. of T.



D. B. ANNAN — "D.B., Hands" '65 - '69.

*I didn't try to monkey wrench Math sir, honest!*

**ACTIVITIES:** Prefect, 1st Football, Cadet Sgt., Shooting (Bull), Co-manager of Flavelle Hilton, Speed Kills, Skiing, Finding Contacts, Glen Agar Fan Club.

**FAVOURITE PASTIME:** Shooting down Mr. Smith with a counter cut!

**AMBITION:** To blow the roof off Flavelle House by volume alone.

**PROBABLE DESTINATION:** Helping Mr. Smith pack his parachute (afterwards).

**NEXT YEAR:** Chemistry at Queen's.

J. A. BALLARD — "Wally," '62 - '69.

*Later . . . . later!*

**ACTIVITIES:** Prefect, 1st Football, 1st Hockey, Cdt. Capt., Dramatics (Man for All Seasons), Honorary Review Editor in Chief (?), 7 year Good Guy, etc., etc.

**FAVOURITE PASTIME:** Guess!

**AMBITION:** Wine, Women, and Song, in Paris.

**PROBABLE DESTINATION:** French Student Activist (Terrorist).

**NEXT YEAR:** Political Science and French at U. of T.





D. A. BLANCHARD — "Blanch", '63 - '69.

*Oh! And uh, when was this decided?*

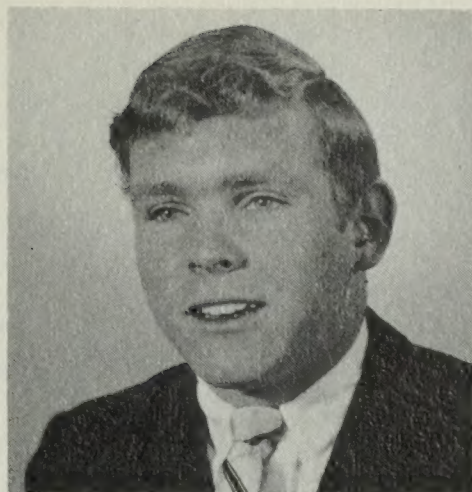
**ACTIVITIES:** Prefect, 1st Soccer (Capt.), 1st Swimming, 1st Track and Field (Capt.), Athletic 'A', Athletic Committee, Cadet Sgt., Cheer Leader, Film Society Member, Grey Coach Club (President).

**FAVOURITE PASTIME:** Trying to get home.

**AMBITION:** To be beachier than Pig Forbes.

**PROBABLE DESTINATION:** Member in good standing at Vic Tanny's.

**NEXT YEAR:** Physical Education at Queen's.



B. A. BRACKLEY — "Barr, Brax" '62 - '69.

*Alright, the next person who talks gets a defrost!*

**ACTIVITIES:** Health Club, Assistant in Mac House Hockey, Review Staff, Stage Crew for "A Man for All Seasons" and "Odd Couple", Moffat's Rangers, Cadet Lance Corporal, Wallace Clan.

**FAVOURITE PASTIME:** Taking the night off.

**AMBITION:** To be one of the great Muscle Men of History.

**PROBABLE DESTINATION:** Vic Tanny's.

**NEXT YEAR:** Honours Business at Western.

B. A. CAMERON — "Barn, Bern" '66 - '69.

*The Hooch? It's near Ottawa. Yup, yup, yup.*

*With eleven brothers and sisters, what else can I sleep on?*

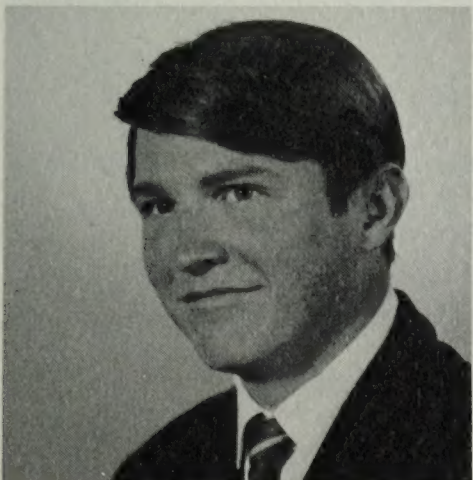
**ACTIVITIES:** 1st Football, Sergeant, Skiing, Common Room, Trough Table Head, Chapel Boy, Moffat's Rangers, Writing Letters.

**FAVOURITE PASTIME:** Bugging the 'Gentlemen' with jokes.

**AMBITION:** Teaching and Bachelorhood, If you look hard enough.

**PROBABLE DESTINATION:** Putting Almonte on Government Survey Maps or Being Ed Sullivan's Guest Star.

**NEXT YEAR:** Arts at Queen's or Western.



R. W. CAMPBELL — "R.C., Woodsworth" '65 - '69.

*There must be a better system!*

**ACTIVITIES:** 1st Football, Open Rugger, Chairman of Service Committee (Winter Carnival), Odd Couple, Variety Night, Debating, Editor of The Review, Cadet Sgt., Secretary to King White Tie, Wallace Clan.

**FAVOURITE PASTIME:** Trying to find dirt on white ties.

**AMBITION:** To admire the system.

**PROBABLE DESTINATION:** Admiring the system (dirt and all).

**NEXT YEAR:** Fine Arts at York.



I. CHAPPELL — "Chaps" '68 - '69.  
*Dayboys are the best! Great!*

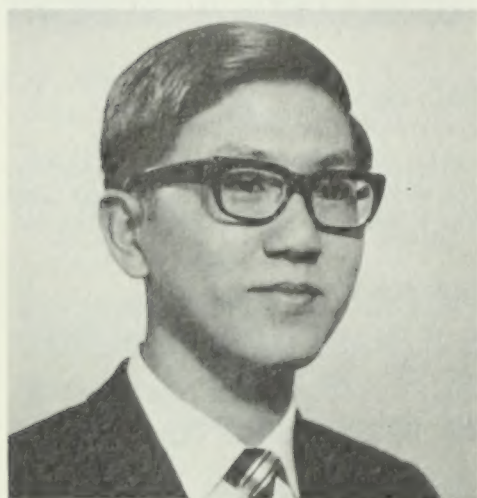
ACTIVITIES: 1st Football, Dayboy, Clan Soccer, Wallace clan.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Dayboy fever.

AMBITION: Who needs it?

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Quarantined.

NEXT YEAR: Electrical Engineering (at S.A.C.?!)



D. K. CHEN — "Popeye, Chenny Chen Chen" '66 - '69.  
*Fencing, ping-pong are the same.*

ACTIVITIES: Fencing (M.V.P.), J. S.'s Tadpoles, Pipe Band (Cdt. L./Cpl.), Radio Club, Math Club, Assistant Librarian, Math Contest.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Building 'Popeye' series of electronic and electrical projects.

AMBITION: To talk to Chiang Kai-Shek and Mao Tse-Tung via 'Popeye' amateur station.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: President of 'Popeye Universal Broadcasting Station'.

NEXT YEAR: Electrical Engineering at the U. of T.

W. S. CLARKE — "Clack, Dayboy Playboy" '67 - '69.  
*You're crazy. What's dayboy fever?*

ACTIVITIES: 1st Football, Gymnastics, Tennis, Curling, Track, Moffat's Rangers.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Reading Dune Buggy magazines or thinking about Gail.

AMBITION: Build a Dune Buggy.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Hell driver rolling Volkswagens.

NEXT YEAR: Science at Queen's.



R. DAVEY — "Goblin, Apple Head" '66 - '69.  
*What would you like?*

ACTIVITIES: 3 yr. veteran of 2nd Football, Curling, Chapel Boy, Trough, Common Room Regular.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Betty Anne.

AMBITION: Chemical Engineering.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Digging Graves for his Father.

NEXT YEAR: Engineering at Waterloo.



C. N. W. DIXON — "Snake-eyes, Fish-eyes" '66 - '69.  
*I don't know Mr. Moffat!*

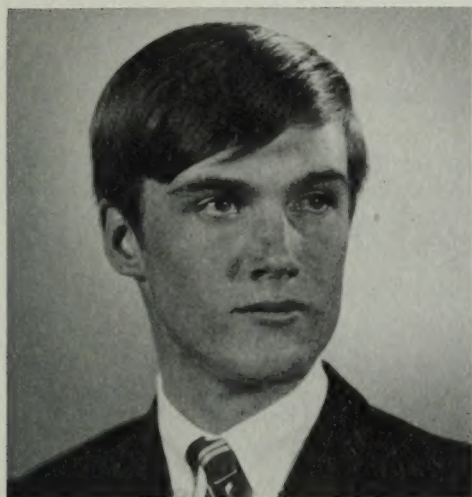
ACTIVITIES: Manager of 1st Basketball, Health Club, Moffat's Rangers, Flavell House Smoker, Chapel Reader.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Talking about motorcycles with Weinrich.

AMBITION: Ride around the world on a Triumph.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Commuting from Orillia to Toronto on a Honda 50.

NEXT YEAR: Business at Queen's.



A. A. EVANS — "Irv, Stilts, Spiderman" '63 - '69.  
*What's the matter with "tips" anyway C. L.?*

ACTIVITIES: 1st Cricket, 2nd Hockey, 2nd Football, Cadet Lt., Scholar, Review Advertising Editor, Propaganda Minister of Glen Agar Fan Club, Skipping Math.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Keeping C. L. out of trouble.

AMBITION: Keeping "myself" out of trouble.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Rooming with C. L. at the "Inn on the Don".

NEXT YEAR: Math and Economics at U. of T.



J. D. GEAR — "J. D., Hairy, Apeman" '66 - '69.  
*Grow-up Gordie! Ever since I met your . . . ?*

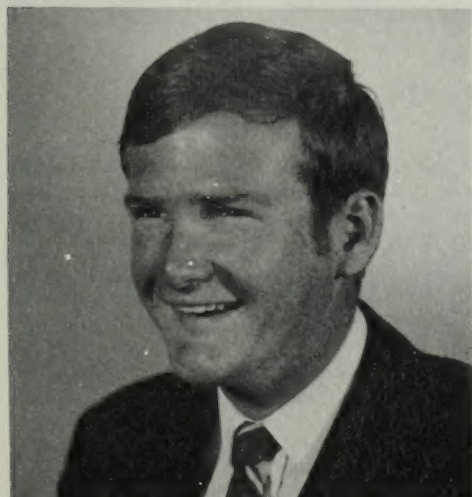
ACTIVITIES: 1st Football, Prefect, Lynn's Roommate, Douglas Clan Captain, Cadet Drum Sgt., Gook's Guerilla's, Make-up Crew, Memorial House Food Club.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: J. S.'s shadow.

AMBITION: Today Sudbury . . . tomorrow the world.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Base drummer for the 48th Highlanders.

NEXT YEAR: Business at Western or Queens.



A. C. GIBB — "Thube, Baldy" '59 - '60, '64 - '69.  
*Where's all the snow gone?*

ACTIVITIES: 2nd Soccer (Capt.), Ski Team (Sr.), Part-Time Tennis, Cadet Lance Corporal, Member of the 'Hero's' fan club, Day Boy.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Going to sleep in Geography Class.

AMBITION: Ski Bum.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Geography teacher at S.A.C.

NEXT YEAR: Commerce at U. of T.



A. N. HALLY — "Nick, N.T.P., White Tie", '59 - '69.  
*The road to hell is full of good intentions.*

ACTIVITIES: 1st Soccer (Capt. and M.V.P.), 1st Hockey, 1st Cricket (Capt.), Scholar, Prefect, Athletic Committee, Stage Manager of Odd Couple, Mathematics Contest, Wasting Time, Member of the Hero's Fan Club, Cadet Lt., Ping Pong, Eating, Humorist, Wallace Clan.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Drowning in the River of Sticks.

AMBITION: Drunk, High.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Acid.

NEXT YEAR: Math and Geography at Queen's.



G. S. HENDERSON — "Henderboing, Gordo, Sybil" '64 - '69.  
*You guys walk funny!*

ACTIVITIES: Scholar, 1st Football, Cadet Lt., Debater, School News Editor of the Review, Chief Stripe Counter of the Glen Agar Fan Club, Diaper Division, Setting an Example for the Children around the School.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Playing!

AMBITION: To write a book on my five years at S.A.C.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: The Censors.

NEXT YEAR: Political Science at Glendon.

L. I. HILBORN — "Lyndon" '66 - '69.  
*Censored*

ACTIVITIES: Secretary of Glen Agar Fan Club, Manager of 1st Football, Social Committee, Captain of A Company, Prefect advisor, Moffat's Rangers (absentee member), Gooks Geurillas, Hairy's roommate, Exchange Editor for the Review.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Losing count of dead soldiers.

AMBITION: Perpetual happiness/Headmaster.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Ecstasy.

NEXT YEAR: I hope so.



J. M. JACKSON — "J. S., White Tie" '64 - '69.  
*'Wow boy!'*

ACTIVITIES: Prefect, Montrose Clan Capt., 1st Football (MVP), 1st Swimming (Co-Capt., LBF Champs), Swimming Instructor, Athletic 'A', Service Committee, RSM, Clan Debater, Moffat's Rangers.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Mothering.

AMBITION: To live . . . again.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Maitre 'd' at the Chateau at Lake Louise.

NEXT YEAR: Social Sciences at Queen's.



**M. J. JOHNSTON** — "Dum-Dum, '66 - '69.

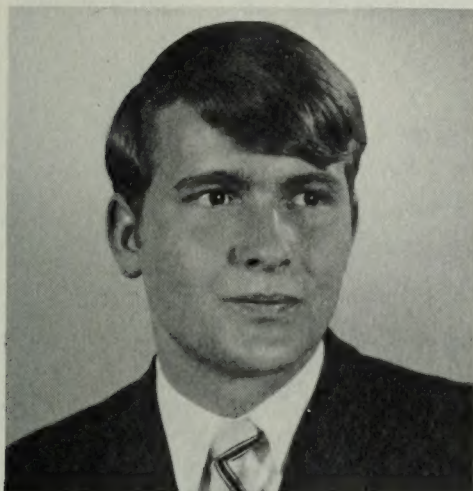
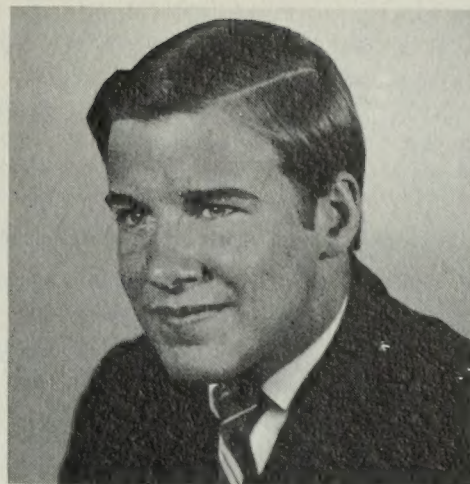
**ACTIVITIES:** Service Committee, 2nd Soccer, Pirie's Minstrels (Mgr.), Shooting (Winner of Golden Bullet), Chapel Reader, Cross Country, Variety Night, S.A.C. Tricycle Team, Cadet Cpl., Gymnastics, Head Librarian, Make-up Crew.

**FAVOURITE PASTIME:** Tricycling.

**AMBITION:** Olympic 6 day Tricycle Team.

**PROBABLE DESTINATION:** Blowing up tires in a tricycle factory.

**NEXT YEAR:** U. of Beaverton.



**R. S. JOLLIFFE** — "Scotty, Raskolnikov" '64 - '69.

*Give me a break!*

**ACTIVITIES:** 1st Football, U-15B Hockey (Coach), H.P.'s Early Morning Track Club, Odd Couple, Man For All Seasons, Variety Night, Social Committee, C.O. of 142nd, King White Tie, Wallace Clan.

**FAVOURITE PASTIME:** Pretending to pretend.

**AMBITION:** To perfect a reversable, unsoilable wash and wear white tie.

**PROBABLE DESTINATION:** Reincarnated as Robert Coulter.

**NEXT YEAR:** Chemical Engineering at U. of T. or Theatre Arts at York.

**R. KANE** — "Bo, Tubby, Fat Pig, etc." '63 - '69

*Next on the phone!*

**ACTIVITIES:** 1st Football (Co-capt.), Band, Leave, Mof-fat's Rangers, Gook's Gurillas, Wallace Clan, Roommate of a White Tie, Eating & Sleeping.

**FAVOURITE PASTIME:** Seeing what's-her-face.

**AMBITION:** To get my own phone.

**PROBABLE DESTINATION:** Trouble shooter for the Bell Telephone Company.

**NEXT YEAR:** York (I hope).



**G. M. LEITCH** — "Babs" '65 - '69.

*It's be'ter to have tried and failed, than never to have tried at all!*

**ACTIVITIES:** 2nd Football (Three Illustrious Years), Chapel Boy, Film Society, Cadet/Cpl., Art Club.

**FAVOURITE PASTIME:** St. Andrew's College.

**AMBITION:** I've got lots, it just needs direction.

**PROBABLE DESTINATION:** Lost.

**NEXT YEAR:** Architecture or Science at Waterloo or anywhere.



W. G. LOVE — "Wop, Shorty" '64 - '69.

*Excuse me . . . but I'm right!*

ACTIVITIES: 1st Football (Co-Capt.), 1st Hockey (Capt.), 1st Cricket, Senior Debating (Pres.), Chairman of Athletic Committee, Odd Couple, Cadet Capt., Sports Editor of the Review, Wallace Clan Capt. (rah! rah!). Prefect.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Winning Arguments.

AMBITION: The complete and total annihilation of Grade 13.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Headmaster at S.A.C. (with a new grade 14 as well).

NEXT YEAR: French and Political Science at Glendon or U. of T.



C. F. LOWERY — "C.L., Biff" '63 - '69.

*I don't know Irv. Maybe it has sexual overtones!!!*

ACTIVITIES: Mostly indoor.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: To score.

AMBITION: Playing "The Game".

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Fouled out.

NEXT YEAR: Pre-law at York.

D. F. MARLEY — "Spick, Dago, Marbles" '66 - '69.

*I had to change it Dave, sorry!*

ACTIVITIES: Prefect, Scholar, 1st Soccer, 1st Basketball, 1st Tennis, Debating Team, Proofraeder of the Review, Cadet Sgt., Member of the "Hero's" Fan Club.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Sleeping.

AMBITION: Whassat?

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Bullfighter or Bull-Shooter.

NEXT YEAR: Political Science and Economics at York or U. of T., or Rioting and Crowd-Inciting at the University of Mexico.



B. A. MARSHALL — "Twit" '63 - '69.

*Now just because you guys have white ties . . .*

ACTIVITIES: 1st Football, 1st Basketball (Capt. and M.V.P.), Bruce Clan Vice-Captain, Chairman of the Social Committee, Cadet Lt., Odd Couple, Review, Moffat's Rangers, Chairman of Glen Agar Fan Club.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Trying to act my age and act like Neil Smith.

AMBITION: To be as cool as Neil Smith.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Collecting garbage with Neil Smith.

NEXT YEAR: Political Science at Glendon.



D. J. MARTIN — "Farmer" '64-'69.  
*There's more to life than THAT!*

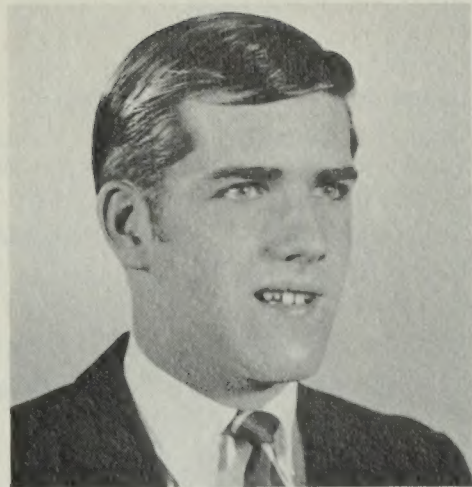
ACTIVITIES: 1st Football, 1st Hockey, Open Rugger, Chapel Boy, Assistant Librarian, Cadet Lt., Ex. Day-Boy, Discussing Billy Graham with Mr. Macfarlane, Diaper Division, Wallace Clan.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Trying to raise Mort's morals.

AMBITION: To take life more seriously.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: The pulpit.

NEXT YEAR: Psychology at Queen's.



J. C. MAYNARD — "Nose", '64 - '67, '68 - '69.  
*I come from a L . . . O . . . N . . . G line of very distinguished "noses".*

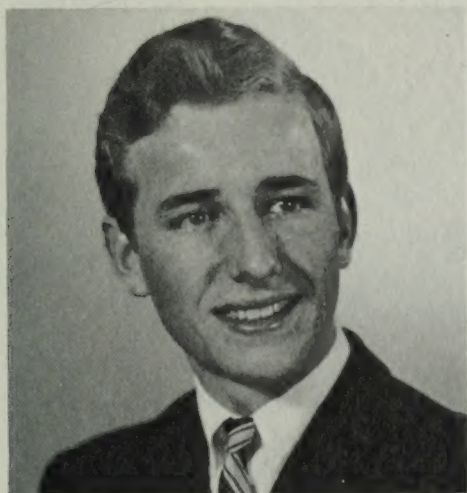
ACTIVITIES: Scholar, 1st Football, 2nd Hockey, 1st Tennis, The Odd Couple, Cadet Pipe/Sgt., Clan Debater, The Trough, Review Staff, Math Contest, Skipping Math.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Trying to uncover what I missed in Physics during Chem., Chem. during Math., Math. during English, and English during Physics.

AMBITION: To stay awake long enough to answer a question in Math A.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Lost in a vicious circle.

NEXT YEAR: Honours Math. and Economics at Waterloo.



STEPHEN McADAM — "Super Steve", "Stevo", '65 - '69.  
*Groovy*

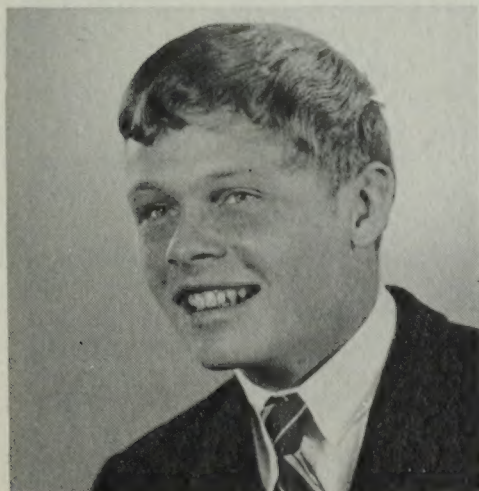
ACTIVITIES: 2nd Soccer (Capt.), 2nd Basketball, 1st Tennis, Cadet Corporal, Film Society, Moffat's Rangers.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Waking Chris.

AMBITION: To go to University.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Grade 13.

NEXT YEAR: Business at York or Toronto.



J. E. McLEAN — "Everett, Immature, The Kid"  
'63 - '67, '68 - '69.  
*Big Man . . . Big Man*

ACTIVITIES: 1st Football, Cadet Lt., McLean-Henderson Trough, Part-time Member of 1st Swim Team, Diaper Division, Generally Raising Hell, Glen Agar Fan Club.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: To be mature like Dave Morton and the white-ties.

AMBITION: To talk.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Baby-crib.

NEXT YEAR: Business at Western.



D. B. MORTON — "Mort" '64 - '69.

*What do you mean I never smile?*

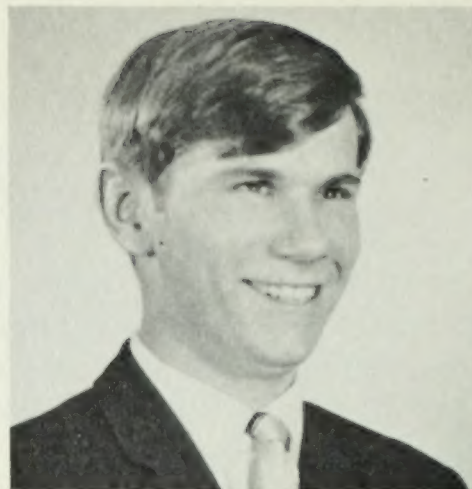
ACTIVITIES: 1st Football, 1st Hockey, Senior Rugger, Prefect, Stage Manager (A Man for All Seasons), Cdt. Warrant Officer.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Acting Mature.

AMBITION: To convince everyone that Farmer Martin is for real!

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Back to the sticks.

NEXT YEAR: Social Science at Queen's.



F. L. MUNROE — '65 - '69.

*I'm impressed.*

ACTIVITIES: . . .

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Smiling.

AMBITION: . . .

PROBABLE DESTINATION: . . .

NEXT YEAR: . . .

P. G. PENNAL — "Peto, Pig-Pen" '64 - '69.

*Has anybody here seen Black Bart?*

ACTIVITIES: 2nd Football, 2nd Basketball (Capt.), Cadet Cpl., Co-manager of the Flavelle Hilton, "Pirie's Minstrels", Glen Agar Fan Club.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Practicing the theory of the Conservation of Energy.

AMBITION: To open a licensed lounge in the Flavelle Hilton.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: A two word chat with Robert about the lounge.

NEXT YEAR: Commerce and Finance at U. of T.



P. PIRIE — "Fat Pete, Potato, Pompous" '63 - '69.

*It's a good thing I'm slim!*

ACTIVITIES: Gourmay, Drummer, Clowning, Arguing with Laughlan, Moffat's Rangers, Sgt., Part-time Football Player, Prefect.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Coming back late from holidays.

AMBITION: To grow them bigger and better.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Having my hair permanently fibreglassed.

NEXT YEAR: Business at Huron.



C. R. ROBERTS — "Black Boy, Lazy Bahamian" '65 - '69.  
*Where's Steve?*

ACTIVITIES: 1st Swimming (Co-Capt.), 1st Soccer, Spring Term Loaf, Service Committee (Sec.).

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Sleeping or shooting it.

AMBITION: To beat Max at Physics.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Flunking Physics.

NEXT YEAR: Duke University, N.C., U.S.A.



J. A. SCOTT — "Rhino" '64 - '69.

*If you don't there will be serious repercussions!*

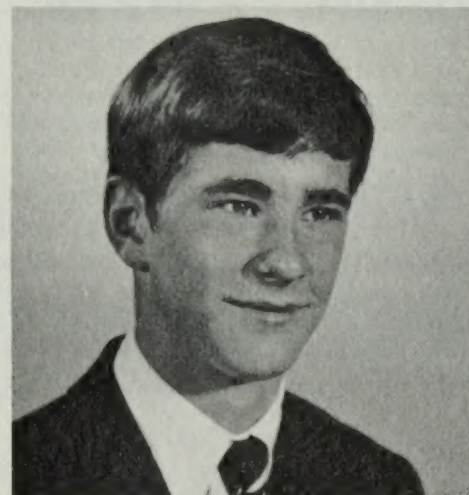
ACTIVITIES: 1st Football, Pipe Major, Dating The Head's Daughter, Senior Rugger, Moffat's Rangers, Glen Agar Fan Club.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Visiting Janet during study.

AMBITION: To walk into the common room without being told to shut up.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Telling Janet his sorrows.

NEXT YEAR: York.



B. SKOGGARD — "Skogs, Twine Eyes" '68 - '69.  
*I'm being used.*

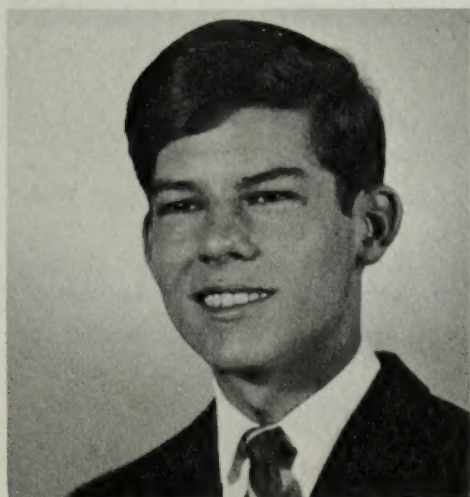
ACTIVITIES: 1st Soccer, 1st Basketball, Rugger, Man for all Seasons, Cdt. Private (Draft Dodger).

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Talking to W. C. and John.

AMBITION: To separate my eye.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Three eyes.

NEXT YEAR: A year older.



D. SMART — "Max" '66 - '69.

*Heh Bob, you want your crackers.*

ACTIVITIES: Beverly, Wood Working, Soccer, Camera Club, Senior Choir, Ski Club, Yu's Karate School, Hacking around the labs.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Tinkering.

AMBITION: Design and Methods research (Hacking around the lab).

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Tinkering himself to death.

NEXT YEAR: Co-op Engineering at U. of Waterloo.



**N. S. SMITH** — "Gems, Full-cup" '64 - '69  
*T . . W . . I . . I . . I . . T! Act your age!*

**ACTIVITIES:** Bruce Clan Captain, Athletic Committee, 1st Football, Track Team, Ski Team (Capt.), Cadet Lt., Ski Club President, Glen Agar Fan Club (vice-chairman), (Wrestling), Diaper Division.

**FAVOURITE PASTIME:** Keeping Everett in his crib.

**AMBITION:** Never leave childhood.

**PROBABLE DESTINATION:** T. V. Director of "Romper Room".

**NEXT YEAR:** Honours Physics at M.I.T.



**G. J. WADDS** — "Windy" '67 - '69  
*Whatever suits you just tickles me plumb to death.*

**ACTIVITIES:** 2nd Football Manager, Part-time Fencer, Training Mr. MacFarlane's Filly, Debating, Social Committee, Moffat's Rangers, Honorary President of Fourth House Smoker, Mr. Gibb's advisor, Cadet Cpl., Growing Sideburns, Wallace Clan.

**FAVOURITE PASTIME:** Cow Girls.

**AMBITION:** To get to Texas.

**PROBABLE DESTINATION:** Training the merry-go-round horses for the Exhibition.

**NEXT YEAR:** Pre-vetinary Medicine at Guelph.



**K. F. WEINRICH** — "Burg, Wino", '66 - '69.  
*Your mustang did what D. B.?*

**ACTIVITIES:** Moffat's Rangers, Gook's Guerrillas, Health Club, Skiing, Freddy's Bomb Squad.

**FAVOURITE PASTIME:** Successfully dodging the draft.

**AMBITION:** To see Dave's mustang in the rearview mirror.

**PROBABLE DESTINATION:** Viet Nam.

**NEXT YEAR:** Chemistry at Waterloo or Queen's.



**R. A. WOOLNOUGH** "Gunther" '64 - '69.  
*My you're looking skinny today! !*

**ACTIVITIES:** 1st Soccer, Social Committee, Cdt. Sgt., Wallace Clan, Day Boy, etc.

**FAVOURITE PASTIME:** Wearing my "tub zero", Rolling my own, Holding my own breakfast parties for Andreans.

**AMBITION:** To hold bigger and better breakfast parties for Andreans.

**PROBABLE DESTINATION:** Jail.

**NEXT YEAR:** ?



# HEADMASTER'S ADDRESS



May I compliment the *Review* staff and their adviser, Mr. Timms, on another fine school magazine. This publication reminds everyone of the rich and successful extra-curricular life enjoyed by S.A.C. students. Although no attempt has been made to report fully on academic achievements, the Prize Day page gives sure evidence of academic, as well as extra-curricular, excellence.

As Andreans gain their education, I hope it includes a suitable philosophy concerning present day society. Modern life can be stimulating or boring, exciting or dull, challenging or frustrating, rewarding or defeating, happy or sad. I trust our students are able to develop an idealism tempered with realism, and that any cynicism they acquire will be countered by a faith in the basic dignity and worth of mankind.

History proves that there is no single or easy way to Utopia. Neither capitalism, socialism, communism — nor any other “ism” — will by itself bring about the ideal State. Nor will world government, aid to underdeveloped countries, or even universal education rid the world of corruption and sorrow.

May I suggest that modern youth, in their splendid desire to revolt against the hypocrisies and injustices of present day society, keep a few simple truths in mind. First, the greatest single cause of unhappiness is selfishness; second, the world is full of many kinds of beauty if we will only take time to develop an appreciation of beauty; third, in the long run, the real improvement for mankind depends upon a combination of wisdom and love.

Thus, St. Andrew's College will continue to educate its students to be knowledgeable, high-minded citizens determined to help their fellow human beings in a world that becomes increasingly difficult but increasingly attractive.

June, 1969

J. R. COULTER



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D. Stevenson, B.A. (Toronto) ----- English

J. M. Wilkie, B.D. (Edinburgh), D.D. (Toronto) --- Chaplain, Religious  
Knowledge

R. W. Wilson, M.A. (Oxon) ----- Geography, English

Mrs. R. H. Roberts ----- Librarian

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## ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE ASSOCIATION

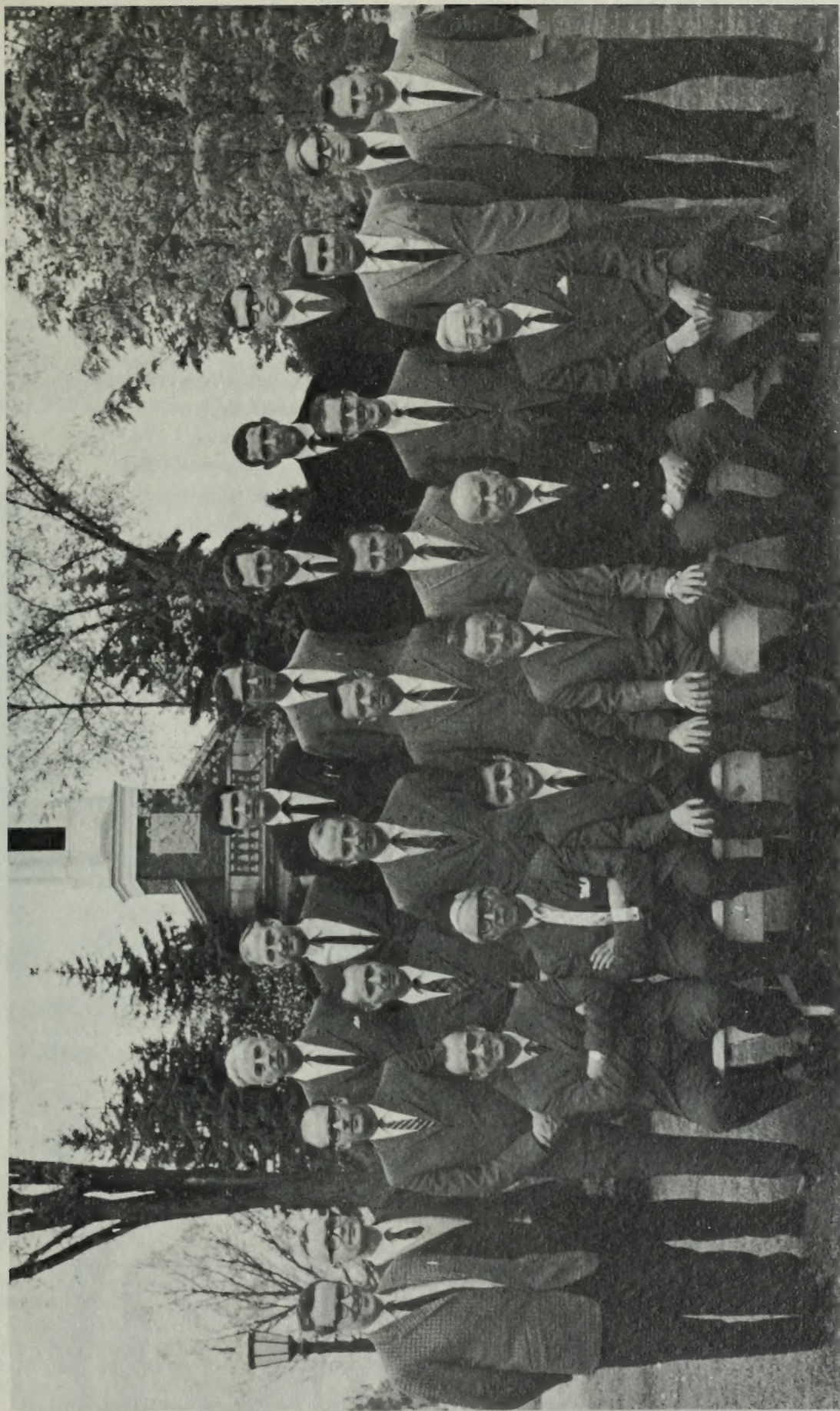
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Foundation and Secretary J. H. Hamilton B.A.  
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Secretary to Mr. Hamilton -- Mrs. D. R. McKnight



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*3rd row:* Mr. J. Bennet, Mr. C. Stoate, Mr. W. Froese, Mr. F. Coburn, Mr. L. Pitman, Mr. G. Edwards, Mr. D. Stevenson.

*2nd row:* Mr. D. Timms, Mr. J. A. Dawson, Mr. D. Hemmings, Mr. T. E. Harrison, Mr. R. Wilson, Mr. W. Skinner, Mr. R. Kinney, Mr. R. Ray, Mr. C. Kamcke, Mr. G. Smith, Mr. G. West.

*1st row:* Dr. J. Wilkie, Mr. S. Macfarlane, Mr. G. Guggino, Mr. J. Coulter, Mr. L. MacPherson, Mr. G. Moffat. (Absent: Mr. K. Ives, Mr. R. Gibb, Mr. J. F. Hiltz, Mr. D. Inglis).



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Secretary to the Board: J. A. Bennet, B.Com.





# mr.froese

Mr. Froese's early background is a very interesting, indeed, an exciting one. Born, in Ratibor, East Germany, during the Second World War, his family moved to West Germany, away from the Russian advance, at the end of the war.

In 1948 his family brought him to Canada, where they settled on the outskirts of Winnipeg. Mr. Froese went to school in Winnipeg, and his parents taught him German at home. From high school Mr. Froese went on to major in History at the University of Manitoba, and then became a Fellow at Trinity College, University of Toronto. Mr. Froese also studied two years of German at University, and this, added to what he had learned at home, makes him a bilingual person.

Mr. Froese spent one year teaching at West Hill Collegiate Institute, Owen Sound, and has come to us from there. He has enjoyed his stay at the School, and will be returning next year. The Review, therefore, on behalf of the School, would like to extend a most cordial welcome to Mr. Froese, and hope that his stay will be as pleasant for him as it has been for us.



# mr. harrison

A new addition to our French Department this year is Mr. Harrison. Though his first year of teaching, he is, by no means, a "new boy" to the field of education.

A member of the Royal Air Force for seventeen years he has been involved in teaching, administration and interpreting. While in the R.A.F. Mr. Harrison travelled widely. His postings took him to East Germany, where he worked as an interpreter for the N.A.T.O. Military Committee; the last three years of his military career saw him in Washington D.C. Directly previous to his arrival at S.A.C. he spent a year in Ottawa in the Civil Service.

Mr. Harrison is married and lives nearby the school (in the house Mr. Lister vacated last year).

The Review extends its welcome to the Harrisons and is confident that their stay will be long and rewarding.

# mr. stevenson

Out of Toronto via U. of T's Department of English (B.A. 1963) is Mr. David Stevenson. An acclaimed cynic with a green belt in judo Mr. Stevenson describes teaching as a "worthwhile pursuit".

His "worthwhile pursuit" kept him busy in Kingston and Geraldton for four years previous to his arrival at S.A.C.

In his first year at S.A.C. he has lived fully. Two coaching jobs: third football and second swimming kept Mr. Stevenson busy when not "pursuing" grade nine and ten English.

To Mr. Stevenson, his wife and two children, who live in Aurora, the Review extends a hearty welcome and trusts that his teaching career at S.A.C. will not only be worthwhile but also enjoyable.





# dr. wilkie



In attempting to describe the feeling in the School when a master such as Doctor Wilkie is leaving, one is confronted with a sizeable task, for Doctor Wilkie's contributions to School life have been considerable, and the School has come to expect his presence.

Doctor Wilkie originally came to the School in 1966 from Deer Park United Church in Toronto, where he had been minister for nine years. Now, Doctor Wilkie is again returning to Toronto, this time to be the pastor of Forest Grove United Church, Willowdale, and the gap he is leaving behind him at Saint Andrew's is a considerable one.



For Doctor Wilkie's participation in School activity has not only been widespread, it has been tremendously energetic. He has coached successful Soccer and Rugger teams; he has effectively led this year's Service Committee in one of its strongest years; he took an active part in Variety Nite, not only in acting but in helping other groups with suggestions; he has taken part in many Masters vs. School games, such as Soccer, Volleyball, and Cricket, to name but a few; he has faithfully attended many School functions, whether it be the Cadet Corps Inspection or a U15 Hockey Game; in short, Doctor Wilkie has become one of the leading figures in the School.

But despite this seemingly endless list of Doctor Wilkie's involvement, his most important function at the School has not been mentioned. This is the aid and leadership he has provided for the School in matters of the spirit. The true function of a School Chaplain is to provide this guidance, and Doctor Wilkie has done so to a great degree. His office has always been open to any boy, and his advice is of the very best, for not only does it come from a man of great experience and learning, it also comes from an open-minded person who feels that everyone is entitled to their own opinion. His honesty, sincerity and energy have always been a stimulus to



those who have come in close contact with him, and his humour and friendliness has gained him many friends. In this respect 'Doc's' contribution to School life is immeasurable. The impact of his character, for these reasons, is probably the strongest felt in the School, and the nature of his character is such that he provides an impeccable example for the School to follow.

Therefore, it is with the deepest sincerity that the School wishes Doctor Wilkie and his family happiness and good fortune in the future years, and hopes that their stay at Saint Andrew's has been as pleasant for them as it has been for us.





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R. S. Jolliffe

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D. A. Blanchard  
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A. N. Hally  
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J. D. Gear  
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W. G. Love



# the prefects



*L. to R.:* D. A. Blanchard, J. D. Gear, R. S. Jolliffe, W. G. Love, D. F. Marley, Mr. Coulter, J. M. Jackson, J. A. Ballard, A. N. Hally, P. Pirie, D. B. Annan, D. B. Morton.

# clan captains



G. Love, N. Smith, Mr. MacPherson, J. Jackson, J. Gear.



# service committee



L. to R.: M. J. Johnston, D. J. MacKay, D. Macdonald, C. E. Roberts (Secretary),  
A. A. Evans, M. R. Yule, J. M. Jackson, A. C. Cary-Barnard, A. Critchley,  
R. W. Campbell (Chairman), T. A. Bryant, Dr. Wilkie, G. R. Agar.

## SERVICE SUMMARY

### ATHLETIC SUMMARY

This year, the Athletic Committee, as well as thoroughly debating the merits and disadvantages of the athletic programme, reinforced it with many new and valuable additions. Its first job was to dissect and rewrite the out-dated Constitution of the Committee, which was done, giving it a suitable base, through which all arising situations could be squarely met. So with its new constitution behind it the Committee marched on to review the athletic award system and year's sports curriculum. In the fall term a new ski team was established and approved of by the athletic committee, adding another team sport to the winter term programme.

Throughout the year the committee debated on the concept of a new first team tie, and this was eventually passed by all the authorities, and will be in use next season, hopefully. In the Spring term, as well as initiating a school golf club, the Athletic Committee spent much time discussing the controversial matter of the present smoking rule and how it has caused a significant number of school representative teams to suffer in the past year. Hopefully, on the committee's recommendations, a new rule will be drawn up and enforced next year, being less disastrous to school teams.

Taken from the year's end point of view the Athletic Committee, under the careful guidance of Mr. G. West, and G. Love, retained and strengthened the School's fine athletic programme.

The Service Committee held its first meeting in the Flavelle House Library on October 18. In this meeting we discussed the type of policy we would follow in the coming year.

The first topic discussed was our four Orphans in West Bengal, India. We decided that we would still like to support them in the coming year. It was also decided that we would hire a bus to bring elderly people from near by 'Old Folks' homes to watch the School's production of the "Odd Couple" on November 30.

Throughout the first half of the School term the service Committee was extremely busy making arrangements for the Winter Carnival. As the days before the Big Day decreased the amount of work increased inversely. The service committee worked hard under the leadership of Robin Campbell, our chairman.

The big day came and went off very smoothly. The weather was as good as we could have hoped for. The day was enjoyable for every one, and to finish off a good day we had our winter dance that night.

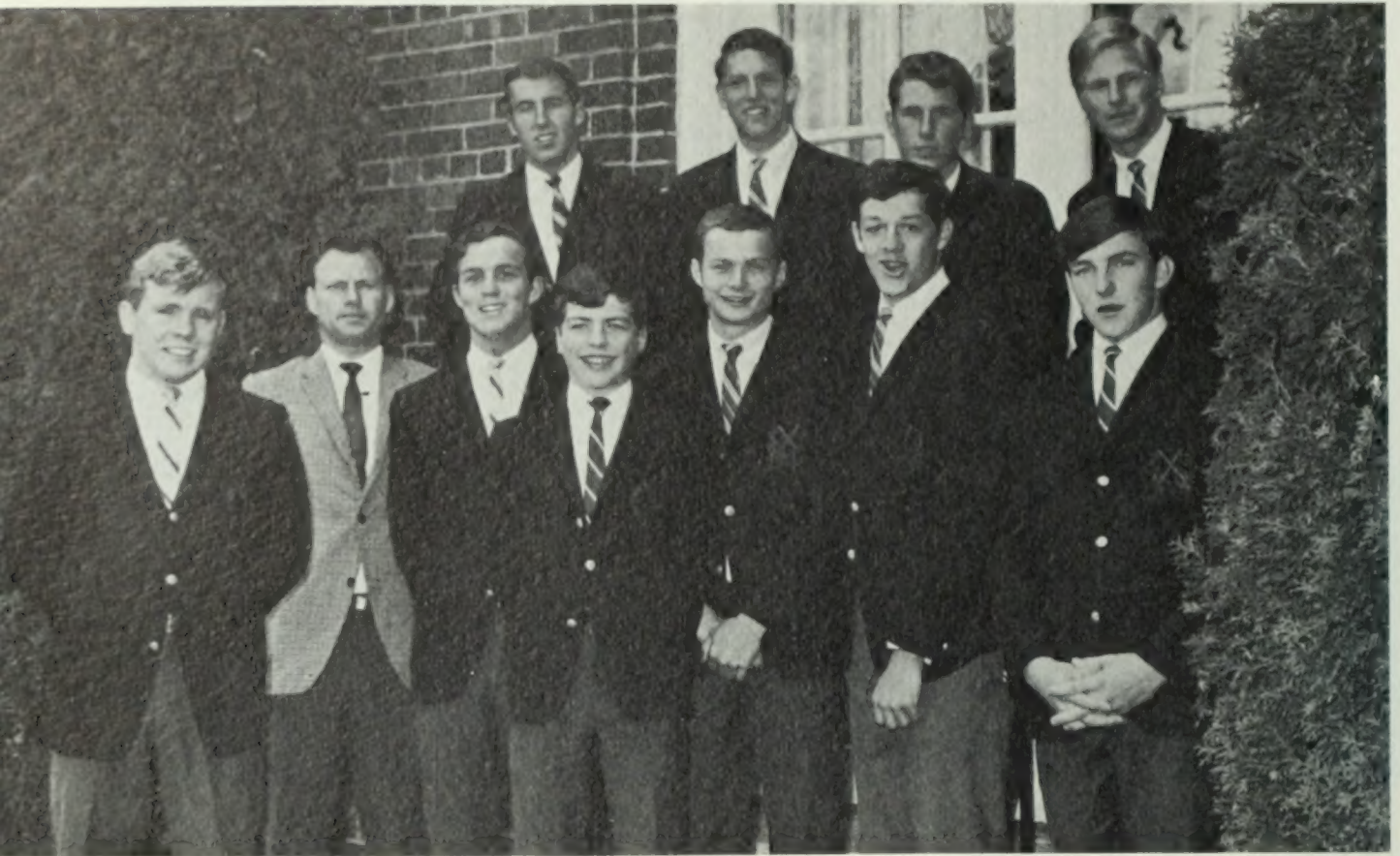
A few other events were held this year that should be mentioned. To help raise money for the committee, we held a money movie 'The Party' a Peter Seller's Funny; donuts and pop were sold during the intermission which helped to make this enterprise quite profitable. Once again the Upper Six were sold as 'waiters for a day'. This was met with much enthusiasm by the whole school.

Also the Committee sponsored Mr. Stewart in the Aurora Walk-a-thon. Many small projects initiated by the Committee were carried out by other groups.

The Service Committee not only helped the school in its commitments to the community, this year, but also helped to improve the general spirit of the School.

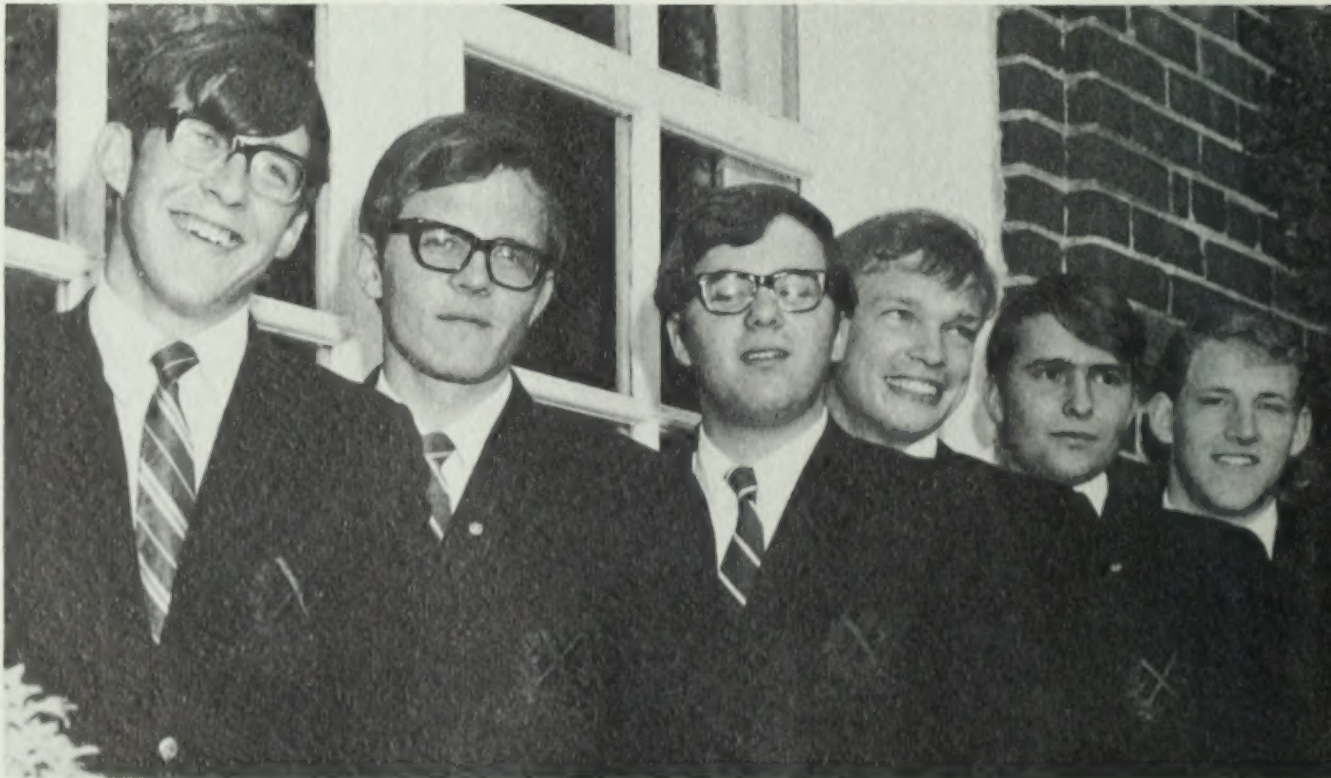


# athletic committee



*Back Row: N. S. Smith, C. B. Edwards, G. G. Patchell, P. J. Higgins.  
Front Row: D. A. Blanchard, Mr. West, W. G. Love, J. T. Shortley, R. J. Martin, P. G. Kitchen, T. J. Amell.*

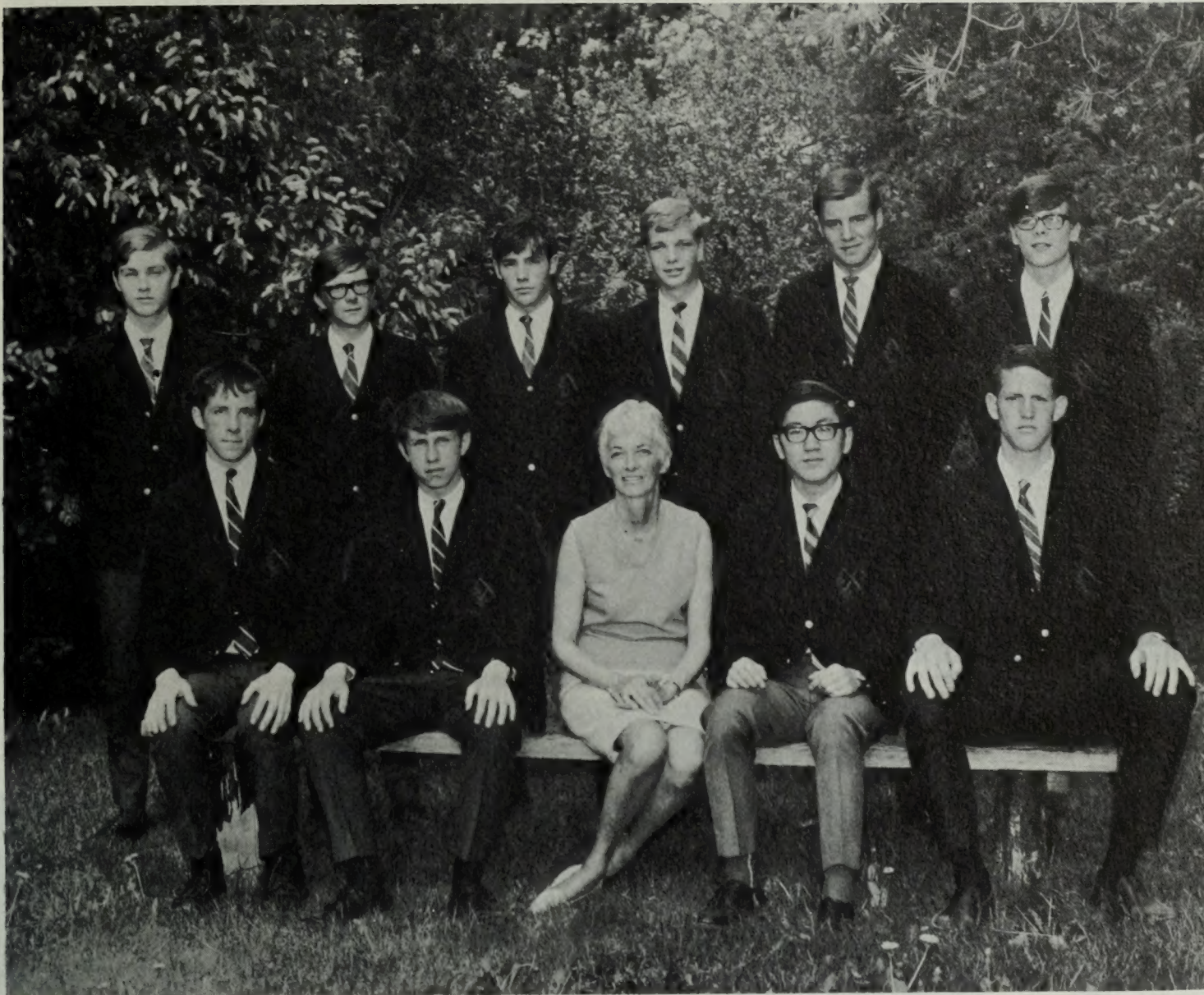
# social committee



*L. to R.: B. A. Marshall (Chairman), L. I. Hilborn, R. A. Woolnough, G. J. Wadds, R. S. Jolliffe, C. A. Munro.*



# LIBRARIANS



*Second Row: P. Russell, G. Noble, T. Bryant, N. Wilkie, M. Johnston, G. Dobbin.*

*First Row: C. Hart, N. Turner, Mrs. Roberts, D. Chen, C. Edwards.*

## THE UPPER SIX COMMON ROOM

The class of '69 felt it was their duty to donate a present to St. Andrew's. Being true Andreans, they wanted to make this a worthwhile gift and they wanted to be able to benefit from it also. After long and careful consideration, they decided to have a common room built for the use of the Upper Six.

The Memorial House library, which was not the most useful of rooms, was to be panelled off and redecorated. The work of the painters and carpenters was extensive and in an unbelievably short time, the dull library was transformed into a well furnished common room.

In a comparably short time, the walls were caked two inches thick with cigarette smoke, and a few holes were to be found in the new rug. The cup-

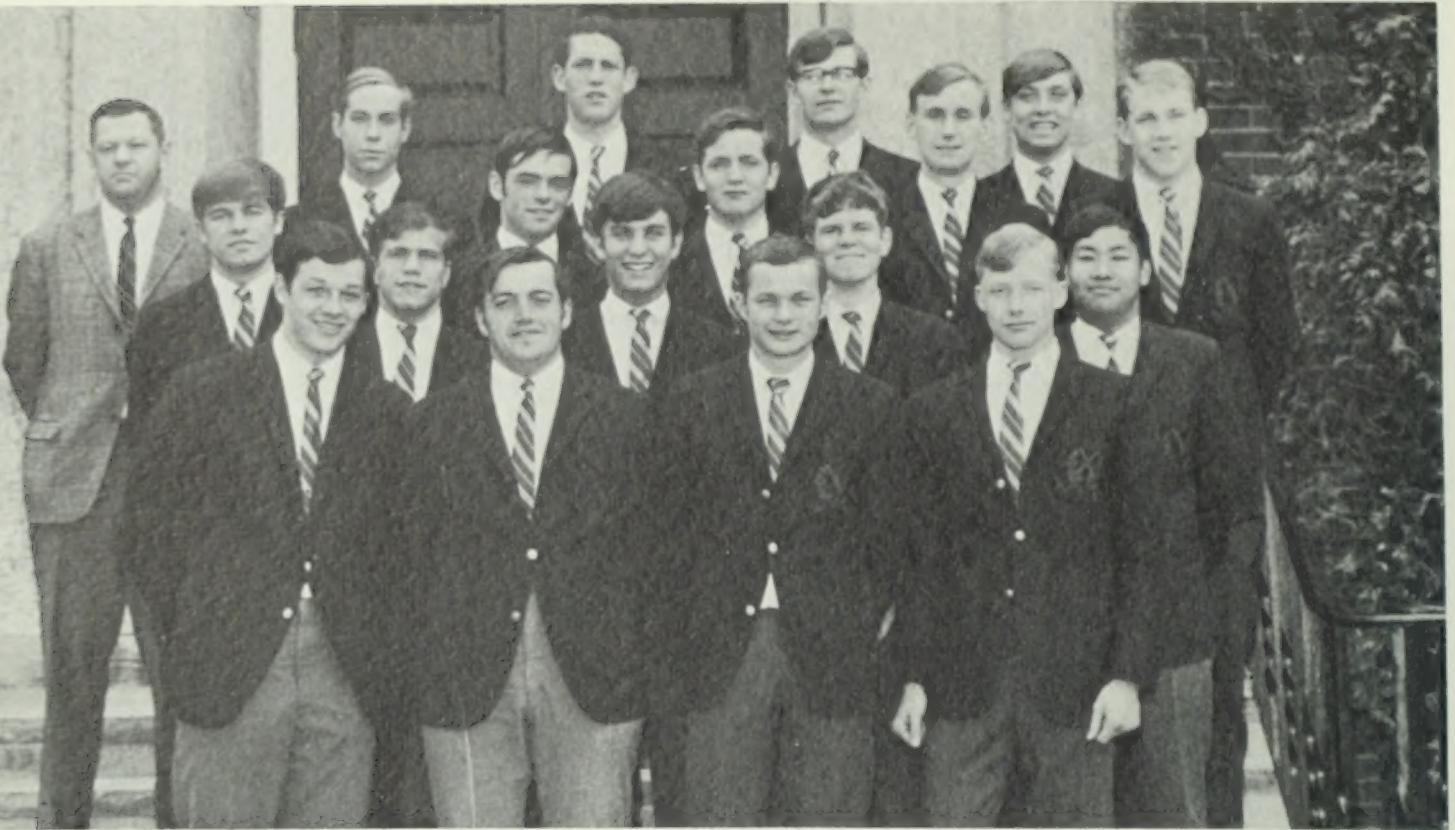
board had been broken twice. The footprints on the furniture will be easy to erase and someone can pick up the newspapers which are all over the room but no one seems to do so. The ceiling is three or four feet higher from all the hot air (must be leaking in from next door).

What do the Upper Six owe to the Common Room? — Fifty dollars. It is certainly well worth it. Here boys had a chance to relax and engage in intellectual discussions and argue over school policy; smoke cigarettes and cough.

Seriously though, it was a worthwhile project. It may appear selfish but other classes too will benefit from the sincerity and generosity of the class of '69.



# house captains



4th Row: Mr. Skinner, M. R. Yule, C. B. Edwards I, J. Murray, R. B. Anderson.  
 3rd Row: T. S. Stephens, J. M. Currie, L. C. Williams, D. J. MacKay, A. C. Munro.  
 2nd Row: J. D. Pickard, S. B. Levett, D. Grass, A. M. F. Wong.  
 1st Row: G. Kitchen, R. D. Thom, R. J. Martin, B. R. Christie.

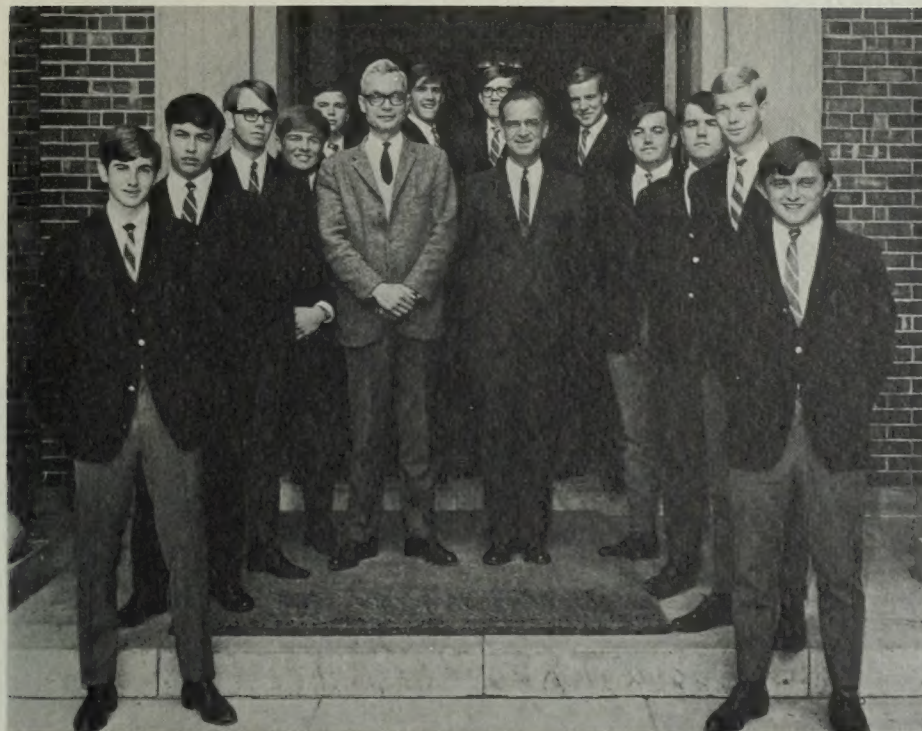
## sons of old boys



4th Row: C. B. Edwards, I. McIver, C. A. Munro, J. M. Jackson, J. D. Gear, R. Hurter, P. H. Dean, J. H. J. Murrell, P. M. Dobbin II.  
 3rd Row: R. J. Martin, R. S. Jolliffe, Mr. Coulter, G. C. Dobbin I, H. G. Housser, D. Macdonald I.  
 2nd Row: D. Grass I, L. Bradley, C. F. Crosbie.  
 1st Row: G. B. Kilpatrick, J. T. Shortly, M. I. Flemming, J. D. Grass II, N. Macdonald II, G. J. Wadds.



# chapel boys



*L. to R.:* M. M. Wescott,  
A. C. Cary-Barnard,  
E. J. Russell,  
T. S. Stephens,  
G. R. Agar,  
Mr. Dawson,  
D. J. Martin,  
B. A. Cameron,  
Dr. Wilkie,  
M. J. Johnston,  
R. D. Thom,  
A. W. R. Kneale,  
A. N. Wilkie,  
R. R. Davey.

# the choir



*3rd Row:* G. R. Agar, T. Brightup, J. A. Dawson, Esq., J. S. Stewart, E. D. Ruse.  
*2nd Row:* R. Mann, P. J. Cloete, MacKenzie.  
*1st Row:* I. Flemming, M. Carter, D. Kerr, D. Jones, G. Harper.

Yet another innovation at Saint Andrew's this year was Mr. Dawson's decision to create a choir for Senior Boys. Thus, the Senior Choir came into being.

At the beginning of the school year, the members of the Senior Choir were somewhat looked down upon, but the Carol Services soon made the School realize the value of having a group of such good singers. They aided the Trebles considerably, and added a richer tone to the Service itself.

On Variety Nite, the Senior Choir again proved its worth when, as the "Swinging, Singing Seven", they gave a good rendition of "Brother Love's Travelling Salvation Show", accompanied solely by a piano, quite an accomplishment in itself, and when one considers, the effect produced on the audience was quite extraordinary.

One hopes that Mr. Dawson will continue to promote the Senior Choir next year, as their few performances were quite good, and they added considerably to the Chapel services as a whole.



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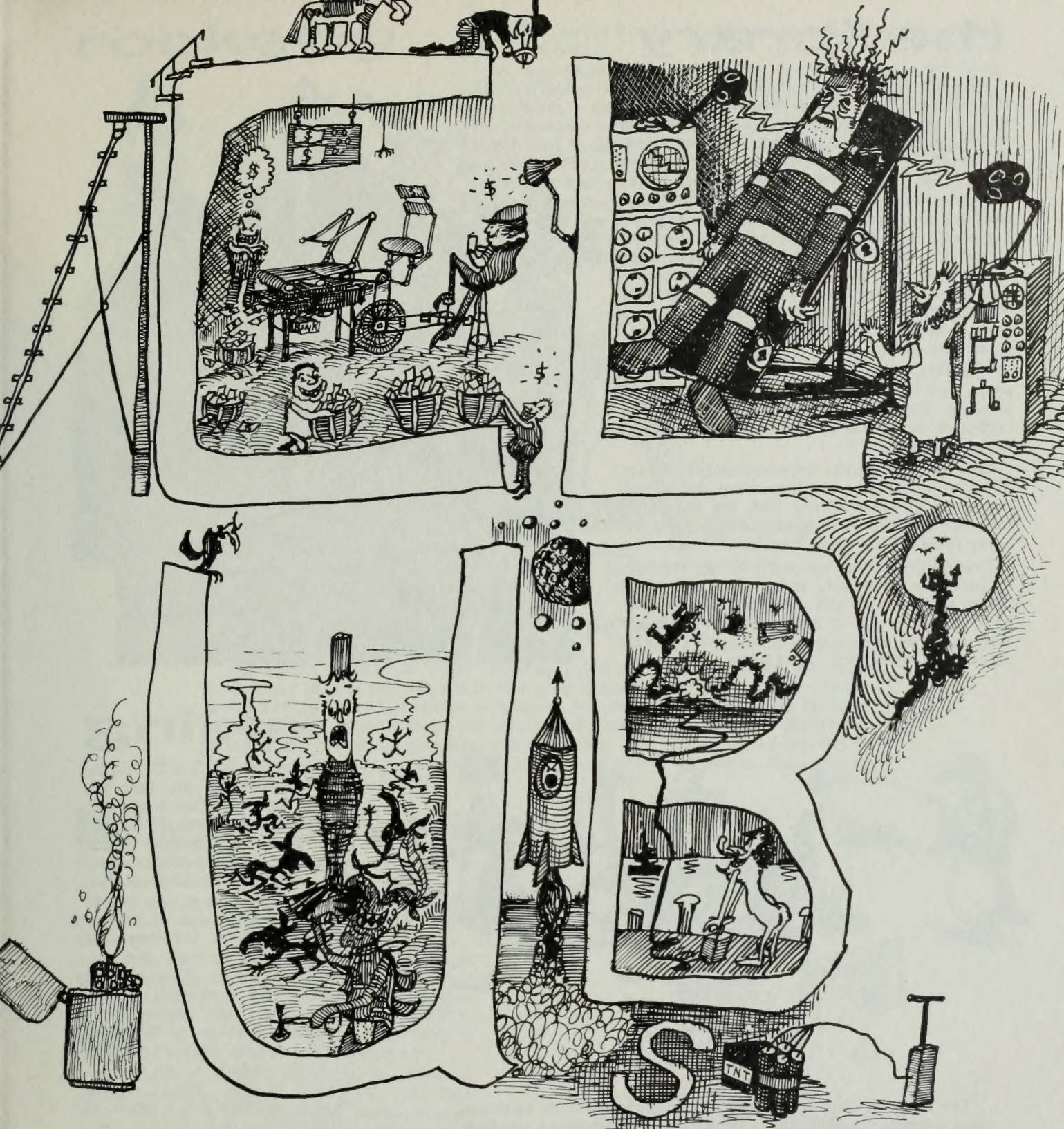
## ADVERTISING — A. EVANS

## PROOFREADING — D. MARLEY

et al

## STAFF ADVISOR — D. TIMMS, ESQ.





St. Andrew's College has as its objective, to provide students with a quality education. This education is derived not only in the classroom, but from all walks of School life. The Tuesday evening meeting of clubs is certainly part of this. Here boys have an opportunity to pursue their special interests and, through extra-curricular work, become educated in the wide sense of the term. Clubs are an important and essential part of the School life and educational system at St. Andrew's College.

We on the Review Staff feel that more participation is needed in these clubs. Boys use school work as an excuse for not joining, but for the great majority, this is merely an excuse. We have a great variety of clubs and activities open to every boy. It is our privilege, and our right to take advantage of these and find not only enjoyment, but satisfaction in the pursuit of a new knowledge or skill.



# the library

Our library lies directly across from the Headmaster's office, and in the course of a scholastic year, nearly every one of us finds some reason to frequent its facilities, whether to use its excellent reference section or to find a good novel in the library's two stacks of fiction books.

This year was to have been the year of change, the year of improvement but unfortunately like all worthy and noble causes it had to overcome almost insurmountable odds. At the beginning of the year when the librarians sat down to discuss library policy, it was decided to update our fiction section, removing all old and tattered and even sometimes archaic volumes, and replace them with more recent books.

The library was also to get a reading room of some kind leaving the library proper for actual working. This involved the complete re-organization of the magazine section, for this is where they were kept.

Both of these things were completed in part. The fiction section was thinned but not as well restocked as is necessary and the magazines were re-organized. However the sitting room was never obtained for various reasons.

Despite these draw-backs the library ran fairly smoothly this year, and with a little luck things should work out a lot better next year. Much credit is due to the minority of boys and staff who give their time and energy to provide the School with such a valuable service.



The Penguin Club originated as a book club and its members were scholars. Today, the members are all uneducated scholars, who under Mr. MacPherson's guidance, study Scotland. In an effort to understand the Scots, we view home movies made and directed by Mr. MacPherson. When not examining these films, we examine each other and our traditions and compare them. This year, we had some very good criticisms of Scottish attire, specifically the kilt. Some thought it manly, and others feminine. To all Andreans, for the lighter side of School, join the Penguin club.

# skiing

This year, the S.A.C. "hackers" experienced the best ski season since the club has started. The ski club reached Georgian Peaks every Sunday of the term and either Horseshoe Valley or Caledon on Wednesdays. We probably set a new record of the least number of broken bones this year. However, the big cast was won by the unfortunate Jimmy Ellis, but we hope to see him back on the slopes next year. Perhaps our skiing is a reflection of "Crash's" driving during the one hour trip to Collingwood — 'do or die'. There is one thing certain though, whether it is a streak of flying colour, or a crashing, toppling bundle of protruding skis, legs, and arms, one can always recognize the distinguished form of the S.A.C. hacker.





# rocketry



Off like a shot into the wild blue yonder, climbing one or two thousand feet!

In the model rocketry club, we build rockets of all sizes. Most of the rockets are scale models of some rocket which has been flown in the United States. We have had several successful launchings this year, and have constructed such models as the Saturn I, using four engines, the V2, using one engine, and a Gemini Titan II, using two engines. We had one flight that reached as high as 1500 feet, and hope to hit higher heights next year. We mainly concentrate on teaching the basic designs, guidance, safety procedures, and modeling. It is a good hobby, for anyone who pursues it, but safety is a must. We all have fun in making and flying our scale models.

# science

The science club meets every Tuesday night in the lab. Every member is from Form II, and Mr. West is in charge of the club. The members do experiments dealing with all scientific endeavours, but especially dealing with biology. Most members spend club time re-doing dissections which they have performed in class, and reviewing the parts of the animals. The club is indeed beneficial, and shows that there is certainly a keen interest within the School for biology, as a science and as a hobby.

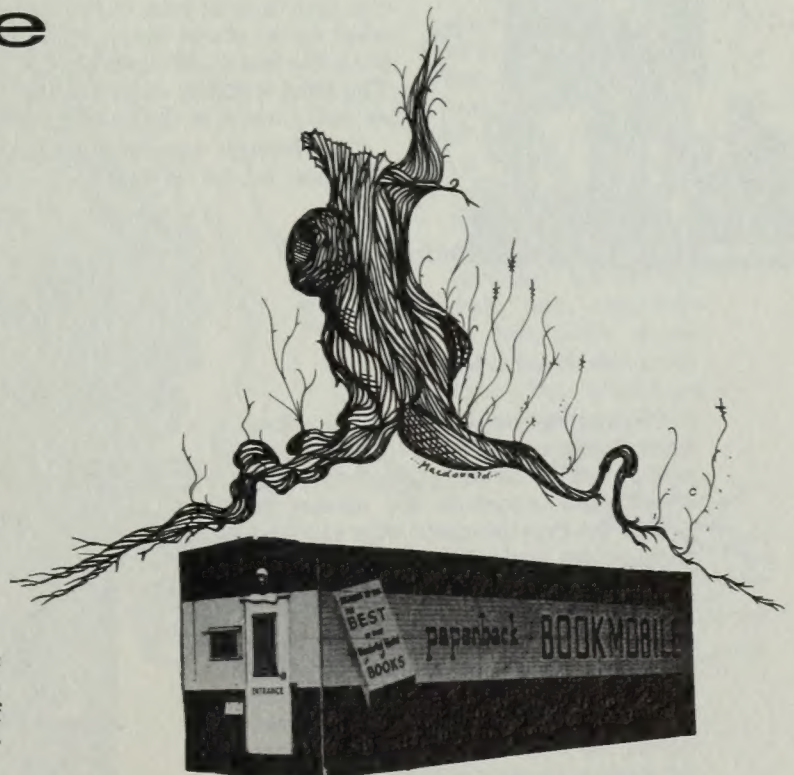
# bookmobile

Voltaire: "The multitude of books is making us ignorant."

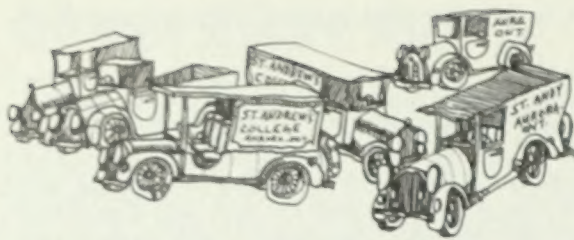
Latin students buying themselves translations for Caesar; curious boys leafing through "Ann Landers Talks to Teenagers about Sex"; literary minds studying "Peanuts" and "B.C."; even the occasional person buying himself a Hemingway or James Joyce book under the loving and thankful eyes of his teacher. These are some of the people who file into the Bookmobile when it makes its bi-annual visit to St. Andrew's.

The coming of the Bookmobile is always a joyous occasion around the School. The fact that boys can "blow" an English period brightens what could have been a dull and lifeless day. Boys parade into the bus-like edifice, and forty minutes later, parade out proudly carrying three or four books. The question always asked is how many of these books are read? The answer is so obvious that the question really should not have been asked.

Whether or not the books merely add to the decorum of a rather bleak bookcase, the Bookmobile is a welcome sight, and the availability of good and timely books should certainly be encouraged and emphasized.



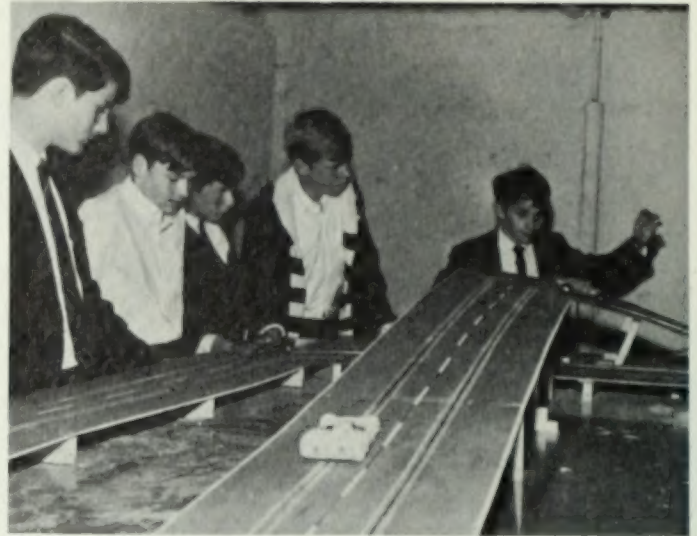




## club

This year the car club underwent a great face-lifting. The club, having acquired a new room as well as keeping the old one, immediately divided into two divisions: the Junior Club and the Senior Club.

The Junior Club built their own table, and raised enough money for additional track. The Senior Club rebuilt their room, table and track. They must be praised for their activities, for the combined Clubs supplied a booth for the Winter Carnival, and the members enjoyed racing new people. Special mention should be made of John Currie, who supervised the club this year.



## the v.t.r.

Who says St. Andrew's doesn't keep up with the times? Proof that we do is shown in one of our newest additions; a video-tape machine. Last year's graduating class felt that they owed it to the School, and all dug into their pockets and paid for this machine. Now our halfbacks, running through a weak U.C.C. line, and our multitude of baskets or goals in the Winter Term, can be viewed on our specialised television. And after the game, interesting and perhaps embarrassing discussions can arise while watching the game over again.

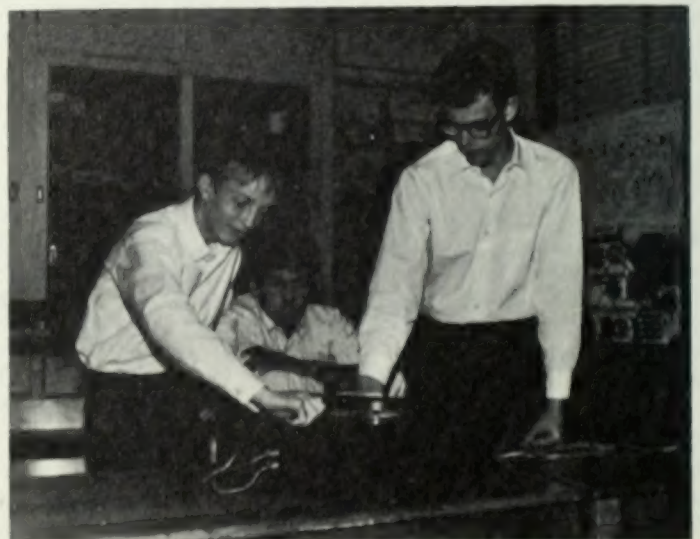
This machine should certainly be an asset to the School. (At T.C.S. they have one, and look at how well they've been doing!) Boys can see their mistakes, and what to do about them, and the coach can see mistakes he might have missed from the bench. We can also see our good plays, and how and why they worked. The hard working and energetic athlete can be seen where he might not be noted as easily while in the midst of the game.

The Review expresses its thanks to the graduating class of 1968 for their donation to the School.



This is the first year that there has been a stereo tape club at S.A.C. It was formed in order to give boys with stereo tape recorders the chance to record the type of music they enjoyed with others also wanting to take advantage of the club's existence. The club started well, but attendance dwindled towards the end of the year. Many of the members felt that this recording could just as easily be done in spare time. This is quite true, and unless the club comes up with a better system it may be dissolved.

## stereo





# le table de française



Au mois de Septembre dernier P. Russell a eu l'idée d'avoir un table d'enuir on dix personnes qui voulaient parler français aux repas. Donc on a organisé cette table. Le but de cette table a été de nous permette de parler plus et mieux le français. Nous avions espéré parler français aux déjeuners et aux dîners mais l'anglais le main pour nous détendre un peu si nous le voulions. Au commencement des trimestres, c'était bonjours le français qu'on parlerait, mais après quelques semaines ça dégénérat a l'anglais peu à peu. Mais nous avons beaucoup profité des repas quand nous l'avons parlé. Si parler le français a été mieus contrôlé peut être sevoirs nous tous bilingues maintenant!

Le membres de la table numéro 30 qui était le table de français étaient: P. Russell, N. Turner, R. Boyd, T. Bryant, T. Ruse, D. MacDonald, D. Stewert, G. Ralling, G. Moris, J. Auld, A. Ballard et C. Edwards. Ils vondraient remercier le maîtres de table: M. Macfarlane, G. Love, J. Ballard et beaucoup d'autres personnes pour leurs efforts.

## forestry club

The forestry club was active again this year in its capacity of preserving and beautifying the School's backwoods. We had no specific projects this year, i.e. we did not set out to clean up a given sector as we have done in previous years. Instead, we worked in close co-operation with the Service Committee.

The School's Winter Carnival called for a ski-doo trail to be cut through parts of the woods, and the Forestry Club took on the job of cutting this trail. I am glad to report that a good job was done with a minimum of damage done to the trees, and the ski-doo course

was marked and ready for racing in plenty of time for Carnival Day.

The Carnival also supplied us with next year's project. The ice-slide cut into Mac House steps will provide a good base for a flight of stairs.

So, with the year's activities over, and next year's planned, the forestry club has closed for another season. Our thanks go out to all members who worked through rain, sleet, snow and cold to complete the ski-doo trail, and especially to Mr. Gibb whose enthusiasm and guidance has prevented many a good tree from being felled.





## pottery

This year, the club started off with a large turn-out, but as the year progressed, the number dwindled steadily. Unfortunately, since most of the members are senior boys, there is more homework to be done, and not enough time to spend on pottery, which is a time-consuming hobby. With fewer members, however, Mr. Pitman has been able to give more individual attention. The addition of some new equipment enabled members to introduce new effects to their styles. The pottery club is always open so that members may work at any time. Next year, we hope to see a more enthusiastic interest in this interesting club.



## art

The art club again this year has played an active part in School activities thanks to the devoted help of Mr. Ives. The club assisted in both of the School plays, as well as preparing posters and signs for the winter carnival.

Although the club is somewhat limited in membership, it manages to produce a genuine incentive in would-be artists.

## carpentry

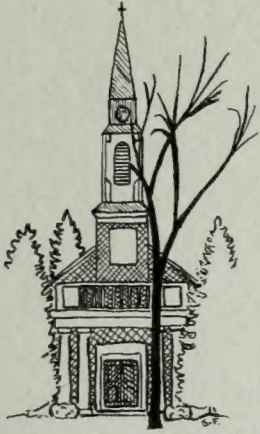
Every Tuesday the carpentry club's door was opened to boys to pursue their interest in the workshop. Mr. Tutton was always there to offer his help and supervision. The boys, mainly from Macdonald House, were continually making creative pieces of art. The projects were of a wide range: from incubators (?) to canes, and from tools to tables.

Although St. Andrew's offers a wide education in most fields, I think we must admit that in the field of creative art such as woodcraft we do not excel as we do in other fields. Yet the workshop is a valuable asset to the School, as it offers a special and new kind of work to boys who are used to a different type of atmosphere.





# chapel singing



Friday afternoon's eighth period stretches from 2:40 until 3:20. These forty minutes seem like forty hours to some boys, but simple arithmetic proves that it is just as long as the period before. The musically-minded boys enter the Chapel in various ways; some enter cheerfully (no kidding), some grumble, some stumble, some have even been known to beg and plead with the Prefects to let them miss the class. The tears on their faces must have been touching, but they had to enter along with the rest of us.

Upper Six students sit at the end of the rows to make sure all is quiet and respectful. Mr. Dawson, our Music Master, leads us in our favorite hymns in preparation for Sunday's chapel service. Although the pews are hard and uncomfortable, there is always a quite evident groan when he asks us to stand for a hymn.

The psalm is not the most popular of musical pursuits, yet we work on it just as if it were a hymn, and after much work it is mastered. Mr. Dawson does his best to make the period more enjoyable, but surprisingly enough the favorite hymn sung is an old Dutch tune which goes something like this:

"And now with thanksgiving Lord god of the living  
We turn to go forth from this dwelling and shrine . . ."

## radio

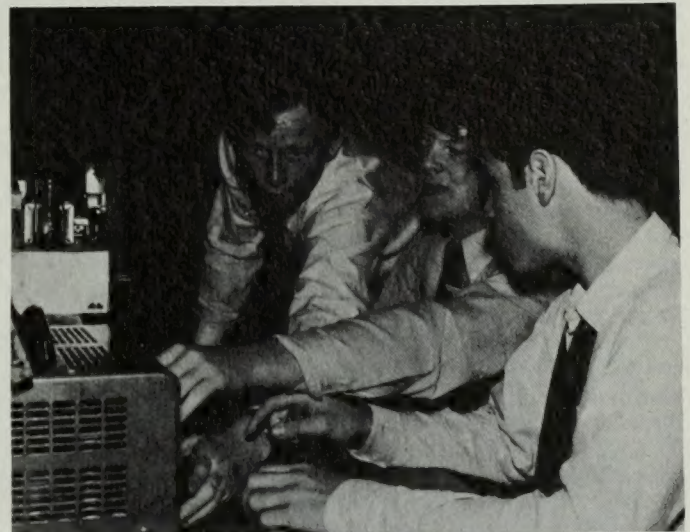
The radio club started off this year with plans of opening a campus radio station for the School.

This did not materialize however, due to financial difficulties. So, nearing the end of the Christmas Term, we went from radios to telephones, and established a telephone system in Mac House, with 13 lines that terminated in the basement of Mac House at an army telephone switchboard.

The company had six operators who worked 1 hour shifts for about  $5\frac{1}{2}$  hours a day. Of course, subscribers paid a weekly fee of 25c.

Then, towards the Spring Term, we started to get interested in amateur radio and we obtained two army-surplus sets. After obtaining these sets one of us took the radio operator's license test. We then started to teach Morse Code to those who wished to obtain their operator's license.

Next year we plan to use "home brew" QRP (decreased power) sets for experimental communications.



## math.

Led by our fearless leader, Mr. Moffat, we strove for a greater understanding of Mathematics, that universal language. For example, we discussed the possibilities of the differentiation of the inverse of logarithm of the invariable variable divided by the tangent of passive paraphrastic. But while this was going on most of us were learning to count backwards to zero, some in Russian, others in Chinese.

The overall picture, though, saw a slow but steady preparation for the Math Contest, written in the middle of March. The results were staggering, higher than they've been for the last three years.

Five of our members had scores above zero, with the highest an amazing 58 (which actually is good). So to all you potential Einsteins and von Brauns remember, it's not how you got your formulas, it's who you tell them to that makes the successful mathematician.





# senior debating

The first away debate this year was at UCC. The resolution was "That Formal Marriage is Obsolete." SAC was the Opposition, led by Gord Henderson, and followed by Ted Ruse and Norm Turner respectively. We won the debate, defeating a very cocky and confident Upper Canada team. Where they were dull and boring, we were witty and appealed to the audience; where their facts were bitter, non-existent, or bordering on the ridiculous, ours were abundant and well developed. Gord Henderson, as last speaker, tried to emphasize to the judges that the UCC team had in fact proven nothing, and accomplished little. The judges awarded the debate to SAC, and the UCC debaters turned out to be poor losers, as they stamped out of the room.

Then came Ridley. This debate was decidedly the most sensational debating experience of the year. The resolution was "That Indian Reservations Should be Abolished." SAC was challenged by Ridley, and as a result chose the Government stand, travelling to Ridley for the debate. The Prime Minister was Peter Russell, followed by Mark Westcott and Geoff Love. The odds were so great against our winning the debate that it was surprising enough that we got any points across at all.

Things really began to move when Russell got up to give the Prime Minister's summation. He is given three minutes, during which time he may introduce no new material. This is when the speaker really began to let the tone of the debate down. He had the audacity to attempt to make Russell retract one of his statements. He also permitted the Ridley team (not surprising considering he was a Ridlean) to interject to such an extent that the entire effect was spoiled. Love made a valiant attempt to appeal the situation, but was completely ignored. To make matters worse, the Ridley team was using phony facts and figures to illustrate their argument (as they later admitted)! Maintaining the highest possible ethical approach to the situation, the St. Andrew's team didn't even come close to "blowing their cool". In spite of the "kangaroo court", we would have definitely won the debate, had there not been two judges who were in charge of debating at a public high school, who hadn't the slightest conception of parliamentary standards which St. Andrew's is accustomed to following. (ie. the right of the Government to define the terms. If this is not observed, very often the two teams will begin to argue on the same side of the fence.)

Ridley did get their all-important win; small recompense for being put-down verbally, intellectually, and most important of all, ethically. The highlight of the evening came after the debate was thrown open to the "forced-to-attend" house.

The team that we sent to T.C.S. were treated with great civility as befits a civilized host, and consisted of Dugald Stewart, Dave Marley, and Gord Wadds. The resolution was "That Green is Better than Blue." We were fairly beaten by a superior team, and the evening was a thoroughly enjoyable one. Gord Wadds was considered by the judges to be the best debater.

more effective than quoting "some obscure Victorian scientist that nobody has ever heard of." It may be of special interest to note here that he was also an Old Boy of Ridley!

We did, however, attend the Ridley Tournament. Jim Sara, Cam Williams and Peter Russell represented St. Andrew's. Our coach Mr. Skinner said that he hadn't seen the Saints better turned out for a debate in a long time. Once again, however, we were the victims of circumstances. There were 20 debates going on simultaneously, in the morning and in the afternoon. As a result, there had to be 3 judges for each of the debates, and therefore there was no consistency in the marking standards. We won both the debates we were

in, but failed to win the trophy. As it turned out, Branksome Hall won just about every prize there was to be won. There was a final debate in the late afternoon, between the best Government and the best Opposition teams.

In conclusion we would like to thank all those who were willing to sacrifice the time necessary to represent the School in a debate for turning out this year, and we hope that more will express an interest next year. Clan debating has helped many people realize that its not so bad after all.

Our special thanks go to Mr. Skinner for the time and effort he has put in to Senior Debating this year. If we carry on in the future the way we did this year, it won't be long before St. Andrew's is leading the trend in the art of intellectual debate.



We did debate BSS however. The SAC team was made up of Peter Russell, Paul Higgins and Ted Ruse. The resolution was "That Evil is the Root of All Money." We were the Opposition, and really won on the nature of the resolution alone. The judges were extremely suspect, I'm afraid. Their chairman's opening remark, when passing his judgement, was that he felt that if debaters continued to choose such frivolous topics to debate, then debating as a form of education would soon be filed in the library of anachronisms. It is interesting to note that he was in second year university, (as were the other two) and that he said that quotes didn't impress him at all. He said that he made up quotes when he used to debate, and that he found them much





# senior debating



L. to R.: Mr. Skinner, J. V. Sara, W. G. Love (President), P. J. Higgins, G. J. Wadds, T. A. Bryant, G. S. Henderson (Speaker), D. F. Marley, E. D. Ruse, J. L. Walker, N. M. Turner, R. P. Russell (Secretary).  
Absent: M. M. Westcott, L. C. Williams, J. C. Maynard.



junior debating

L. to R.: Mr. Ray, W. M. Kenny, M. D. Duder, C. S. Campbell, G. B. Kilpatrick, M. F. King, R. J. Wilkie, T. Brightup, D. J. Daly, C. F. Crosbie (Chairman), P. J. Cloete.



This year marked the resuscitation of a Junior Debating Club at S.A.C. Early in the season, Chairman Chesley Crosby, on behalf of the members issued challenges to most of the other independent schools in the area. This resulted in our meeting teams from U.T.S., Upper Canada, Ridley, Trinity, Havergal College and Branksome Hall. Although all decisions were closely contested, the judges awarded most of the decisions to our opponents. Perhaps the best debate of the season occurred at T.C.S. when Michael Duder, David Hally and Graham Noble successfully upheld the resolution that arms should not be supplied to underdeveloped nations. The activities of the club were given an added boost by the enormous enthusiasm aroused by debates between the clans. An unprecedented number of boys had their first taste of debating and we can look forward to increased success in future years through the experience gained in 1969. The whole club would like to join in thanking Mr. Ray, who has devoted a great deal of his time and energy to the club.

# Junior Oratorical Contest Advances to new heights

Alas, THE ENDLESS SUMMER, did come to an end. It was time to leave THE PARTY and go back TO SIR, WITH LOVE. The boys crossed THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER Shads and found themselves on the road up to the plush grounds of S.A.C. — UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE.

After weeks of the grind it soon became another PLANET OF THE APES. Boys would WAIT UNTIL DARK and throw SAND PEBBLES at AMBUSHERS who came to water-bomb them. In the nick of time a Prefect would appear, who was of course, LORD OF THE FLIES. He would hold up his hand, utter THE CURSE OF THE MUMMY'S TOMB and watch COOL HAND LUKE fall, the water from his bomb dripping over his hand.

In many years, when looking back at past experiences at S.A.C., one may consider it to be like a series of battles and quite similar to war. When a young child perches himself on his father's knee and asks WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR DADDY? the answer (if he went to S.A.C.) would probably be: "Well, on Saturday nights I watched the thrilling movies shown in the Auditorium."

"IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT"







*EVENTS*



# Dr. Graham's Homes, Kalimpong

28th February, 1969

Dear "Review",

Thank you for your letter of 28th January.

I am delighted to furnish you with answers to the questions concerning our school. I hope my answers meet your requirements.

## A. Classwork

1. The courses available to the students are Humanities, Science, Technical, Commercial, Domestic, Hair-dressing, Pre-Nursing, Nursing, Bakery and Confectionery and Agriculture.
2. The favourite course for the brighter ones is obviously the Science course. The girls normally prefer the commercial.
3. We have a library which is reasonably well stocked, but would compare very unfavourably with a Canadian library.
4. We have three laboratories — a Physics and Chemistry laboratory, Biology laboratory and a Junior Science Laboratory. We are now teaching Science right down the Primary level.
5. Courses in History and Geography tend to be Asian. The Junior School, however, do world geography and world history. Canada would be taught in this context.
6. The following languages are taught in school — Hindi, Bengali, Tibetan, Nepali and Bhutanese. The medium of instruction is English and the average boy would speak three languages. Some of the Day Scholars speak as many as five languages.

## B. School Life

1. The sports programme for boys contains the following games — hockey, basketball, football (soccer), boxing, swimming, athletics and volleyball. For the girls — hockey, netball, swimming and athletics. The favourite sports are hockey and football.
2. We have a prefect system. This year we have 12 prefects. They have privileges that the others do not have and help in the maintenance of discipline.
3. Our school is co-educational, so we have quite a social life.
4. The boys and girls wear school uniforms which for the boys is khaki and for the girls is green.
5. We play boys schools in Kalimpong itself and also in the Darjeeling area.

If we have any outstanding athletes they go to represent the school in the National Sports. For instance last year, we had four boxers who gained medals in the National Boxing Championships.

6. I would say there is definite school spirit and feeling of loyalty and unity. In a boarding school this is much easier to achieve than in a day school.
7. There is no religion as such taught. A simple worship of God is the essence of our chapel services and there is no compulsion for boys and girls who are Hindus or Buddhists to change their religion.
8. The boys and girls receive an allowance of pocket money. They receive it from the institution if they have no one to send them this money.
9. The long holidays for the school are in December and January. We have a scheme to send boys and girls who have nowhere to go to friends for the Christmas period. This year about 80 went to these homes.
10. Our students come from all over India, but most of them come from the slums of Calcutta. We have about 220 from Calcutta, about 80 from Assam, 70 from Bhutan, 45 from Tibet and 6 from Sikkim. Our Day Scholars are mostly Nepalis and they number about 200.

## C. General Questions

1. A small percentage of them go on to higher education. Most of the children coming from depressed backgrounds take our vocational courses rather than the normal humanities and science courses. Of the 32 in our senior class this year 50% however will probably go to college in India. There are a great number of universities in India, but the standard varies tremendously.
2. The basic diet for the children is an Indian diet consisting of rice, curry and lentils. This is a diet which is widespread throughout the country.
3. Yes, the boys do have interest in pop music. Long hair, however, is definitely discouraged. Any boy interested in sports finds long hair a decided drawback.

Though our boys are interested mainly in Western music, this would not be general in the country. The sitar and the tubla are the main instruments of Indian classical music. Artists like Ravi Shankar have popularized Indian music overseas. You find that Indians interested in pop music are very much the Westernized Indians.

I have enclosed the most recent issue of our magazine which I hope you will find of interest and please feel free to take anything from it for your "Review".

I agree with you it will be very good for both our schools if we could maintain a close contact. Please feel free to write to ask me any further questions which may come to your mind.

May I also take this opportunity of wishing the "Review" and St. Andrew's College, the very best of good fortune this year.

Yours sincerely,  
J. R. Minto,  
(Principal)



# st. andrew's day

It was St. Andrew's Day for another year. On Nov. 28, the School was once again blessed with haggis and a steak dinner to commemorate our patron saint.

The festivity began with Siddall piping the Masters to the Head Table. Shortly after, the haggis entered on the shoulders of two able cadets. Leading the procession were three pipers, and at the rear were also three. It made its round of the Dining Hall and came to rest in front of 'MR. SCOTLAND' himself — our own Mr. MacPherson. Much to the surprise of the New Boys and delight of the Old Boys, he enacted the 'Ode of the Haggis' before us in his own robust manner. Anybody who has ever heard him perform will long remember it. Unknown to most boys, he is quite noted for this.

Our guest speaker was, unfortunately, unable to attend, so the Headmaster played an able substitute. He gave us a short talk on the importance of the School and what we should be striving for.

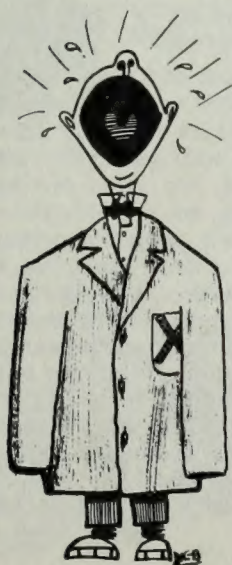
Unlike last year, the colours for the Fall Term were given out at this time. Many people also received their clan colours, two of which were first bars. With a toast to the Queen, we adjourned, and St. Andrew's Day was over for another year.



## football dance

This year's football dance was heaven! Leaving the dampness of outside, the couples filed through the pearly gates; met our St. Andrew's Bear (who had changed a bit since his last appearance at the School), and were engulfed by a halo of clouds of linen and dry ice. The mood of the moment was enhanced by the playing of the saintly 'Five Shy', who kept all the heavenly host happy and hopping. The dance was well attended, and was graced by several Masters and Old Boys. A buffet that was out of this world was served, and after the final number, all descended once more to the dark dampness and followed the crowd to one break-fast party or another.

The Saints must be congratulated on their turn out and their behaviour. Thanks to the Social Committee for a good dance and a fitting theme.





At the end of November the Saint Andrew's College Players presented Neil Simon's "The Odd Couple." Its setting was the New York apartment of the recently divorced Oscar Madison; played by Robin Campbell. Every Friday night five of his friends came to his apartment to play poker. However, since his wife has gone, Oscar's apartment is a shambles. His friends have various attitudes to this. Murray, the sincere but stupid policeman is more concerned about Felix Ungar who is missing from the date he keeps with them. Murray is easily excited and Charlie Edwards played this simple but hilarious character excellently. From Murray's nervousness we saw the extreme character in Roy, the accountant, who Geoff Love, with great financial experience himself, played very well. The smoke, the stale food, the smell and the upkeep of Oscar's bathroom are a bother to him. Vinney, a runt and proper worm of a man, moustached and bow tied, consistently wins all the money at stake and appreciates all that is later done by Felix. Brian Marshall's imitation of a whiny, cranky person, reflected Vinney's personality perfectly. Speed, the typical Bronx resident, cigar-puffing, beer-chugging, pot-bellied character, contrasts directly with Vinney and has a low threshold of tolerance for him. He has no chance against card shark Vinney, utter disbelief in Felix and no control of his temper. Glen Agar's physical structure, as well as other habits, suited him for the role.



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Most conflict in the play evolves around a destitute Felix whose wife has thrown him out. Even though the play is a comedy, and every character a parody of real life, Scott Joliffe (of "Ross" fame) playing Felix Ungar, demonstrated the anxieties and worries of a meticulous hyper-sensitive man "who really can cook and fix things too!" Oscar, the slob, incorrigible but honest, affable and one who enjoys life even though his facade of not missing his wife cannot be maintained too long, invites Felix to stay with him until he gets settled. Again, a contrast of character lends to the crisp humour and development of the play. Finally, Oscar can't take any more of Felix's "cooking, cleaning and crying". Felix loused up Oscar's evening, a date he had set to relieve his tensions with two English girls in the same building — Cecily and Gwendolyn Pidgen, played by Keith Sawyer and Charlie Ross, two "promising young actors," who join Felix in a hilarious weeping session when they are talking of divorce. So Oscar throws Felix out — but has guilt feelings about what he's done. At the end of the play the poker players find Oscar in this state and Felix is dragged in by Cecily: they have asked "that dear sweet man" to stay with them until he finds a place to stay. A notable change is seen in Felix as well as Oscar who both have indirectly discovered that they cannot live without their wives anymore.

To summarize a play is one thing, but to thank the people who contributed to it is another in an effort to write up the play. The stage crew who worked long hard hours under the direction of John Maynard and Nick Hally, and who scattered junk, set up scenery and tolerated the rehearsals, too often receive too little praise. True, an actor puts the play on, presents the character, but without make-up, lighting, a set, prop and prompting he is merely part of the audience on the stage repeating a few insignificant words. More important, however, is the praise and thanks owed to director Mr. C. T. Kamcke who tolerated (to a point!) unlearned lines, cursing undertones and a variety of other things unmentionable). The six veterans and two novices, who without his aid in interpretation of character, of mood, movement and inflection, would be stranded, take this opportunity to thank him for his patience and invaluable help. Also deserving thanks are Peter Pirie, Peter Pennel and Mr. J. A. Dawson who provided professional music to open each set.





# carol services

The Headmaster's degree of excellence is a goal to be reached in all events here at S.A.C. This year the carol service reached that goal, as it has so many times before. Under the leadership of Mr. J. A. Dawson, the boys put in three performances that were well received and appreciated by the audience.

The service was a combination of traditional and contemporary music. The first hymn we sang, entitled "Lift Up Your Heads," was probably the best liked and definitely the most difficult to sing. Its dramatic beginning set the mood of the service and it was evident from the outset that it was to be an excellent carol service. We are proud to say that the music for this hymn was composed by Mr. Dawson, our Choir Master. Two hymns were accompanied by guitars and drums as well as trumpets. These were played to back the organ. For persons of a more purist nature, the traditional hymns of Christmas were also sung with the organ accompaniment.

The Trebles were aided this year by a Senior Choir of boys from the Upper School. This addition brought new depth to the Trebles, who try admirably, but so often find it difficult to be heard over the booming voices from the School.

To put on an excellent carol service a lot of practice is necessary. The service, being in exam time, brings out tension from the School. The crampedness of the pews adds to this discontent. Boredom and restlessness can be noted, but the School feels proud when they see their work brought to a successful conclusion. Complaints remain over trimmed sideburns and short hair, but pride in a job well done is evident when the third and final service is over.

So here it can be said that "the end justifies the means!" We worked hard! We became bored! But we stuck with it and we got our hair cut for it, and an excellent choir service was the result.



The Committee  
requests the pleasure of your company  
at

The Independent Schools' Annual Dance

to be held in

The Main Ballroom

The Royal York Hotel, Toronto

at 9 o'clock

on the evening of

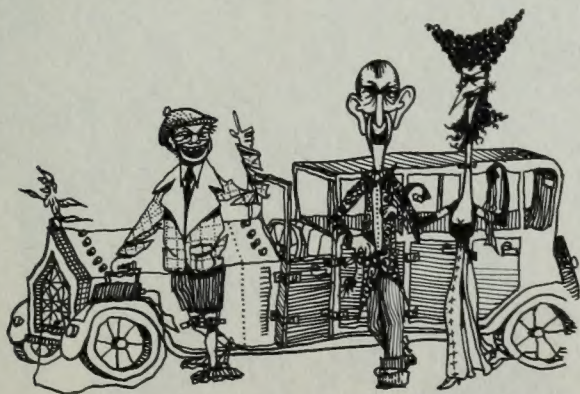
Thursday, the nineteenth of December, 1968

It has become tradition now that one of the private schools hosts the Independent Schools' Formal at the beginning of the Christmas holidays. It has always been a gala occasion and a great evening. This year St. Andrew's sponsored the formal, and we are proud to say that it was a great success.


The planning of the dance, and most of the work put into it, was done by Scott Jolliffe. Everyone who was going to go to the dance had to R.S.V.P., and for a while Scott certainly looked like the most popular boy at mail call. Jay Jackson and the Majestics were booked and so was the ballroom at the Royal York Hotel. All the planning and financial problems were settled and, after the grey hairs were dyed, we soon found ourselves in the Royal York, dancing beside people from schools all over the Toronto area.

St. Andrew's had more boys there than other schools, but many schools were substantially represented and the room was filled with people. Personal loyalties to one's school were expressed in exuberant cheering periods between sets. It was all fun, and certainly "fun" was the key word of the evening.


Everyone was thankful to St. Andrew's for the work put into the dance. Next year another school will take the honour, and their job will be to try and equal the success of this year's. To them we wish luck, but for now we extend our congratulations to the boys of our school who did such a fine job!







# winter carnival



On Saturday, February 8th, parents of students, Old Boys of the School, people from Aurora and vicinity, friends of students, and all the boarders from Havergal, entered the gates of St. Andrew's College. The reason? — The St. Andrew's College Winter Carnival.

The Carnival was an ambitious project involving a great number of booths, games, demonstrations, and practically anything that would create fun and excitement. The gates opened at ten-thirty and activities lasted all day. The events were so numerous that when listing them I hope I do not miss anything; and all so well done, that I hope I give proper credit where it is due.

For the little children there was a midway and for the adventurous there was the ice slide. This slide was not dangerous but it certainly gave people a scary and exciting ride. The Ski Team put on an exhibition of jumping and trick skiing and our Pipe Band put on two demonstrations which were both very popular and well received. An ice maze was built by Form VA and it was one of the favorite concessions. This deserves particular mention, because not only was it a fantastic project, but it took up so much of the boy's time building it. Ski-doo rides were given to people who wanted them, and later on in the day there were three ski-doo races, with people from all around to compete for the prize. The course, which extended into the back-woods, was difficult, yet well marked out by the boys who prepared it. Robbins, a boy in Grade Seven, won the second race and was followed by Higgins II and Kane I. The other two races were won by people who did not go to the School. In the auditorium there was an auction which, as expected, was not only enjoyed by all, but was a great source of money. Outside the Auditorium was an art exhibit put on by the Ladies' Guild and down the hall in two classrooms there were great sales going on. In one, Havergal College was putting on a bake sale, and in the other there was a sale of "nick-nacks." To compete with Havergal's baking there was a food tent on the Front Quad where hot dogs and hamburgers were sold. The Front Quad was an area of great activity. On it were the snow sculptures built by the four Houses. Memorial House won the contest with a portrayal of Mr. Smith's Volkswagen. Also on the Quad there were tug-of-war contests and bath tub races which were very successful. Wallace and Douglas Clans tied in the bath tub race, and Macdonald House won the tug-of-war.

The traditional Old Boys' Hockey Game was played at four thirty in the Aurora Arena. Most of the people left the School grounds to watch the exciting game, which ended in a two-two tie. During a period change there was a short game between the Havergal Hockey Team and a team of "Gentlemen from the Upper Six." Along with the hockey game there was the Old Boys' Basketball game, where our First Team easily defeated the eager Old Boys. Also, an exciting and wild game of Broomball was played on the back rinks between Havergal and S.A.C.

By dinner time most people looked weary, but the activity and excitement was not over. After dinner there was entertainment provided by both Havergal and S.A.C. in the Auditorium called "Take 69." The high points in it were a skit by Havergal and a rock group from St. Andrews called, simply, the "Nameless."



Following "Take 69" there was the dance in the Gym with the Spectrum. It was a great dance and a fitting way to end the day. The group was excellent, and the Gym packed with people. The little gym was opened for a place to go between sets. At twelve o'clock the dance was over, and so was February 8th, 1969, the day of the S.A.C. Winter Carnival.

Next day, the remnants of the festivities remained, and the School worked together in an organized clean-up to get the grounds back to normal. The ice maze and the sculptures remained, but the School soon looked clean again.

The Winter Carnival had been a success! Its two aims were to provide a good time for everyone and to make money for a worthy cause. Two thousand dollars were made. The money will be used for three different projects: to educate four orphans in India, aid the Canadian Indian, and to start a new School project.

The Carnival was the idea of the Service Committee. Robin Campbell, as head of the committee, planned and did more than his share of the work. The success of the Winter Carnival is due mainly to him. During "Take 69" he was given a plaque from the boys in the School to show their appreciation.

It was a great carnival and a great success; a day in which people realized that it can be fun and rewarding to help other people. The Review hopes that a day such as this will become a tradition in the School.

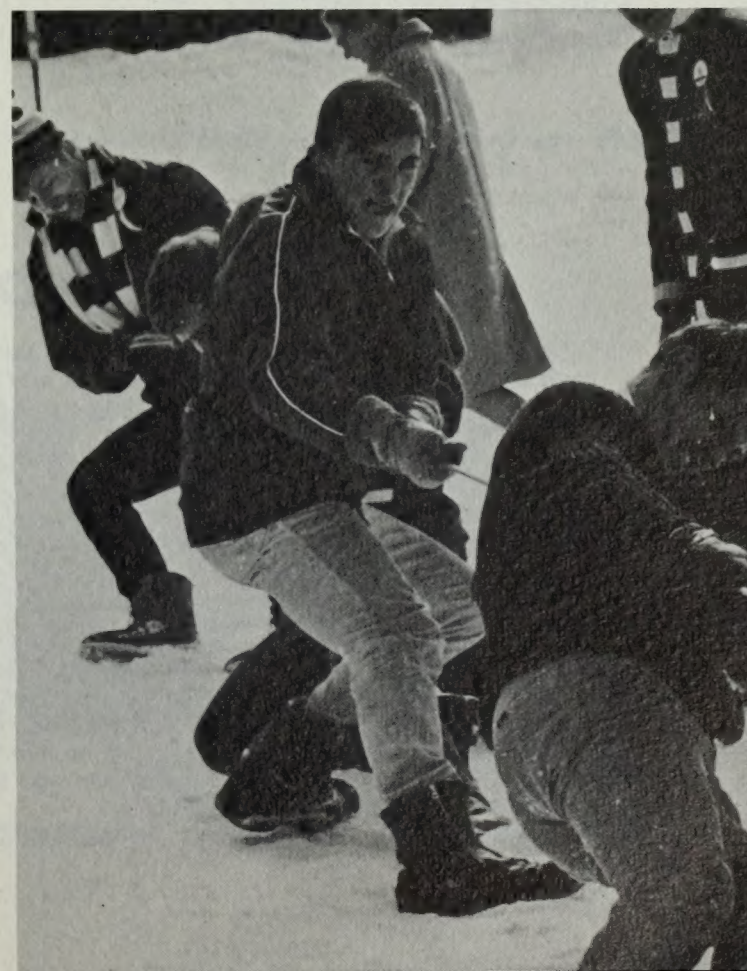
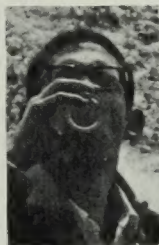






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69





# the ice maze

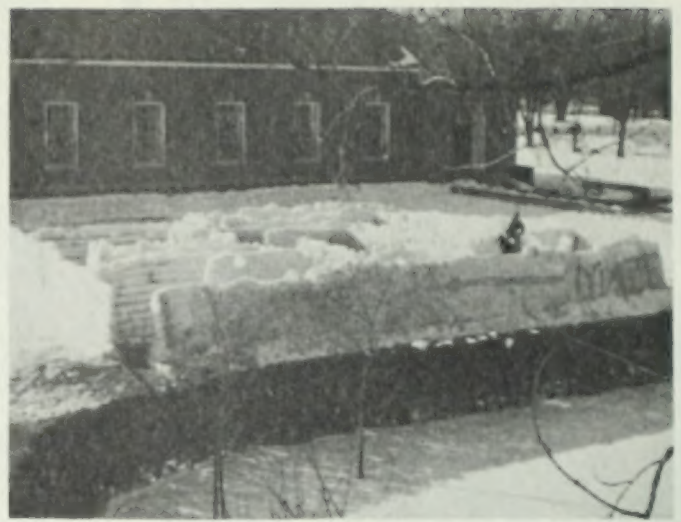
Perched on my sturdy school-room bench  
I watched a wind with quite a wrench  
And pull, destroy the of ice.  
And I did wonder in a trice  
(But not the thin though stalwart glaze  
On our so weak and laughed at maze,)  
Of some blue berg or emerald flow  
Beneath the still, cold ruby glow  
Of endless, frozen, polar nights.

And then I said to God, "No fuss,  
But please, be good and kind to us,  
And send us what we most desire,  
Before our class is made retire  
To do a job that in our hearts  
Is like a man when soul departs.  
Is like big bloody bulks of death  
That we all know have lost their breath.  
Is like an empire, ages dead.

I prayed for snow all fine and white  
To quit the endless polar night,  
And fall, keep falling evermore,  
Still on our poor, much trodden score,  
Till it is deep in endless snow,  
So deep and endless, drifting slow.  
Slow drifting snow,  
Snow drifting slow . . . .

The teacher cracked a sudden whip.  
I clutched my stool with startled grip.  
Awakening to the blinding blaze  
Of snow that blew in our poor maze.

Ed's note: Our congratulations VA for a job superbly done.



## disappearance

Grade thirteen is a year of pressures. Externally, internally and eternally these pressures plague the poor "kids" under subjection. How does one survive under the strain? It takes a resolute mind, sacrificial will and determination to endure or even exist.

Four brave Andreans found the solution and stood steadfast behind their convictions. They did an amazing thing. You may say it is impossible, but believe it or not it is true. They were persecuted and punished but they withstood these purges. They succeeded where others failed: they had fun in grade XIII.

Perhaps a hedge suffered in the process and the common room looked more like a romper room. Yes, the "White Ties" endured harassment, but the outcome was indeed worth the struggle.

At the age of 18 they were not acting like 75 year old senile, decrepit men as it was hoped they would. They decided to wait fifty-seven more years. So to Mclean, Henderson, Smith and Martin we say thank you. Thank you for standing up for what you felt was right. You are true Andreans!

# the epidemic

The School arrived back from their Winter Term holidays, bright and cheery and healthy — that is most of us did. However, in less than a week and a half, we were all going home again, this time to celebrate Easter. We weren't supposed to get Easter off, but that is the way it worked out.

One day, some unknown person felt sick and went to the Infirmary. He got two pinks and a white, and was sent on his way. That was the staff's downfall, and our lucky break. For this person went out into the School and mingled, spreading germs everywhere. Then gradually, one by one, the rest of the strong Andreans succumbed to these little germs, and fell ill. Much to the nurse's dismay, one day at clinic, she had over 20 people in line, with the same symptoms. "Go lie down in your rooms" was the instruction, and on the way still more people were infected. The numbers grew steadily, until the line-up reached 80 people. This was an alarming situation; what should be done?

Now as we all know, SAC is prone to rumours, and this was no exception. Healthy and ill alike began sizing up the chances for the School being closed. Some boys from near-by communities, e.g. Toronto, had already been sent home. There were now approximately 100 boys ill, and the rest intended to fake it (anything to get some more leave). Rumor has it that the straw which finally broke the camel's back, or in this case, Mr. Coulter's determination to remain open for business, was that the Headmaster himself came down with the proverbial bug. And so, on Thursday morning, the whole School was dismissed for a weekend of fun and frolic. As the news went around, boys began making miraculous recoveries left and right.

It is the general consensus of the School that this should become an annual event.



# a man for all seasons

"A Man For All Seasons" was a very difficult play to put on, yet Mr. MacPherson cleverly and patiently directed this play with assistance from Edwards.

Jolliffe had the lead role and played the part of Sir Thomas More. He seemed to 'turn on' the audience as he 'turned on' the tears. Ratcliffe was a natural for the difficult role of the Common Man and played the part very well. Indeed all parts were well acted and the lines were well rehearsed. Credit should be given to Miss Jolliffe and Mrs. Ilton for their work in making such fine costumes.

The play was well received by parents and friends on its second production. The first showing, in front of the School, was not as well accepted. The boys found the play slow, and somewhat boring. This was not due to the actors, but rather to the story, which was very serious and no matter who put it on, somewhat dull. A more receptive second audience greatly appreciated and praised the production for its efforts.

The story was of Sir Thomas More, who would not accept King Henry VIII of England's divorce of Catherine of Aragon and remarriage to Anne Boleyn. The moral conflict and mental struggle leading to More's persecution and eventual execution was the basic theme. The story was very significant and thus there was a lack of humour and a tendency for it to become dull. Boys, it seems, have lost interest in Henry VIII even though he had six wives and died of syphilis — but it's pleasing to know that the older generation has not.

To Mr. MacPherson and to all the cast of "A Man For All Seasons": congratulations. The tackling of such a serious and dramatic play deserves applause in itself, and the production deserves to be praised.

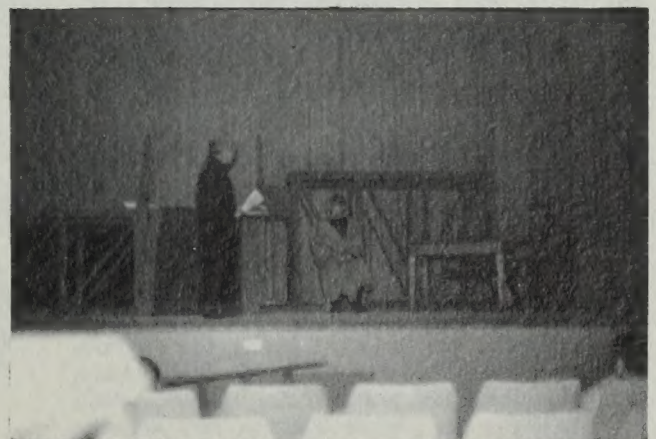


## BRIDGE CLUB

The bridge club was well patronized this year. There were several enthusiastic boys wanting to learn how to play as well as boys who already had a few years of playing behind them.

Mr. Inglis was in charge of the club and Mr. Stoaite also helped out. The club met in the Rifle range every week, where usually about four "tables" played.

As the term went on, the club started to deteriorate. Exams brought on weeks of studying so the club had to stop meeting temporarily. The bridge club is almost non-existent now. We just meet once in a while and play a few hands. Some people have finally realized that it takes a lot longer than an hour once a week to learn how to play.





# u-6 trip to ottawa

Sir Wilfred Laurier once said "I would not like to say anything disparaging of the capital, but it is hard to say anything good about it. Ottawa is not a handsome city, and does not appear to become one either."

The Upper Six History Class visited Ottawa this year, and I feel they left with the feeling that Ottawa is becoming, and has in many ways become, a 'handsome' city.

We arrived at the new railway station, which certainly makes up architecturally for what it lacks in location. After a short walk across Sparks Street Mall, a street closed off to traffic, we arrived at the Beacon Arms Hotel.

Other schools were staying in the hotel, and in the near-by Lord Elgin Hotel, so friendships were easily made. But enough of that, Ottawa was what we came to see.

The next morning we toured the Parliament Buildings, and saw the House of Commons in progress. We were fortunate to see such personalities as Diefenbaker, Stanfield, Knowles, McInnis and Douglas try and harass, or even question, the Liberal Government. Trudeau, with a carnation in his lapel, evaded questions and answered nothing, but seemed to lose no ground. David Weatherhead, MP for Scarborough West, took us in to his office afterwards, for a question and answer period. In the afternoon we again saw our parliamentary system in progress, as a Creditiste Minister was filibustering Turner's Criminal Code Act.

We did not see the Ottawa Mint as planned, but in the afternoon took a look at the new National Art Centre opposite Confederation Square. It was not open yet, but one could see how fine a building it was (worth the ex-

pense or not). We also sat through a tedious and boring "tour," or better put, lecture in the Supreme Court.

That night we were free to do what we wanted, within reason of course. People parted and found that Ottawa was not such a dead city after all (or at least some of us did).

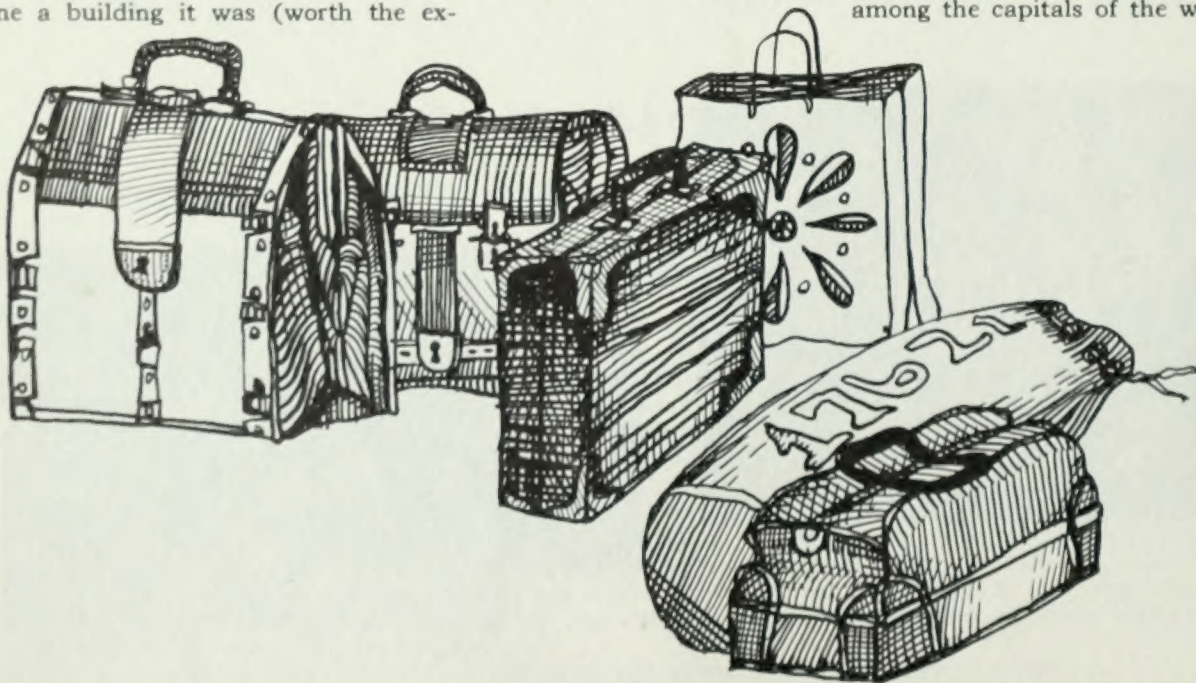
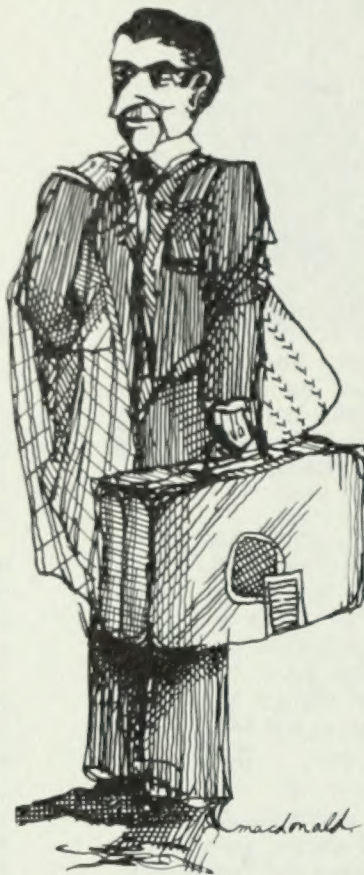
The next day we toured the city in a bus, dodging the 'Miles for Millions' walkers. We saw the 'sights of the town'. After the enlightening tour, we had our choice to go through the National Art Museum or to do what we wanted. Meeting soon afterwards, we boarded a bus for the New Museum of Science and Technology, then made our way to the train station.

Soon we were back in 'Hog Town'. For two days we had been away from the tall buildings and the claustrophobia. We had been away from the smog and the cancer. We had seen the beautiful buildings which mark our heritage, and the parks and trees which make Ottawa one of Canada's most beautiful cities. (sarcastic much?).

How much gain was made by the trip is certainly a personal matter, but it is definitely a great experience to see Parliament in progress, and to see the capital of our country.

The Review hopes that such a trip will become an annual visit. Mr. Kamcke, who took the trip, will certainly be thrilled to lead a group of boys there again; Ottawa must be one of his favorite spots as he attended Ashbury College in Rockcliffe.

The trip was indeed a success. To Mr. Kamcke: our thanks, and to Sir Wilfred: we hope that you may know that Ottawa has changed since the turn of the century, and is taking its place among the capitals of the world.





If you had made a bet that this year's Variety Night was going to flop, you would probably have thought that you had a bet on a sure thing. After all, how can anyone put on a Variety Night without the old pro, Jamie Crookston? If you watched the final days of rehearsal, you would have been assured of the security of your wager. At eight o'clock that night, you would have been sitting smugly in your seat in the Auditorium, but by eight-fifteen your complacency would have vanished.

The show opened with the directors, John Currie and Tony Cary-Barnard, telling us that they were trying a new technique. Then, immediately, the Speed Kills group, consisting of Pirie, Annan, Hassard, and Sage, played several songs very well. The Upper Sixth skit, a satire of the "Dating Game" called the "Mating Game," was found to be very funny by all. Mr. Dawson's band played a variety of pieces. The Flavell House skit, thought by many to be the best skit, concerned a tour of the School. Memorial House wrenched tears from the audience with a moving melodrama and, on a somewhat dubious decision by the judges, won the award for the best skit. In a medley of tunes from "Oliver," the Prefects revealed an often talked about side of their character. The Masters, under the reins of Mr. Pitman, presented a revis-

## night

## variety



## 1969

ed version of "Little Red Riding Hood," starring Mr. Stoate. There was some excellent singing by Paula McKee, who was accompanied by Dave Annan on the guitar.

As part of the new technique, there was no M.C. Therefore, between the acts there were a number of short skits and gags by the directors, Johnston, Hart, Ballard, and especially Agar, who worked very hard in many parts of the show. Also, there were a few girls from Haver-gal who came to help give the show some added appeal. Many people said that it was a good thing that the skits and jokes varied from being simply for the sole purpose of "knocking" the masters. This meant that the skits were more entertaining to the non-School audience, as well as the School. The most unfortunate part of the show was the sing-along which failed, not from the fault of the cast, but the lack of audience participation, despite the fact that the words were printed on the program.

The result of the night was a show that was as good, if not superior, to anything we have had before. The cast, under the guidance of the directors and the gracious help of Mr. Kamcke, worked very hard, rose to the occasion, and pulled itself out of the grasp of disorder to produce a highly entertaining, extremely smooth-running and polished show.



Day Boys have played an increasingly important role in the School's activities these past few years, and this year is strong evidence of the emergence of a new and involved Day Boy. The Day Boys were formerly a group who, because of the travelling time to and from the School, contributed very little to the non-academic portion of the School's programme of broader education. Day Boys shied away from representative teams, School clubs, musical endeavours, cadets, clan activities and drama, and a "good" Day Boy was the one who skipped out of all he could. Day Boys were frowned upon by the boarders, who were more involved and slightly jealous of the extra freedom during and after school hours.

Now, however, I think that the value of the Day Boy in St. Andrew's is increasing, not only because of the increased number, but because involvement in the School has become a must, not forced involvement, but willing participation in the extras of a private School. Members of the "Grey Coach Club" are frowned upon if they do not become involved, and as a result the "do-nothing" members are giving way to a group who care about being active in the School.

As reasons for this change I can put forward the following, and will leave it up to you to decide why the change has occurred. Recently more has been offered to the Day Boy: Wednesday skiing, Tuesday evening clubs, as well as regular teams, drama, cadets, music and dances. Also with regular extra classes being offered in every subject and a sports program laid out with this time allotted, the Day Boy now has more to stay after school for. I think that the new Upper Six Common Room has helped the Day Boys know the boarders better, and they want to get involved in their activities.

In conjunction with the sports program and cadets, the element of compulsion is involved, but a sense of satisfaction from participation is gained, and in following teams willing attendance increases. Basically people do not like to be hounded, and so they mould to a pattern to avoid attracting undue attention; also everyone likes glory, and with the high calibre of St. Andrew's participation in sports and other endeavours this is easily attainable.

With the idea of expanding St. Andrew's, one must plan to include a greater number of Day Boys. This year a Prefect, Blanchard, was chosen from the ranks of the Day Boys and this has become an invaluable link between the two elements of the School, a better understanding of the School rules has resulted, and a more co-operative and willing Day Boy body has proved itself to be a part of the School and a group of true Andreans.

day

boys

## macdonald house

The sounds from Mac House are almost like that of a zoo. Actually most of the people in Mac House are very civilized, but they just get out of hand sometimes. If you can visualize ninety-one boys living in twenty-three dormitories all year long, you can see why the inhabitants sometimes get restless. To look after this restlessness and to keep the curious out of trouble, we have six Lower Sixers who live with us each term. They change each term, and I do not think they could stay sane if they didn't. Really, it is because the House Captain is used as a judge when there are small disagreements between some of the boys; is a guardian to keep us out of trouble; has pranks played on him all the time, and yet he still manages to be a good guy. Last, but not least, we have the Housemaster. I say this name with respect, because we all know and respect that stern figure who comes around in the morning yelling, "rise and shine; daylight in the swamp!" This phrase reflects the humorous character and nature that this man must have. He has to act as a guardian to us all, and he has to take all our little pranks and give out the "imperial punishment" when the time and situation comes. Still, this man remains a gentleman and holds no real grudges against anyone.

Macdonald House life is, if you want to make it that way, a lot of fun, and I think that the House Captains and Mr. Skinner,

our Housemaster, should be recognized in that position for keeping us all as one big happy family.





# CADETS





# the inspection

Inspection Day began at 7 o'clock on April 25th, when the Corps was awakened by the Pipe Band. After Lunch at 12 o'clock Cadets returned to their rooms to don their full uniforms, and fell in at 1:00. An individual platoon inspection was then carried out, in order to ensure that everything was just right. By 1:50 the Corps was completely ready, and marched on to the Parade Grounds. Once assembled, the Corps awaited the arrival of the Inspecting Officer.

With the appearance of Brigadier-General G. R. A. Coffin promptly at 2 o'clock, the Inspection officially got under way. The salute was given, and Brigadier-General Coffin inspected the Cadets. The March Past was then executed, 'in column' and 'in column of route from the right', and the Corps then retired in order that the displays might be carried out.

The first display put on was by the Macdonald House Platoon, who put on a good exhibition of movements on the march and at the halt. W.O.3 Morton and his N.C.O.'s, Sgts. Annan and Pickard, should be congratulated on the excellence of their display. The Macdonald House Platoon's drill, incidentally, is a completely new style of marching, recently adopted by the 48th Highlanders of Canada, and this new method will be employed by the Saint Andrew's College Cadet Corps in future years.

As the Macdonald House Platoon faded into the distance, the Pipe Band led on Number One Platoon, for a drill in rifle calisthenics. This same platoon had put on a rifle calisthenics drill at the 48th Highlanders Tattoo, with great success. The display on Inspection Day was even better, if that is possible. The sight of 42 white-shirted Cadets going through a complicated arms drill perfectly, all without even one word of command, is an aesthetically appealing sight, and the audience was very impressed. The Pipe Band and Number One Platoon then counter-marched, leaving the Grounds for the Gymnastics display which was to follow.

The Gymnastics display was in reality a work-out on a trampoline, executed very efficiently by Cadets Johnston I, Anderson, Price, Jamieson II, Fennel, and Kline I. The whole event was organized and coached by Mr. West, who did a very good job in the short time allotted him.

With the completion of the Gymnastics display the trampoline was removed, and a large group of white-



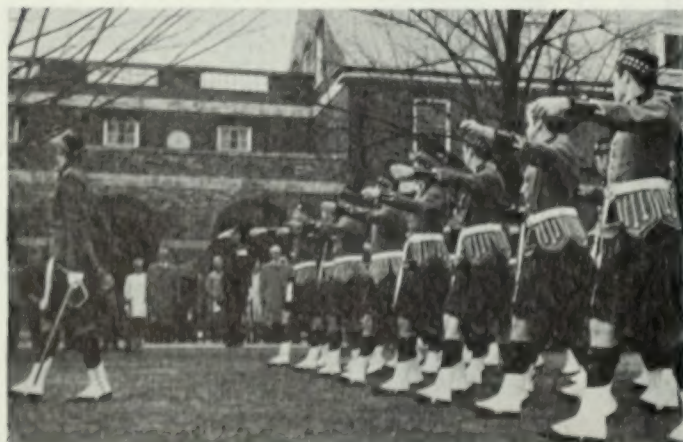
shirted Cadets, all working at double-time, placed an obstacle course on the Parade Grounds which stretched the whole length of the Quad. Two teams, composed of the Lieutenant, Sergeant, and two Cadets of Number Seven and Number Eight Platoons, raced over this obstacle course to save two "injured" Cadets, and bring them back to safety. The race was well-executed and exciting, and Number Seven Platoon won by a fair margin. Captains Ballard and Hilborn should be congratulated for having directed such a realistic display.

Once again the group of Cadets moved onto the Parade Grounds, and the obstacle course was removed as fast as it had been assembled. This done, the Pipe Band again appeared, this time leading eight Cadets, the Highland Dancers. This group, composed of Cdt./Lt. Col. Jolliffe, Cdt./Cpt. Love, Cdt./Lts. Maclean, Marshall, and Smith, and Cadets Bryant, Gilchrist, and Martin II, gave a lively and colorful display of the Highland military dance, much to the audience's delight. The group had been instructed and supervised by Mr. Inglis, and he must certainly have been rewarded on seeing the excellence of this display and the audience's reaction to it.

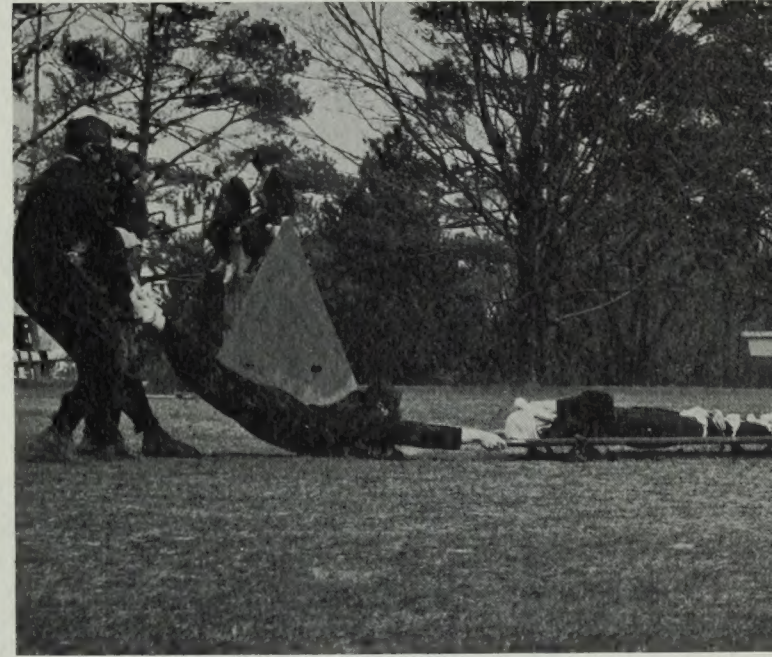
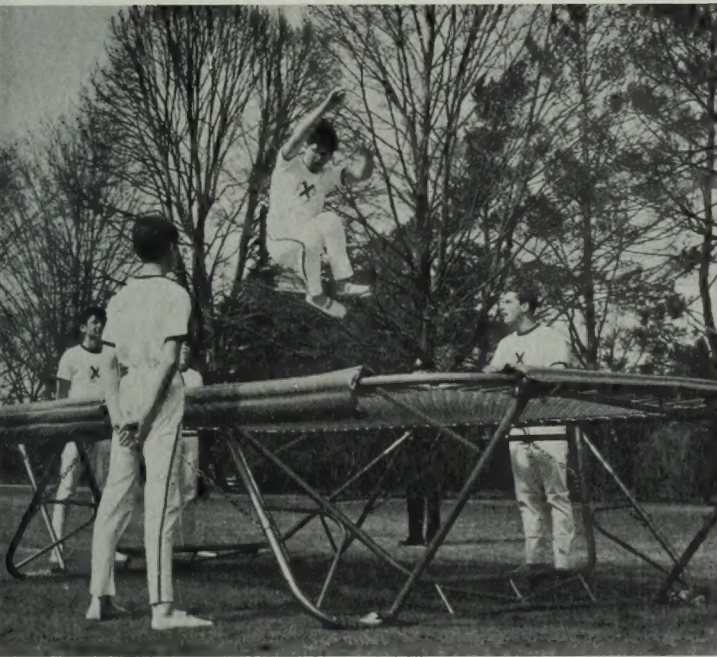
While the Pipe Band was putting on its display, the entire Corps formed up behind Flavelle House, and when the Pipe Band returned the Corps marched onto the Parade Grounds and formed the Hollow Square for the conclusion of the Inspection. Prizes were given to Lt./Col. Jolliffe, Pipe Major Scott, the officer and N.C.O.s of the best platoon, Number One, and to the Best Cadet — T. Bryant. Brig./Gen. Coffin then addressed the Cadets, and his timely remarks were directed in particular at this year's graduating class. He also congratulated the Corps on their Inspection, and following the cheers and the photograph, the Corps was dismissed.

We sincerely regretted that Lt./Col. Cameron and Major Read of the 48th Highlanders were unable to attend this year's Inspection, for their efforts and assistance to help put on this display would most certainly have been rewarded by a superlative Parade.

This year's Inspection was unquestionably a very, very good one, perhaps one of the best in Canada. Although the School will have to wait to find out the results of this event, the zeal of a great many officers, N.C.O.s, and Cadets has ensured Saint Andrew's of a good standing.









# st.paul's

A beautiful, warm, Sunday morning seemed only to accentuate the brilliant scarlet and green of the St. Andrew's College Highland Cadet Corps on May 4.

The occasion was the annual church parade from Rosedale Park to the service held at St. Paul's Cathedral. The streets were packed with onlookers admiring the excellence of the battalion. The highlight of the parade was the usual 'eyes right' given to the young ladies in their Sunday finery at Branksome Hall.

The sermon was related by our own school chaplain, Dr. Wilkie. Cadet Lt./Col. Jolliffe read the new testament and the headmaster read the old testament lesson. Then on the return parade on Bloor Street, an 'eyes right' was given to Major Reid, second in command of the 48th Highlanders of Canada, the parent regiment of the St. Andrew's College Corps.

The event marked the end of the cadet training for the year at St. Andrew's.

A welcome leave was enjoyed by all cadets after an extremely successful parade.

## drumhead

An added bit of color in this year's Cadet Corps Parades was the decision to have a drum-head service replace the usual Aurora Church Parade. The former Aurora Church Parades had traditionally led to a service in the Aurora United Church, but this year the service would be a military one, held in the Aurora Community Center.

Therefore, on Sunday, April 18th, the Corps assembled and marched to the community center, where the service was held. Major Agar read the lesson, Mr. Dawson's military band provided the music, and Rev. Wishart of the 48th Highlanders of Canada delivered a short and excellent sermon. The altar, consisting of the Corps' flag and the Pipe Band's drums, gave a very good effect to the entire service, which ended with the Corps' salute to the Mayor of Aurora and march back to the School.

It was the general opinion of the Corps that the Drumhead Service had been an enjoyable parade, for not only had it been interesting and colorful, but there had not been as long a march.

The cadet program came to an end, again this year, with a most successful cadet dance. The Inspection had been held in the afternoon and the cadets were both tired and jubilant by evening when the dance commenced.

No one was really too surprised to see the Great Hall so well decorated. The Social Committee and eager volunteers had been hard at work for many days. Cadets and their dates were certainly aghast though at the complete change of the room which they had eaten breakfast in. The theme was the Garden of Eden and the Hall looked just that. Flowers covered the walls, an elaborate waterfall was erected, and streamers filled the room.

Music was provided by television's "The Carnival". They proved to be an excellent group and perfect for the occasion. Where many groups tend to look at the boys in their scarlet uniforms with giggles of misunderstanding, "The Carnival" in their bright costumes and with great personalities, fitted in as if they were "Old Boys".

When the dance ended, so did a long and exciting day. The Cadet Dance 1969 was a great dance; a tribute to an excellent year of cadets and their training.



The Officers and Members  
of the

St. Andrew's College Highland Cadet Corps

request the pleasure of your company at

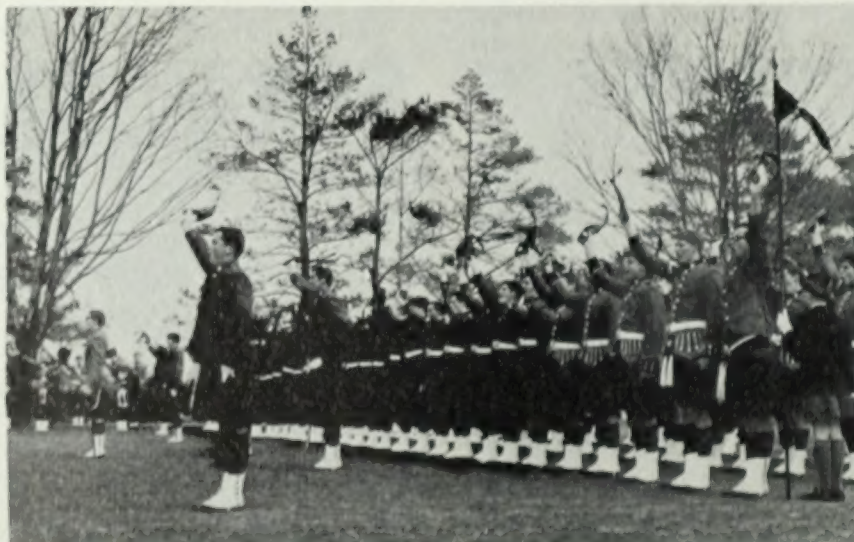
The Annual Dance

on Friday, 25th April, 1969

at nine o'clock p.m.

to be the Guest of

R.S.E.P. to the office of the Headmaster,  
St. Andrew's College, Aurora, Ontario.





# the officers



*L. to R.:* W. G. Love, L. I. Hilborn, D. J. Martin, J. E. McLean, J. A. Ballard, R. S. Jolliffe, B. A. Marshall, G. R. Agar, A. A. Evans, G. S. Henderson, N. S. Smith, T. S. Stephens.





# Clans



## DOUGLAS

Again Douglas Clan has moved up another notch in the official Clan standings, clinching second place at the end of the school year's activities. The Clan was fortunate to have a few very capable individuals who contributed a great deal in both athletics and academics. On the whole, though, I feel that it was the co-operative effort shown by every member of the Clan. Those particular individuals who displayed outstanding achievement records should be congratulated for the fine example of encouragement and enthusiasm which they offered to the rest.

The Clan itself displayed fine sportsmanship and an honest desire to win everything whenever the occasion arose. We were always prepared, and I know everybody participated to the best of their ability. I felt that it was an extremely fine decision to divide certain facets of Clan activities among the senior members of the Clan. This provided a good opportunity of leadership for those enthusiastic members in the Clan as well as enabling the Clan to organize many more activities. Very seldom did it come down to the point where we had to solicit people for any one activity. Everyone was eager to co-operate in any way no matter how menial the task.

One facet of this year's activities which was very well received was the introduction of Clan Debating. All participants were very enthusiastic and the calibre of their presentations was very high. I hope it will continue in the years to come, with the hope too that new activities will be initiated into the Clan schedule each year.

In conclusion, Douglas Clan functioned exceedingly well this year and we all hope that it will reign supreme in the future years.

## BRUCE

In the various athletic and scholastic competitions this year, Bruce Clan showed great spirit and enthusiasm. Although we had no over-abundance of super-stars, or dozens of scholastic geniuses to boost our point standings, we did have that one force which I believe is the most important aspect of all clan competitions: a real spirit. Everyone was always fighting hard, always willing to do their best, and always proud to support their Clan, throughout the year. The surge of enthusiasm in the Clan this year was not focused, as in past years, on a small handful of old reliables in the Upper School. Rather this enthusiasm showed itself on all levels, and the sudden increase of activity in the Lower School did not go unseen. The spirit seemed to envelop the whole clan this year, junior and senior boys alike, something which had been formerly lacking. It would be too difficult for me to name all the individuals of Bruce Clan who were outstanding, because it would be unjust, for everyone, I felt that everyone did their best in each Clan activity they took part in. What's more, Bruce Clan did not have to boast on loud, blaring posters how our Clan was the best. That was revealed in all our undertakings. And I trust that this Clan enthusiasm will carry itself into next year, to make Bruce Clan even stronger and more outstanding.



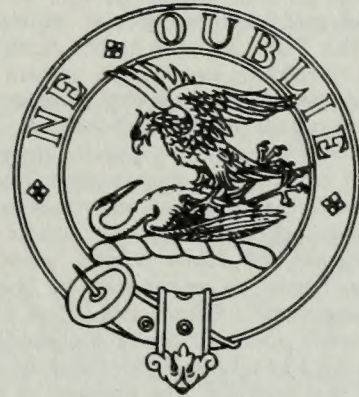
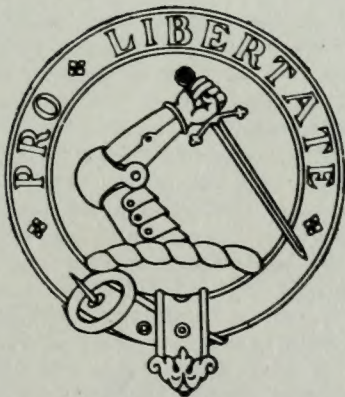


# Clans

## MONTROSE

To report the activities and successes of Montrose Clan gives me great pleasure. I feel this year the Clan maintained the high standards of participation, spirit and success that has brought the Clan two Clan Championships in the past two years. Throughout the school, the Clan excelled. In Macdonald House, our members won their division in Football and Hockey and produced the Juvenile Track Champ on Sports Day. In the Upper School, the Senior members gave fine leadership and set a pace that other Clans had trouble in keeping up to. Intermediates came first in Clan Flag Football, second in Clan Water-Polo, third in Cross Country Competition, and *excelled in scholars*. The Seniors combined success in athletics, debating and marks. Surely the Clan is composed of strong and active members.

I have always viewed it a great thing when eighty boys work hard all year and come out as a strong and good Clan. I view the future of Montrose Clan to be as bright as its past. I also hope that Clan activities will grow and better the school spirit, as they have done this year. For it is in this atmosphere of competition and spirit that Clans come to life, and of course Montrose thrives and succeeds.



## WALLACE

This year Wallace Clan set a goal that involved not only the 80 members of our clan, but the entire school. We were determined to elevate clan spirit throughout the school to a level which had never before been attained. I can say in all sincerity, as have many masters, the headmaster included, that our goal was fulfilled.

Of course, we also had hoped to do as well as possible in clan standings during the year. Athletically, we were the most successful of the four clans, winning clan hockey, the cross-country, baseball, and the most important event of the year, Field Day. But on the other hand, we were the weakest clan in academics with a mere 5 scholars in the upper school in June results. Due to the emphasis placed on scholastics for clan points, Wallace finished last in the clan standings.

This last place finish was as surprising as it was disappointing for a clan which had so dominated the year. Clan spirit is a phrase I'm sure all clan captains will coin when speaking about their clan. But this year Wallace almost epitomized it. Wallace displayed many unique ideas in promoting clan spirit. We initiated the idea of clan debating; we were the only clan to set aside one day each week on which the entire clan wore their brilliant red — Wallace clan tie, masters included; we were the only clan to have a big annual clan day; we donated a trophy to be given by Mr. MacPherson to a boy excelling in clan spirit; and the list could continue for pages.

In summary I would like to congratulate Montrose Clan for its victory and Douglas for its well earned second place finish. But I honestly feel that Wallace clan has not gone down defeated. Our accomplishments in promoting clan participation and spirit were unsurpassed and more rewarding than any victory could ever hope to be. As clan captain I would like to thank and congratulate the entire clan for its efforts and undivided support.



# film society

At present most people have a limited critical apparatus for judging films or TV programs: (a) I really liked it; (b) It was okay; (c) I didn't like it at all. We have a right to expect something more articulate from an educated person.

To encourage greater discrimination, to study film as an art, and not least, to provide stimulating entertainment, the Film Society at St. Andrew's came into being. It should be noted that we are one of 71 member groups across the country that make up the Canadian Federation of Film Societies. This year S.A.C. Film Society received a greater degree of support than ever before from the student body. As far as the selection of the program was concerned, I must bear full responsibility. It was my aim to present a balanced program of films which most students would not be likely to encounter in their regular movie-going experience. Films, not all of them made within very recent years, or made necessarily in English, films which have been recognized as classics in the history of the medium. The absence of colour and modern effects, the presence of unfamiliar language and subtitles undoubtedly demand from the viewer a greater degree of concentration and toleration than he is accustomed to. Usually such a commitment is richly rewarding.

During the season we presented eight programs of films representing close to a half dozen countries over a span of thirty years. The opening and closing evenings both consisted of comedies: from the zany, spoofing antics of Humphrey Bogart, Peter Lorre and the boys in John Huston's *Beat the Devil* to the inimitable, garrulous W. C. Fields in *It's a Gift*. During late fall and early winter our viewing took a more serious documentary turn, with the British nuclear

"shocker" *The War Game* and the Canadian "cause célèbre", *Warrendale*. Certainly these programs elicited the most vigorous discussions over coffee afterwards. The offerings in January and February perhaps belonged most clearly in that nebulous category, the foreign art film. For each there were wide disparities in the amount of appreciation and comprehension felt by members. *The Shameless Old Lady* from France was a simple yet hilarious study of one old lady's ultimate fling at life. Akira Kurasawa's *Rashomon* from Japan was a profoundly disturbing study of the nature of truth and reality. In March an all-star cast brilliantly combined to bring to the screen Oscar Wilde's stage classic *The Importance of Being Earnest*. A specialized, stylized style of humour: I realize in retrospect that many of the guffaws came from ex-British types in the rear rows! Finally in April, the most conventional and commercial of the season's attractions, George Pal's *The Time Machine*, based ever so loosely on the H. G. Wells original. Its colour and spectacular effects were an uncomplicated hit with most members. One other unforgettable experience was *Incident at Owl Creek Bridge*, a triumph of suspense and surprise.

And what of the future? I hope that the Film Society will continue to function, and on a more democratic footing at that. If you would like a hand in the running of the society, you have only to volunteer! Thanks are due, incidentally, to John Currie for assistance this year with publicity. In the meantime, however, there are oodles of other fine films that I as one "film-nut" am looking forward to sharing with the rest of you. Don't hesitate to join in, as films may just be the most alive, the most exciting, the most important of all art forms right now.

## clan debating

After Christmas, it became evident that interest in debating in the school was limited to those few persons directly involved in the Debating Society. Because I.S.L. rules state that a student may debate only once in league competition, it became necessary to turn every stone in the school in an effort to find enough debaters. As a result, Mr. Skinner and the Senior Debating Society decided that an Inner-School Debating League was long overdue.

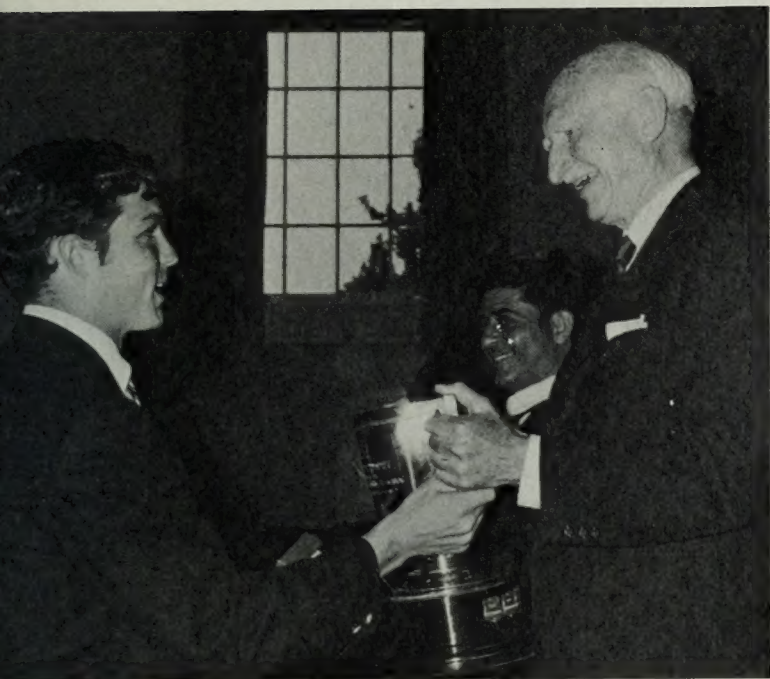
This tournament was run on a Clan basis, and divided into senior and junior divisions, with each clan debating against each of the other Clans in their division. Again the system was employed that no person could debate more than once. By simple mathematics, this meant seventy-two debaters, or one quarter of the school. These debates were arranged on various Tuesday and Friday evenings throughout the latter half of the winter term. Generally, they were well attended by the School which added greatly to the mood of the debates and also illustrated an interest by the School, outside the debaters themselves. Although no restrictions were made on the resolutions, which were decided by the Clans themselves, they remained surprisingly mild, with very conservative results. For example, it was decided that cadets are good, formal marriage is not obsolete, organ transplants are justified, and that city living is more rewarding than small town life.

The benefits of the League were both obvious and subtle. New "talent" was discovered and recorded for future use; interest in debating was greatly increased in the School; almost the total School was "exposed" to debating; and it provided one of the few opportunities for non-athletic clan participation.

A note of thanks must go to all the masters and their wives who judged the debates, and a special note of thanks to Mr. Skinner and Mr. Ray, who organized the senior and junior levels respectively. Congratulations to the nine *Montrose* Clan debaters who completed an undefeated season, taking all three of their senior debates.



# PRIZE DAY



The Honourable W. Ross Macdonald, Lieutenant Governor of Ontario, presents yet another prize to Geoff Love



Must be a fun gun

## PRIZES — 1969

LOWER SCHOOL GENERAL PROFICIENCY PRIZES		
LOWER II	1. Kerr, J. E.	82.3%
	2. Mann, G. R.	79.1%
	3. Carter, M. J.	76.4%
	4. Alvarez, R. A.	75.9%
UPPER II	1. Healy, P.	80.7%
	2. Kline, D. R.	78.2%
	3. Featherstonhaugh, D. J.	78.0%
	4. Ellis, W. R.	77.5%
	5. O'Neil, P. H.	75.6%

### LOWER SCHOOL SPECIAL PRIZES

The Kilgour Prize for proficiency in Composition and Grammar	J. E. Kerr
Winnett Prize for highest general proficiency in Upper II	P. Healy
Spelling & Writing Prize (G. Campbell) for Upper II	P. Healy
History Prize (Mr. John Young) for Upper II proficiency in History	C. M. Urquhart
School Music Prize	R. A. Paine
Mathematics Prize for highest standing in Upper II	C. Yeung
Drawing Prize for proficiency in drawing	D. R. Kline

### MIDDLE SCHOOL GENERAL PROFICIENCY PRIZES

FORM III	1. Duder, M. D. E.	86.8%
	2. Turner, J. G.	77.4%
	3. Jalkotzy, M. G. M.	77.3%
	4. Macdonald, J. W.	76.4%
	5. Jameson, J. D.	76.4%
	6. Paine, R. A.	76.4%
	7. Boland, T. P.	75.8%
FORM IV	1. Hally, D.	89.7%
	2. Shortly, J. T.	83.9%
	3. Wilkie, R. J.	82.4%
	4. Chang, A.	82.3%
	5. Hogg, M. F.	81.5%
	6. Kenny, W. M.	76.6%
	7. McMulkin, F. P.	76.2%
FORM V	1. Walker, J. L.	85.5%
	2. Ireland, J. S.	85.0%
	3. Moron, P. H.	81.3%
	4. Bryant, T. A.	79.2%
	5. Jurychuck, M. G. J.	76.5%
	6. Boyd, W. F.	76.3%
	7. Macdonald, D. B.	75.3%
	8. Sara, J. V.	75.2%
	9. Boyd, R. T.	75.0%
	9. Casselman, W. C.	75.0%
	9. Ralling, G. C. K.	75.0%
	9. Smith, I. R.	75.0%
	9. Startup, E. G. D.	75.0%

### MIDDLE SCHOOL SPECIAL PRIZES

English Prize. In memory of Mr. Walter Findlay	J. L. Walker
The Mrs. Victor Sifton Prize for proficiency in Mathematics and Science	J. L. Walker
Stuart B. Wood Memorial Prize to the member of Form V most distinguished in character, scholarship and games	M. G. J. Jurychuk
	J. V. Sara
The Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute Prize in Mathematics and Science	J. S. Ireland
The Ladies' Guild Essay Prize. Awarded for the best essay from Forms IV and V	David Hally
The Andrew Armstrong Prize for improvement in English	A. Chang
The Music Prize. Awarded for highest proficiency in Music	S. R. C. Francis



## UPPER SCHOOL GENERAL PROFICIENCY PRIZES

LOWER VI	1. B. A. Christie	83.3%
	2. R. W. Hurter	83.1%
	3. A. N. Wilkie	78.6%
	4. J. N. Murray	78.5%
	5. B. Levett	75.3%
	6. M. M. Westcott	75.0%
UPPER VI	1. W. G. Love	88.3%
	2. J. A. Ballard	84.3%
	3. D. F. Marley	81.4%
	4. N. S. Smith	81.1%
	5. A. A. Evans	80.0%
	6. J. C. Maynard	79.4%
	7. A. N. Hally	78.5%
	8. G. R. Agar	77.3%
	9. B. B. Skoggard	76.3%
	10. D. K. C. Chen	75.6%

## UPPER SCHOOL SPECIAL PRIZES

Isabelle Cockshutt Prize in History	---	J. A. Ballard
The Mainprize Theatre Prize	-----	R. S. Jolliffe
The Isabelle Cockshutt Prize in History in Lower VI	-----	B. R. Christie
The H. E. Goodman Prize for Proficiency in Chemistry	-----	J. C. Maynard
The Old Boys' Medal in Mathematics		D. K. C. Chen
The Society of Actuaries Mathematics Contest Medal	-----	D. K. C. Chen
The Donald Cooper Medal in Science		D. K. C. Chen
The Society of Actuaries Mathematics Contest Pin	-----	B. Skoggard
The Charles Ashton Medal for English	--	W. G. Love
The George Etienne Cartier Medal in French	-----	D. K. C. Chen
The "Review" Prize, for best literary contribution	-----	J. L. Walker
The Prize for Chapel Reading	-----	C. B. Edwards T. S. Stephens
The Wyld Prize in Latin. Presented by Mrs. Victor Sifton	-----	N. S. Smith
The Art Prize	-----	A. C. Cary-Barnard
The Chairman's Gold Medal	--	B. R. Christie, 83.3%
The School Prize to the Head Prefect	--	R. S. Jolliffe
The Headmaster's Medal	-----	W. G. Love 88.3% J. A. Ballard 84.3%
The Lieutenant Governor's Bronze Medal	-----	J. A. Ballard
The Laidlaw Trophy	-----	W. G. Love
The Macdonald Medal	-----	W. G. Love
The Lieutenant Governor's Silver Medal		W. G. Love
The Governor General's Medal	-----	W. G. Love
Presentation of Rifle by the I.O.D.E.		F. P. McMulkin
The Lawrence Crowe Trophy for Rifle Shooting	-----	F. P. McMulkin
The Lawrence Crowe Medal	-----	P. Pirie R. J. Wilkie
The Dr. K. G. B. Ketchum Cords to the Novice Piper	-----	R. P. Russell
The Best Novice Drummer Award	----	J. N. Murray
The Housser Trophy for Inter-Clan Competition	---	Wallace 2081 Bruce 2218½ Douglas 2352½ Montrose 2520
Clan Captain	---	J. M. Jackson



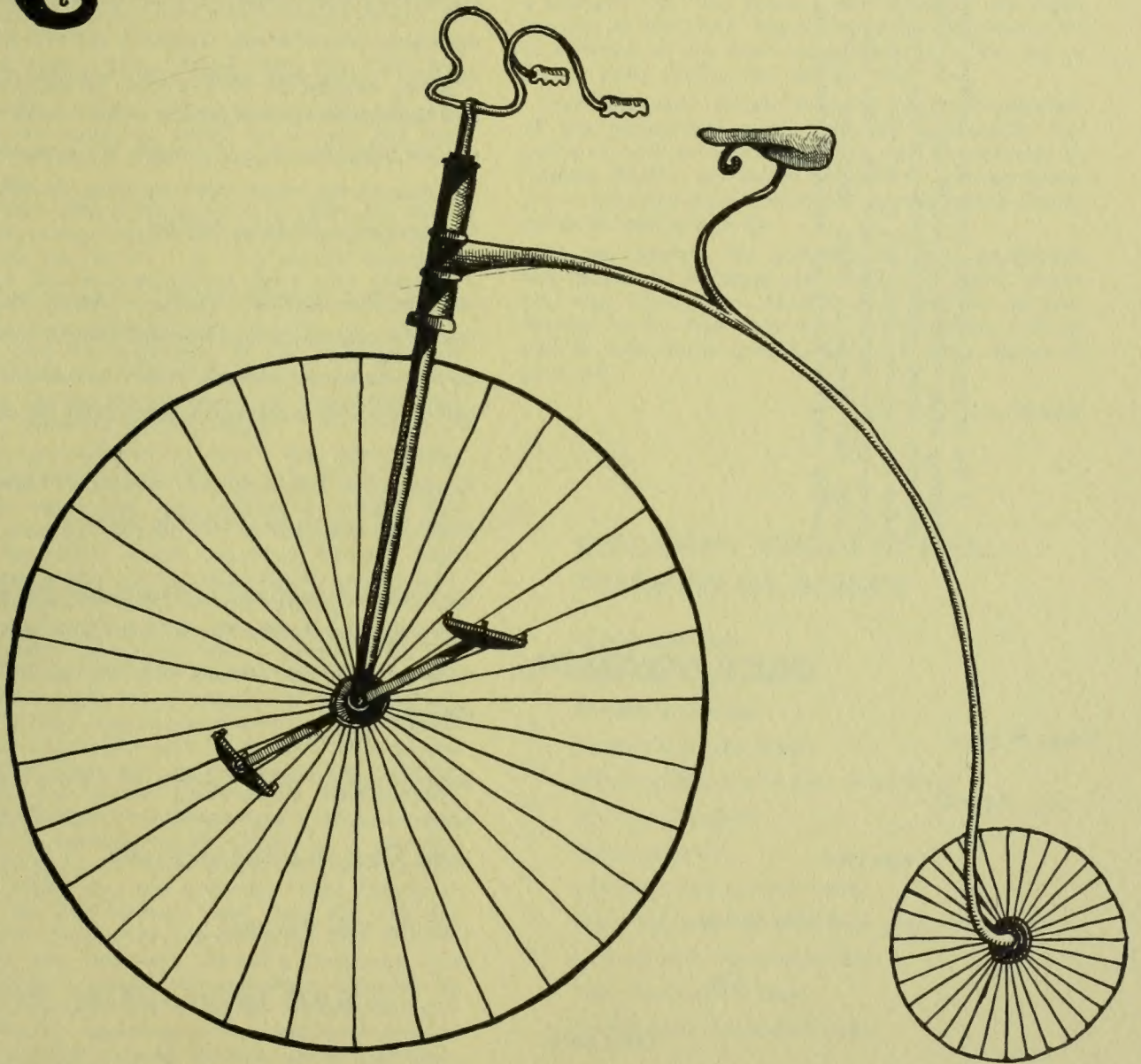
Nobody's looking



The Line-up



# Architecture





In the cat-eyed, goldfish bowl are bubbles bursting into the jelly-toe land of two bobbing baby bottoms, bouncing out of the turbulent bath tub drains, leaving soap and blue rubber ducks behind; and slap their water-patter prints past the sink and toilet lid into the carpet hall of ear lobe door knobs, the pug-nosed, gleeful bleaps dance up the headboards onto the sleep lords, onto the sandmen pillowheads they laugh their cheeks to sleep. Here they pouch their browless, eyeful heads and so swiftly mount bobbing sea horses swimming into the salt green ocean quiet.

J. Ireland

## DEEP POWDER

Wisps of gray

Against,

Deep blue.

Silvery white,

On,

Lofty peak,

Shadow bound valley.

C. Jalkotzy I

## I AM THE CHILD THAT WAS

Now in the prime of my youth years I can stand on my cairn of sea-side rocks and watch the tiny child climb slowly to the top. Stepping to explore, investigate, meander and inquire.

I am that child. I turn to smell the wind and it totters me on my perch, it streams through my hair and lifts me to my feet — an obstacle to nature.

High in my ivory tower the wind seeks me out. "How dare you, wind, attack my castle walls!" Screaming fiercely, "I defy you, wind!" and it snatches my words and dashes them to the ground — But I exult knowing the wind has heard, and around her screaming fury. She invades the tower room whistling, shrieking, tearing, grabbing, flinging, circling.

Terrified but unafraid I laugh — I cannot be hurt for the wind and the child of time are friends. Overwhelmed with happiness and exaltation I turn and laugh and dance and sing and shout in the face of the wind.

Finally spent with fury she retreats. A breeze wafts across my room and I leave its shelter.

On the sunsprayed rock I sit and watch the water rest at my feet. Hours later the night falls and its reflections of day are fire-flies playing and dancing on the silver-dark surface.

Mesmerized by the happiness of dreams I leave my ivory tower and say good-bye to the wind and my castle island till I come back again.

I am the child that was.

6.30 A.M. Tuesday, April 15th, 1969.

B. A. Cameron



## BOTTOMS UP - SKOL - OR SUCH LIKE

One of the essentials of this story is that the reader have his slippers on, and be sitting in one of those huge, red morocco leather easy chairs with sixteen inches of foam rubber to sink in. Oh yes! I almost forgot! You must be slightly tipped, having a ring of empty high-ball glasses around your footstool. There must be dancing girls twirling in your mind. Haughty, naughty! Put their clothes back on! This is a respectable establishment. And so with glass in hand, blurred visions and incredibly sentilating halitosis, let us delve into the subject at hand.

The fog clears in shimmering waves, leaving us confronted by a young man with shoulder-length hair, rimless glasses, and a green phosphorescent turtleneck. Beside him stands an elegantly wigged gentleman from the Old Country. (The old country is wherever you see fit to put it.) What is more they are in a huge high ceilinged room with countless books shelved in old oak bookcases which cover the wall completely. In the centre of the room lies a huge Persian carpet, upon which are seated, in ornately carved chairs, an audience of astutely serious men, with fallow faces, and will 'o wisp beards. One of these men rises, beginning to speak to the boy and the elegant gentleman. His voice is deep, and at times so bassonic that his words can barely be heard. He is very old, and his single remaining shock of hair continually flops into his eyes.

"Gentlemen, please! Let us come to order. Mr. Howard, will you please stop bi-ch-ng (first inaudible word) with the lad. Let this ar . . . e . . . nt (second inaudible word) now. You two gentlemen have your speeches ready? Good, good" he mused "I'll wager on the boy" "Arggh—a mere sapling against a giant's axe, I always knew you had the reactionary in you, George. You have the Bolsheviks hair." "Now, now Lionel, let's calm down. Let this contest begin. Go ahead boy, you can do it." "Hand me a drink, Harry."

"But you have already had five!" "Aw, don't needle me now. Doc said it's good for me, you know."

The boy meanwhile was making it evident that education was the subject of this dispute, and that although he didn't loathe boarding schools, high schools were better. Let us listen as the young wipersnap voiceforms-vociferously-vociferously- Ah ha! That's it! - vociferously refutes the case of Mr. Howard. "What happens when you take a person from his home and isolate him in a boarding school? The answer is not a simple one as people will react in many ways, but let me suggest one frustration! (Big flourish of hand waving on the part of the boy accompanies this statement). Why are our days so rigidly defined, and our every movement governed by those pathetic ding-a-lings, which sear our minds at the wanton whims of the administrators? Originally it was the brilliant conception of some dotty university professor" (dirty looks from the audience) "Hey Ludwig, if we order the little fellow's lives, then life will not grind against them, thus alleviating all their frustrations" (This was said with Germanic overtones, but readers should investigate the separation of accents to find exactly the right one to express his foremost prejudice) so readily appealing to the aged continued the boy who was now hopping hot mad and in high gear. "This brilliant philosophy fails to impress me. In fact

I get so frustrated I sometimes wish I had a sledgehammer to alleviate those joyous inabitions from my life."

The drunken observers (Did I say drunken?). Well as I was saying, the tipped observers all dropped their monocles in unison producing open mouths at the same time making a resemblance of a school of fish. After much discontented muttering, a fresh round of drinks are called for and the butler, Jim, appears silently from the kitchen. Picking up at the boy's oration once more we find him standing on a chair, shouting and waving a damning finger about the room.

"And what is the boarding school answer to compensate for our fathers? One man to occasionally appear and play Pop for eighty boys. No matter how wise, loving and understanding, one man cannot be substituted for eighty. And what substitute do we have for our mothers?" "Are you kidding? Who needs a mother? The little fellows won't mind if we leave her out, eh Natasha?" (Again the reader is called upon to summon all his reserved judgement to fix an accent to dotty philosipher numero two).

Twinkle, crash, smash! It seems on this suggestion all the honourable gentlemen had accidentally forgotten to hold on to their glasses, and so profusely as Captain Bligh's pet parrot. Education is experience, the world must be experienced, not the fausty dormitories of road prison 28.

As he finished, the audience of aged gentlemen rose as a body, shouting and cussing the youth. I have you now, reader, as I have to run. And do not feel cheated by my take. One more drink and you will be able to make those dancing girls doff their clothes at your will.

J. L. Walker

## EXCERPT FROM STEEL - RIMMED GLASSES

A pink egg face

J. Squashed at the bottom

Smooth at the top.

I His belt-bunched waist

r Wiggling like the bottom of his face.

e His thin silk shirts

I Shine sweatily

a and cling to his putty breast.

n His silver gray hat and silver gray shoes

d Line up with the orange stubs

That take framed faces

To the most respectable pubs.

J. Ireland



## THE GAMES SOME PEOPLE PLAY

The heavy artillery of the 73rd division of the U.S. Marines rattled along the rutted trail, through a small stream and on between the crevice in the jungle of Viet Nam. "All right, this is far enough, Lieutenant Richards. The last Knight is now in place. Bishops on the flanks, Queen protecting King, Rooks to guard the rear, and the second Negro company right up front."

Only the animals of the forest knew the jungle men had come. All that remained of Hua Huong village was a handful of villagers, (strategically losing clubs), to perpetuate the force of the Communist buildup. The Viet Cong flitted along the animal runs in the undergrowth, to the meeting place among the vines. "Okay, you've been briefed. Go to your positions! Mixed hand, but we win. Face cards in every suit. Strength in spades — put the veterans where the American is weak — the Negroes. Hearts fit his artillery. Perfectly matched hands."

"Yellowbelly-  
check!"

"Yankee-seven no  
trump!"

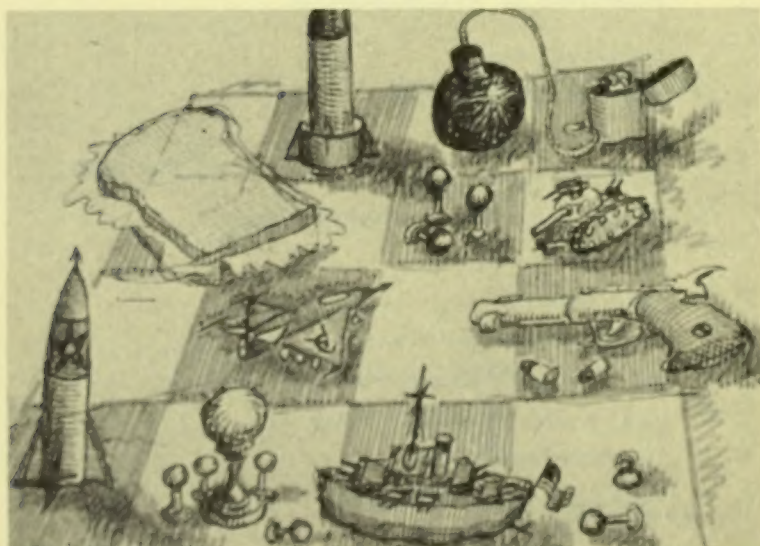
"Not so — grand  
slam!"

"Yellowbelly-  
check!"

"Fooled-you-  
checkmate!"

The question now is who will reset the chess pieces on the board? Who will shuffle the deck for the next hand? When will they decide the game to play? Let us hope it's the game of peace.

J. L. Walker



## THE WHOLESOME ONES

I would not like my every move,  
Controlled by the mystical wind,  
In and out and up and down, my pleasures to rescind,  
The flower is such a creature, to which I do refer,  
I do not dare offend it and thus His wrath incur.

Its lord and master be the breeze, mine the clouds  
beyond,  
It obeys the will unendingly, forced by a heartless  
hand,  
But alas, my master rules me not, and naturally I  
blaspheme,  
And wander from the golden rules and expect the  
best esteem.

Undisciplined, disloyal as well, eventually are the two,  
The final furthest virtues which I ever dare pursue;  
The wind ordained animal, a better being than I?  
At first I laugh at such a thought, but finally I cry.

Cry for forty days and nights, and flush the bastards  
out,  
I know they're in there somewhere, I smell that they're  
devout,  
A putrid, pungent, wretched stench but yet so whole  
and sweet,  
I'd so desire to succumb to them, then mercy I'd  
entreat.

I'd crawl and creep as rhizomes do, along the  
wholesome ground,  
I'd take their loathsome assets and dispense them all  
around,  
An unsuccessful tactic though, an effort vain indeed,  
To imitate the wholesome ones, and in God's good  
time, be freed.

P. Davies



## A SHOT OF PEACE

Behind a boulder of fate, he lay, alone.  
His eyes were resting on his enemy's conscience.

Twenty yards from his rival, he lay,  
Silently aiming a slick tool of fate,  
Into the reflection of his own eyes.

His mind was a drum pounding that same old tune.  
It was pounding and pounding — "Could I take my  
enemy's life?"

Trembling and trembling "He is human."  
Tightening and tightening — "Oh God!" A shot.

The shot was echoing throughout his body,  
In his heart and up into his brain.  
He knew his enemy had found real peace.

There would never be a true peace for him,  
For he was much too human to seek his enemy's peace.

C. K. Ross

## DESPAIR

Misting  
after the rain.  
The damp loneliness  
sticking  
to the black shadows of the trees.  
(Why are you gone?)  
Heavy silence and swirling lights  
Nobody's left  
but  
The shadows and me.

Ian McBryde

## THE SLENDER THREAD

REPORT NUMBER — 71269  
REGARDING — SHIP — PUEBLO — COMMANDER  
BUCHER — CREW  
DETAIL — VIOLATION OF KOREAN WATERS  
INVESTIGATING — COMMANDER BUCHER'S ACTION

"But I tell you, in my opinion, that was the best course of action. I had to destroy those papers."

"You could have stood your ground and fought like a true American!"

"It was for America that I destroyed those papers!"

"Take the traitor . . . I mean the commander away."

So it almost leaked out. They thought he was a traitor. Maybe he was. The way they kept telling him how he betrayed his country and used wrong judgment in everything he did almost proved their point.

"Christ, it seems like the Koreans knew how to prove their point!" he said to himself.

They certainly did. But maybe it was a dream. Maybe out of self-pity alone he thought he was kicked so hard he urinated blood. Maybe the cries of his men were all in his mind as they were beaten with wooden planks. The dead seamen didn't seem like an apparition. But again, the commission said all was not so; therefore it wasn't. These men were very exact in their justice. The right will be done.

The following day they told him that he would have to rest under their professional care for a few months. Did this mean he was insane? Insane? Yes, he was "crazy"! He saved a country's future by not provoking an international war. He saved a ship of men. Yes, he was insane alright.

"Just rest here sir. Lots of time to ponder your next mission."

The limp body hanging from the ceiling next day was pondering his next mission.

J. V. Sara



## I HEARD A VOICE

Swirls of colour; cataclysms of sound. Stop! Stop the kaleidoscope! Catch the fire and freeze the portrait — it's the profile of a man.

"Having fun?" I asked.

"Sure am!" said the pretty girl dancing in front of me.

Then we were lost in the surge of colour and sound that filled the night club with power.

"Charlie? Charlie?"

I heard a voice calling my name. My eyes scanned across the embossed faces of the crowd, but I recognized no one.

"You can't see me Charlie. I don't exist, except in your mind."

I looked around again, unable to comprehend what the voice had said. As my throat tightened a cloak swept across my eyes.

"Charlie," the voice beckoned. "I need you Charlie. I will not rest until you come to me."

Fear gripped my chest, tugging my heart into a corset. The voice was only known to me. It was not real and I could not find its owner.

"Charlie" the voice continued in its seductive tone.

I opened my eyes in a last vain search for the voice, but it was not there. As my gaze left the roof it fell on the crowded room. I turned around and started to make my way out. I could not hear the questions hurled at me by the concerned crowd, for in my panic my senses felt only the numbness of shame. As I reached the door I started to run, not stopping until the mysterious voice interrupted my bewildered mind.

"Don't be afraid Charlie. I want to be your friend. Let's get to know each other. You know, I really didn't want you to make such a scene in that club."

\* \* \*

As soon as I arrived home I felt tremendously tired and a quarter of an hour later fell soundly asleep in my bed. I must have slept for several hours before Raider, for so I had named the voice, approached me again, this time in a dream. I felt only the presence of the intruder, seeing nothing of its shape. I only heard the voice, soft and smooth — painfully inviting.

"Charlie. I see I tired you at the club. I'm sorry I bored you. No, don't object — it was my fault entirely for approaching you in that manner. I am new in my dealings with you of Earth. I am pleading with you for friendship. Please come with me, Charlie."

The voice faded away, a mist shrouding it from my ears. I could still sense Raider's presence, and in my sleep I tried to grope for reality. I woke up, startled by Raider's visit. My hands were stretched in front of me, clawing at air, and my breathing had become heavy. I suddenly realized, however, that I felt tied to Raider. Nothing I could think of described this strange emotion. Perhaps it was love, perhaps it was fear.

"Ah, you're awake. I see I irk you, Charlie. Please don't be alarmed at me. Perhaps it would help if I told you I share all your feelings with you. Have a pleasant day Charlie. I'll be seeing you. Oh, by the way. Your car keys are on the floor. You'd better pick them up."

I stared blankly at a half-mooned scar on one of my fingers. Then I went and picked up my keys.

The road stretched endlessly before me, as it had for nearly five hours, ever since I had awakened to Raider's voice. Now, however, I had to stop, for my eyes refused to stay open. I finally arrived at a restaurant, and went in to order some coffee. While trying to focus my thoughts, Raider's plan dawned upon me. The car keys on the floor, where I could not remember leaving them; the power of suggestion. The temptation of life for the tormented soul, I mused. I hope you feel satisfied Raider. What's your next trick?

"No tricks, no tricks," Raider's voice broke in. The question had been rhetorical, and yet Raider had deigned to answer me.

"Do you always keep such a close watch on your victims?"

"No," Raider said, sounding rather hurt. "And besides, you're not a victim at all."

"Oh!" I said. "I didn't realize that. What am I — a captive audience?"

This time Raider's voice sounded really offended. "I wish you wouldn't say things like that. It upsets me to hear myself leered at." The voice trailed away in almost an effeminate whine.

"All right, all right! I'm sorry! Just don't start bawling like a woman." I waited several minutes for a reply, but Raider had lost the knack for conversation.

I felt tired and bored again, and began to fidget with my hands. My eyes rested on the scar on the index finger of my left hand. It lay across the joint, and for some reason had become inflamed, making my finger throb. Suddenly someone touched by shoulder. I turned to see Roy Benson, an old school friend.

"It's been a long time! How are you?"

I smiled at his recognition and replied perfunctorily. I suddenly felt very tired, and letting Roy talk on, only awakened for his childish anecdotes. They amused me for some reason. I suppose I was lonely without Raider.

"Say what are you doing in these parts?"

I didn't answer, not even when Roy's enthusiastic babbling had ceased. My mind was scattered into an undecipherable code. As well as collecting my thoughts Raider was trying to say something. "Go away!" I said.

"What?" enquired Roy.

"Oh, nothing, nothing. I wasn't talking to you."

"Oh, okay." But the ludicrousness of my remark slowly came to Roy. "Are you alright?" he asked.

I mumbled something to appease him. All my muscles began to ache. Why was I so tired? Was Raider doing something to me?

I did not have time to decide as Roy was jabbering again. He evidently did not believe my excuses.

"You look a little bit shot, old boy. Would you like another drink?"

"No thanks."

"Come on Charlie."

I couldn't bear to listen to his trivia any longer. I rose quickly from the table, and ran out to my car. As I turned onto the highway, I could see Roy's bewildered face at the restaurant door.

"Why did you do that Charlie? Why would you run from such a nice man?" Raider's voice sounded slightly humorous. I wondered what was meant by this comment.

"I didn't know they taught irony in those little



books. Do you think you could get me the one on 'How to deal with Aliens'?" I suddenly felt life flowing through my veins again. Funny I thought, that I feel fine when I talk to Raider. "Hey Raider, why do I get so tired when you're not around? Are you doing something to me?"

"No! I'm your friend Charlie. It's not I who is making you tired. It's you yourself."

"Me?"

"Yes, Charlie. You're bored with the people of Earth. You can't stand them anymore. I'm beginning to win you, Charlie."

It was true when I thought of it — Raider held a magical charm over me, making the whole world drab and unbearable.

"Now, Charlie. What do you think of the proposition I made you?"

"Give me more time to think about it, Raider."

"Don't call me Raider anymore! What does it mean anyway?"

"Doesn't that manual of yours tell you?"

"Always joking, eh Charlie?"

"Okay, okay! What happens to me if I don't go with you?"

"Nothing, except you'll still be very bored with life. Don't you despise these people of Earth? Look at their twisted minds; the cheating, lying, and killing you witness each day. When do you think they'll realize their plight?"

"We won't, Raider. We've all gone over the brink. There's no way back — it's too tough for me alone; nobody else will try."

"I thought you disbelieved the impossible. Isn't that how you've condemned this society?"

"Perhaps, and yet I feel there is something ahead of me. Do you have a dream in your eyes, Raider?"

"Yes. Yes I do. It is a distant dream, which will remain afar until you join me."

"What makes you sure I'll come?"

"Partly the fate you know awaits you and also perhaps what one of your scholars once said expresses my motivation. As you grow old, do not listen to those who scoff at your dreams. Go ahead and make your dreams realities!"

"Have you given any consideration to my ambitions, Raider?"

"Of course, but since it was I who found you, should it not be me who has the first choice?"

"I take it I have a choice too?"

"Certainly!"

"You are right then — you are first. What is it you wish to do?"

"I wish to discover the universe, to travel through the stars for eternity. Will you come with me?"

"What happens to me after fifty years? I will not live forever."

"There is a simple answer, Charlie. It is only the dead from Earth who can travel through the realms of the stars."

"I see. Rather alarming indeed. You mean I must be dead before I can see you?"

"Exactly."

"What about my dreams. After I'm dead, how will I fulfill them?"

"I am patient. Go ahead and make your dreams

realities."

"You will wait for me?"

"Yes, of course."

"Why do you need me anyway, Raider? What is it I can do for you?"

"Many things your dreams do not include."

"How can you wait, though, in your power? You said you will have me anyway."

"Never by force Charlie. You will come to me in time. I have waited so long now I do not mind waiting a little while longer. I anticipated that you would make me wait — it is only proper."

There was a pause in our conversation. My mind whirled in confusion. Finally I said, "Raider! I do not think that I can wait!"

"Neither did I," the voice smiled.

"When can I come?"

"As soon as you reach your home. I must warn you that once you leave the Earth there is no return."

"Fine," I said, and pushed my foot down on the accelerator, as I headed onto the turnpike to Karen.

"Charlie! Try and leave everything the way it usually is. There will be an inquest into your disappearance. Let's make it difficult for them."

"Right." I smiled at Raider's wry humour.

As I raised the knife in front of me I wondered how my mind could be so made up. What was I going to do? As I pulled the blade towards my chest, my last thought, however, was that I was happy. Immediately I found myself above the Earth. I still looked the same. There wasn't even a mark where the knife had gone in. I looked around for Raider. In the distance a shape appeared, emerging from a cloud. I began to move towards the distant speck — not by any physical action, but because I willed it. I was not prepared for Raider, even though I had thought at length on the voice's owner. As we came closer, I saw the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. Her golden hair shimmered from within. Her face was incredibly alive and radiant. Behind her a satin trail whispered to the clouds.

"Hello Charlie. I am called Elfleda, and I come for the land of Delphinus, and it is I whose dream it is to travel the Universe. I have been destined to find you, and have been very fortunate, for few of us from my world ever succeed."

Her voice was not the hard, throaty one of Raider, for now it was so soft and beguiling my ears worshipped its note. I took her hand. It was softer than Orion's glow, and I noticed on one of her fingers there was a half-moon scar. It curved in the opposite direction to mine, and when our hands came together the scars met in a perfect circle. The pain in my hand immediately vanished.

"Charlie?"

"Yes," I said, breaking from a mesmirized trance.

"Where shall we go first?"

"To see the creator," I replied.

"Let us begin our journey then."

The frozen image of the man was released, and a mass of colour and sound took his place. Again the mind is lost in unreality. Do not ask me to leave such happiness.



## REMINISCENCE

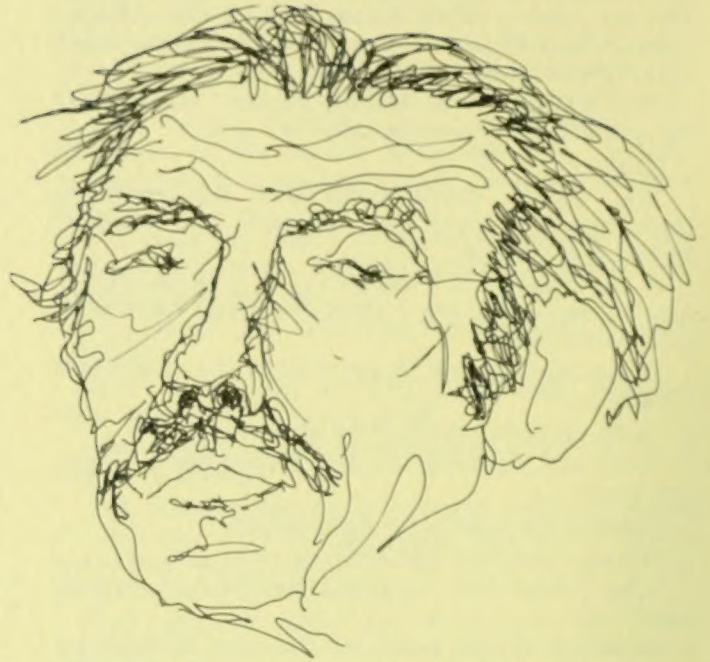
He came, he saw, he wept.  
It had been months, or was it years  
since It all began, since he left?

As he turned he remembered It —  
That Day when it seemed so great  
To leave — and be a Hero

But no, he would never do it again.  
The deserts, the mountains, the heat, that camp.  
His eyes went pale. All his efforts had been in vain.

He could not save Them, They were herded like sheep.  
But he was spared, left to see the horror in misery.  
To lie and weep

He had nothing more to live for. So he went away.  
And went away, escaping to live another life.



**G. Noble.**

## THOUGHTS

My mind is a drum, full of overbearing and clamorous voices. I open my mouth and I spew them out. I clench my fist on my pen and out they scabble and fall onto my examination paper. According to the symmetry of their fall, so goes my mark, my tally, my hope.



A cigarette — a slim white symbol of purity, not showing its true colours until it is lit. Then the repelling, malignant red tip, twisting, drooping, forming according to the drawing of the fool's counted breaths, leers and grins eloquently to his coming brother.

**Ian Jones**



## "WEEKNESS"

"It had been a beautiful morning," Thursday thought as he lay basking in the afternoon sun. That other fellow hadn't given him much of a chase. Thursday had caught him right on time and sent him away with the bearded keeper to be locked up again. "Better think of a good hiding place tonight. They won't get me again." Thursday hated the dungeon. It was dark and empty. Nobody ever thought of you, just a nonentity, a figment of someone's imagination. Only when they let you out can you bloom and become whole.

As the sun died, Thursday climbed a tree, a good vantage point from where he'd be able to watch his adversaries. "They probably have started by now." Thursday decided to stay in the tree and conserve his energy. He dozed.



It was dark when Thursday awoke, but a full moon shed a ghostly light on the land. It would lessen his chances of escaping. To the west, Thursday saw two forms moving relentlessly in his direction, already seeming too close: one dark, fresh from his long rest and the other light and in a flowing robe. Quietly and quickly they advanced. Actually they were far off as of yet, but the faint nervousness gripped his stomach and lungs. "Damn them! They always know where to look."

Thursday got down out of his tree. "Keep calm, keep calm, think clearly." He started walking in all directions save one. "Never turn back, can't go that way." Left turn, right turn, straight, dodging trees he quickened his pace. Panic was catching him now. His flight took no pattern, merely turning on inspiration. Faster, faster! They're getting closer. Snap! a twig broke perhaps twenty yards away. Thursday's heart sank. "Have to get away . . . . don't want to go back." He left his evasive turns and ran, panic-stricken. The dark figure was overtaking him quickly. With a leap as if in slow motion, it engulfed the fleeing Thursday. Panting on the ground, exhausted and terrified, the Thursday offered no resistance to the man with the scythe,

"You can never get away," he said, "they made you that way."

**B. Skoggard**



## A LAND'S CHILD

Once upon a time, there was a young boy named Nat. This boy was different from most youths; he went sour in his adolescence. Perhaps it was his superiority complex, or his hot temper which made it inevitable he would go bad. Or, maybe it was a culmination of all these factors; mixed in with a boyish thirst for adventure.

Nat wasn't all bad. Why! he was popular with his mates and a natural leader. He didn't start off in major escapades but indeed, small time offences. As his success grew so grew his boldness. He started a gang with himself leader. This wasn't a bad thing in itself! This gang however became involved in a trivial disagreement with a nearby fraternity. This spat turned into a gang war. After one squabble Nat was arrested for disturbing the peace and in time sent to a boy's detention home. There Nat met a Mr. Pim, a part time social director who became keenly interested in Nat. Mr. Pim or Pet (as Nat called him) persuaded his friend a Mr. A. Danac to adopt Nat. Nat soon discovered both were alike. Why! Both were physically large, both wealthy, and both were comparatively young. The only difference was Mr. Danac was a bit insecure while Mr. Pim was dynamic and decisive. This insecurity of Mr. Danac's was made up by his seasoned knowledge. Together these two changed Nat, based on the foundation of reason and logic. Their thoughts took root slowly, ever so slowly. They forced him to realize everyone is equal and compelled him to overcome his superiority complex. They educated him with lessons from the past and gave him a dream for the future. One by one these thoughts bloomed. Nat eventually changed. What a change! He became rational and constructive.

Will this victory of logic stand the test of time?  
Is Nat inevitably destined to go bad?

I ask one thing — pray for Nat; more is riding on him than his success.

L. C. Williams

## HAIKU

Tattered  
and  
torn  
we

go  
tapping  
out  
Life's  
rhythm

on  
cobblestones  
of Time.

I renruT mroN





# CADETS

Spring is coming.

CADETS ARE HERE!

So we'll be MaRcHiNg

The . . . rest . . . ooofff . . . the . . . yeeeeear

S  
T  
A  
N  
D  
at ATTENTION

BY THE LEFT, . . . QUIIIICK . . . MARCH!

Your n  
ec  
k i s  
Swing arms  
y  
o  
u  
r  
Vest pocket height  
Watch your d r e s s i n g

It's by the RIGHT

KEEP IN TIME

You're out of PETS

You MUST show

alotofpep

And polish your br

ASS!

Cleeeeeeean your s  
p  
ats

Don't glIIIVE me  
V  
V

Any Smartsass

THE P A S D  
A D T A  
R E O Y

So you MUST look good

Behave like . . . Andrean's?

(The way you should)

You MUST look sharp

And never

S E  
M L  
I

But . . . just STOP to think . . .

IS IT ALL WORTHWHILE???

M. Duder.



## THE TROUT

The shadow moved. Jim could, through the crystal-clear water, see, under the sunken dead log, his quarry, laying protected. Flicking his fly back and forth on the end of the line, he neatly laid it just above the snarl, letting it drift slowly toward it. Now he bobbed it slightly as the mayfly got in front of the log. The trout struck. With a flash of colour, and a tremendous splash he gulped the fly and darted toward his protection; too late. Jim set the hook with a twitch of the rod and proceeded to play him. Slowly Jim worked the angry fish into his net. A prize worth waiting for.

M. Jalkotzy II

## FEEDING PROBLEMS

One warm, sunny autumn day, I was walking up to the back woods to get that wonderful feeling of being alive. As I walked farther I found, to my surprise, one of my favorite insects, a preying mantis. Quickly I bundled her up in an old tin can and carried her back to the science lab where I obtained an ancient glass terrarium. I fixed it up and placed her inside. Then I set off to find something for her to eat. The most abundant source of food was on the windows for this is where the "cluster" flies cluster; there were thousands in the school. I had no trouble at all. Once in a while I went over to Mac House for my mantis had a voracious appetite. Another insect which my mantis ate was a grasshopper of tremendous size. I put them in the cage just for curiosity to see what would happen. I waited patiently for about twenty minutes until my eyes saw the grasshopper crawling up the same branch that the mantis was on. My tension grew. Just as the grasshopper came within a striking distance, out shot the horny fore legs and at once they were in a death grip. In the beginning, the grasshopper had the advantage because his large jumping legs kept buffet-ing the mantis from side to side. Finally the mantis was able to get a better grip and began to chew through the grasshopper's exoskeleton. The latter still kept kicking, but as the head of the mantis disappeared into its body they became much more spasmodic until they ceased altogether and half the victim's body disappeared down the victor's throat.

## POEM ON DEATH

Slowly it spreads  
The cold hand of Death  
Reaching my head,  
Stifling my breath.

It started o'ercoming me,  
I felt myself slide.  
I could not resist it  
So I lay down and died.

J. Knowles

As the days passed, the food got scarce. One morning, when I went to see how she was making out, I found that she had started to eat her left fore leg! This was a terrible situation! Frantically, I searched to find her something to eat but managed to find only an old, half dead fly. By this time the fore leg was so far gone I had to feed her by means of a thin copper wire. After this episode, the poor mantis was fed no more and soon fell off her quaint, little perching stick to the ground and died.

Davis II







## ONE OF LIFE'S LESSONS

SUMMER 1968

Dinnah wuz ovah, and Larry, Petah, and me wuz sittin' on de padio wi' a cup o' tea, talking' to William de islan' caretaker. It wuz our furst night home an' de place wuz lookin' pretty good.

William tol' us all dat had happened, like dere had bin lotsa rain, and de trees needed fertility, and de new jeneratah wuzn't workin' too good, and dat de hengine o' de whaler dain't work at all.

Aftah a while, de conversation drifted, and we stahted to talk 'bout tings back in Haiti, such as Papa Doc, an' how many peoples he had shot, an' stuff like dat. William tell us he had a nice gail back dere, on one o' de islands, dat he wanted to go an' marry.

Den William say, "Man how long would it take to get 'a' Haiti in de 'Channel Cay'?", which is our boat.

Larry say 'bout a week if you take it heasy. And den Petah, he my yittle brudda, he stahted it all off when he say, "Man, if you'se could go by tunnel 'true de oith, it'd be quicker, an' he point down a' de watah.

William show de whites o' his eyes and say, "Jesus Christ, man, whassat? I tot if you wanna go to Haiti you go dat way." He points sou'-sou' heast ouah de watah. "If you under de groun', you fall off de bottom!"

I look a' Larry, "Hey man, I tink he tinks de woild's flat!"

"William don' you know dat de woild's roun'?"

"Wha' you mean dat de woild roun'?" "I kin see wif my own eye dat's flat, jus' look."

Larry look a' me an' I could see dat he dain' know whada do.

By dis time de moon wuz biggin' to come up outta de heast an' it wuz full.

I say to William, "Man de woild dis roun' jus' like de moon."

William, he say dat he knew dat de woild wuz roun' like de plates on de table.

"No William, de woild dis roun' like a ball, and de moon is also roun' like a ball."

Finnally aftah a long time William believe dat de woild is roun'.

"If de woild dis roun' what is on de oudder side?"

Larry went on to tell him dat der wuz another place like de States, wif millions an' millions of peoples.

"Dat's as many peoples dere 'as in Haiti?"

One ting lead to de nex' an' soon we wuz talkin' 'bout how fas' light dose travel, dat is 186,000 miles erry second.

"De sun is 'bout 93 million miles 'way," I said, "an' light travel so fase dat it only take 'bout eight minuet to get here."

"How far is million mile?" William asked.

"Well," Larry said, "if you count all de houahs dat pass since Jesus was dead, dat would only be 'bout seventeen millions. So you kin see dat a million is a big, big, numba. Dat's like goin' to Haiti 'bout tousands an' tousands ouva. If you is stahted to go t'Haiti right now, an' wen' back and forth 'till you's dead, you'd nevah ewen get close to de sun! An you know dat dere are more stars in de sky den dere are grain o' sand in de Bahamas, an' dere's plenty o' dat white stuff here.

Aftah William had tought 'bout all dem stars for while, Petah say, "Dere's really small tings, too, man, dat you can't ewen see wif your eyes, dere called atoms. Dere so small dat you could put 'bout million of dem on a pin head, an' you still couldn't see dem.

I den went on to tell William 'bout hows dere's electrons, protons and an' oudder stuff, an' wuz gowen to tell 'im how de electrons go 'roun' de nuclus like de oith go 'roun' de sun, but we ain't ewen tol 'im de oith go 'roun' de sun. So we tell 'im de sun stay still an' de oith go 'roun' it, while de moon go 'roun' de oith.

By dis time, I's could see dat William wuz really confoosed. Den Petah, out o' de blue say to William dat he's got small animals in 'im.

"Petah, I ain't neva seen no animals in me when I cut miself."

"Dere real small William, small like dem atoms."

"Jesus Christ Petah! How you's know dat?"

Den Larry stahted to explain. "If you dain't have dem animals in you William, you's be dead. Dere be two kinds. De red ones an' de white ones. Da red ones, de jus' keep you 'live, an' de white ones, dem's de ones dat s'pose to keep you from gettin' sick. Dey fight off de sickness.

"Jesus Christ!"

"T's like dis, 'memba when you cut yourself an' it get all puffy and you see dat white puss. Well William, dat's what happen when de white ones is losin' de battle. Da's why you take medicine, to get more de white ones, to keep fightin' de sickness.

By dis time de moon wuz ouva in de wes an' we wuz all dead tired, so we say "goo-night" a' William, havin' gotten 'im compleatly confoosed.

C. E. Roberts



## VIEWPOINT

late dusks  
and the shouts of children  
pass in the open  
window  
along with the  
heat.  
Off in  
the distance  
forests are hazy  
with the coming of night.  
Heavy silence rolls  
in  
to replace the sun  
and up the black road  
someone walks.

Ian McBryde

## NARRO

grass marches down  
the old tracks  
of yesterday  
grown old and  
useless.  
beside me  
rushed for time  
the black trees  
stretch  
skinny branches out  
to the dying sun  
hoping  
pleading  
dropping their crumbling leaves  
sideways  
strangely silent.

Ian McBryde

## THE OTHER SIDE REVEALED

Coming into the clearing we stopped. The mountain top, carved green against the blue sky, burst into view. The air was as crisp and musical as the sound of a tamborine and light came from everywhere. Taking her hand I was bathed in sunrays compelling me upward. We found what seemed to be the right way and pierced into the shade of the giant trees, ascending the long winding path. Patches of light flickered back and forth over the soft ground. Huge fallen trees lay sprawled in disorder like the aftermath of a strange battle. We were in an underworld filled with unseen currents — swaying — rising — falling, with only our steps and thoughts breaking the rhythm. After an hour of steady walking we came to a clearing and the face of a cliff.

We sat on a large flat rock and watched the farms and fields stretch into flatness. Talk of the place went on for a while, and then we resumed our way to the top, only to find that we were no closer to the sky. I was glad it was intangible because that way it gave everything else hope. I had never seen behind the mountain before, though it looked then as I knew it would — vast and wild. Knowing this, my eyes turned to her more than ever now because she had shown me the other side, because we'd seen its beauty together.

The sky had started to grow darker. The rich and billowing sunset silhouetted the mountains and gave night to the valleys. I don't know why but this novel summer night reminded me of Christmas as we travelled down the other side of the mountain, away from the red ball of fire.

J. Bullock



# IT'S ALL HAPPENING AT THE ZOO

Last autumn I went back to the old school and watched a football game. It wasn't a very important game — the thirds were playing I think. The captain arranged them all into a semicircle on the field before the half and put them through a set of vigorous calisthenics. All were chanting the old cheers of victory's inevitability as they whimpered and tore at the troubled sod. The coach was standing there in the middle, issuing last-minute instructions and words of wisdom. But then the game started. The first play demonstrated the weakness of our defensive line, and the visitors ran a touchdown. There was a very awkward looking boy playing left defense who was immediately called off the field with a formidable oath from the coach. He approached the bench, and as a reward for his attempted tackle, was met by the encouraging countenances of his fellow players. Gnashing their teeth (to keep them from chattering), they roundly abused him for his clumsiness. Before they had finished with him however, another touchdown was made. The superfluity of profanity was incredible; truly exemplary sportsmanship. The coach, now unable to maintain a grasp on civility, began to refer to the team as a bunch of pansies, not without a decided reaction. The little children, gulping and nodding, once more ran onto the field, determined to prove their masculinity and valour. Within the next five minutes, one of the little urchins was dragged off the field, having suffered an abdominal injury in a pile-up.

They were going to win that football game if it was the last thing they ever did. How could they go home to daddy, who played for the "big time", with a loss. If they didn't fight they wouldn't be men, and if you weren't a man, you were secondary consideration; an afterthought in a world of nervous fear.

Then it was half time. The glowering team retreated to one end of the battle-scarred expanse of green. After a fight over the oranges, the coach began tacking up the subjective seas of psychological persuasion. Meanwhile, the assistant manager had retired to the school proper to conjure up a few spectators. (This always is a relatively easy job. All one has to do is to ask who would be willing to watch the game as a spectator. After all, "those guys are out there fighting their guts out for this school." Pending any negativity, a few public hangings always do the trick.)

With sullen faces and listless eyes, the spectators arrived on the scene. It didn't take long to bring out all that valiant, chivalrous and decidedly Christian support that is so necessary to the effective functioning of school teams. "KILL! BASH HIM IN! KNOCK HIM DOWN! (Who is that bastard anyway? If they want a fight, they came to the right place.)"

I really wish you could have been there. It was so refreshing to breathe the brisk autumn air, and with the help of the game, let my mind travel back to the good old days. They played football like that when I was in school. I'm sorry now that I ever played for a team. It was the only time I ever betrayed myself.

R. P. Russell



## DR. SICKILL

... Dr. Sickill's body began to shake as the glass beaker crashed to the floor. He had swallowed a large dose of Formula XXX. Dr. Sickill had taken a tremendous risk for the sake of science and decided to use himself as a human guinea pig. The tall thin body began to rock back and forth, then suddenly the shaking and the rocking stopped. Dr. Sickill's eyes began to widen but they became dull and blank with no expression at all. His skin began to tighten and started to turn a peculiar yellow colour. His fingers slowly began to transform into long slender claws. His fingernails grew three or four inches in seconds. His front teeth developed into long, dangerous looking sharp fangs. His body began to slouch; he only looked half his normal size. Then gradually his entire body became covered with dark, fuzzy hair. I realized that Formula XXX had turned Dr. Sickill into a Werewolf. I pressed myself against the wall. I knew I should leave and escape to safety, but I just couldn't. Then Dr. Sickill's head turned towards me and his nose started to twitch. He was like a dog sniffing a bone. He started to move in my direction. Just then the back door of the Lab. opened. The gruesome figure moved away from me and went swiftly and silently to the door. He made a sudden move and there was a horrific scream ...

N. Long



If you are looking for an up and coming place to live in; look no farther! Senneville is the ideal place for you.

Senneville is an enormous metropolis. In summer, it boasts a booming population of three hundred and three. That number is slightly lower in winter, due to migrations to warmer areas.

It all started when Jean-Guy Crevier built the first establishment a long, long time ago. From this one little house grew what is today, Metropolitan Senneville.

Senneville's road system is superb; equaled nowhere else! It is so advanced that you won't see a single stop light. A simplified network of signs and arrows was devised by our town planner, Jean-Jacques Crevier. This system is so efficient it even prevents traffic jams during the Sunday afternoon rush hour of tourists exploring the broad realms of our fair city. With two major expressways available, Senneville offers easy access to any of her suburbs.

Jean-Claude Crevier, chief of police, boasts his force to be number one in Quebec, or even Canada. These part-time protectors, part-time justices of the peace, have done their job so well, there hasn't been a crime committed since Jean-Luc Crevier was arrested for drunk-driving.

The fire-department, headed by Jean-Pierre Crevier, can boast an equally successful record. With two historic pieces of equipment, they haven't had to battle a blaze for seventeen years. Then, it was a major brush fire in someone's backyard. But by the time this elite force of men had arrived on the scene, the fire had extinguished itself.

In economics, Senneville is a pace-maker. She developed the first shopping centre under one roof: Crevier's General Store.

Senneville also excels in the field of medicine. Jean-Francois Crevier, the local physician, is proud of his sixty-one year monopoly of business in the neighborhood!

Excellent recreation areas are also available to the citizens. There is, for example, a football field, which also acts as a hockey rink; a soccer field, a baseball diamond and a tennis court. With these come heated and air conditioned changing facilities.

The Senneville Yacht Club has ample space for over one hundred vessels, although, at the moment, there are only seven craft docked. The club, founded and run by Jean-Cardinal Crevier, has a crash-boat with a two-manpower direct-drive engine.

The Ottawa River, with its clear and clean waters, provides excellent facilities for all water sports. With its reefs and shoals, the Ottawa is a strenuous challenge for any sailor.

And yet, with all this, Senneville's mayor, Jean-Marque Crevier, says, "Ça va bien, mais nous avons beaucoup de choses à faire au futur." For those unfortunates who don't understand French, Jean-Pierrot Crevier, an elementary school graduate, translated that as meaning, "Things, she go good, but d'ere his many tings to do hin dee future."

So, if you are looking forward to the future, think Senneville, and come!

John Marshall II

She walked with the grace of a seasoned actress bellying her few short years. Her blonde hair hung gently and flowed like the rivulets of a mountain stream, glistening from the sun and reflecting the deep whiteness of the snow. The lady's eyes, like shining cauldrons, revealed her insurmountable love and shone with the radiant affection of youth. Her unadorned pale complexion, serene in the midst of her intense beauty, could be unequaled in the world and uncontested even in the mind of loveliness herself. But never shall I see this beauty again, never again as long as I live. Without her, life is worthless, love unthinkable, and death increasingly more inviting to me — the dead survivor of a tragedy.

A. Sanderson

## FIRST LIGHT

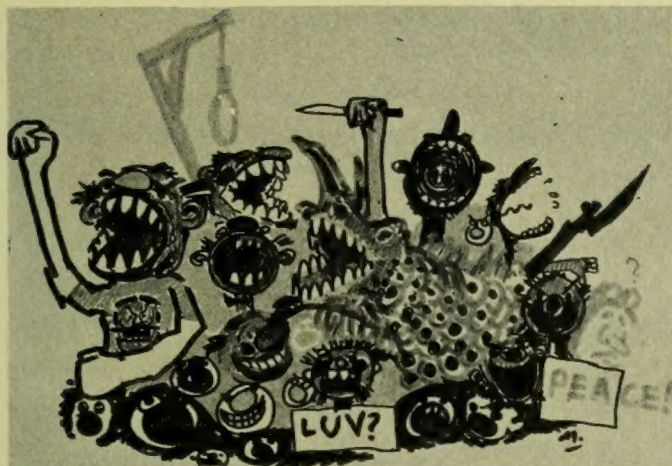
In darkest green it advances  
Through deepest jungle, stalking  
The prey which can't be seen  
Or touched; but never balking  
It proceeds with stealth uncanny,  
Ever watching, waiting, seeking  
The black elusive shadow.  
But there is no way of telling  
What it really is, or where  
It hides in dawn's first faint glow.

Always searching for what won't be found,  
It prowls throughout the ages in pursuit  
Of what it cannot know.  
Through trails of timeless eons it follows  
The spoor, reaching always nearer to  
The unreachable, until at last  
It emerges from the imprisoning jungle,  
Descends from the trees to walk on its two legs, and  
To revel in  
The God-given victory.

B. R. Christie



Is it too late for man to prevent his own destruction? There are only three alternatives. The true optimists want to completely remove the swords suspended over the earth—that is, they propose a program of universal disarmament. However, while the nations' representatives haggle over terms, the agreement itself becomes daily more difficult. All major countries are now involved in a frantic arms race, which is increasingly more difficult to stop. Also, minor nations are now gaining nuclear weapons, which could be used to amplify their demands for political recognition and identity. Only N.A.T.O. will determine whether some unbalanced leader will hold the world at bay with one bomb, and whether another man would be insane enough to challenge him. The whole world would suffer the consequences of such a confrontation. Unless disarmament is achieved in the near future, the atomic bomb will be used like one ace in a poker game, and someone will think he has an unbeatable hand.



Another even more idealistic prospect is that of a world-wide coalition government. However, this idea, must be given time to develop. In the democratic countries of today, popular opinion is symbolized by the government. In the communist countries, the policies of the non-elected ruling bodies do not necessarily reflect contemporary thought. Nevertheless, even if world powers were coerced into accepting this idea, nothing short of a universal threat could mould the identities of people the world over into a unified will. Had this idea arisen at some earlier point in human history, perhaps such an integration would have been possible, but now in the twentieth century, national pride is too powerful a force to overcome.

Thirdly, the world's brightest hope is the justice establishment of an international body consisting of representatives of all nations. Such an organization would serve as a world court of justice. Its success would rest on each nation's acceptance of each other as an equal, and a sincere pledge to follow this judgement and rulings of the court. Each nation must put aside self-interest in the quest for world safety. Today, the Western powers are beginning to overcome this political fantasy, and are slowly recognizing the reality of a world power in China. This is not good enough. Both military and economic alliances must be overlooked in this aim. Man must lean to the international court of justice in cases of international disputes. Whether this is possible, only time will tell.

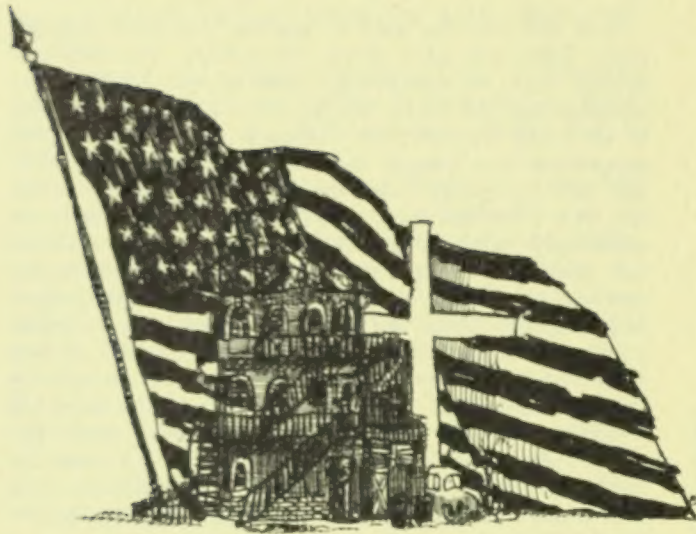
It is imperative that one of these three alternatives be accepted by the world as a whole, and incorporated into the world political machine. The problem cannot be solved by ignoring it. Co-operative action is needed now, before it is too late.

## SURVIVAL IN THE NUCLEAR AGE

When gun-powder was introduced in the thirteenth century, man said "Our end has come." Despite this fear, gun-powder was used, and man survived. A similar reaction resulted from the introduction of a new dynamite into the battlefield of World I. Again, the new destructive power was used, and man lived on. Now, the nuclear bomb has been recently 'perfected', and is constantly being improved. Human reaction to this development is much the same as before, though now it seems to be more than justified. We may ask ourselves "Is the fear of total annihilation enough to make man repress his pride and vanity?" If not, the human race will soon find itself facing the end of a 'cul-de-sac'.



## I SAY WHY NOT.



He had a reason for living,  
That does not stop in death,  
That love for men both black and white,  
He exhaled in every breath.

He loved America and knew her faults,  
Yet his enemies called him ruthless,  
Crisscrossing the country day and night,  
Champion of people rootless.

Tragedy seemed to stalk his life,  
With death his life was blurred,  
Yet with mourning-veiled eyes he returned,  
To seek a newer world.

C. Edwards

## A PSALM OF WAR

War is a game, I shall not want;  
It makes me lie down to die.  
It leads me to still bodies;  
It sickens my soul.  
Into the paths of hell I follow,  
For no name's sake.

Even though I walk with the shadow  
Of death, I fear no evil;  
For my gun is with me;  
Thy gas and thy trench,  
They comfort me.

Thou preparest a bullet before me  
In the presence of my enemies;  
Thou anointest my head with lead,  
My blood, It overflows.  
Surely, hatred will follow me now  
Throughout the rest of my life;  
And I will dwell in the House of Hell  
For ever.



F. McMulkin II



## DISCOVER AMERICA

Discover America!

Hell, I've tried,

I've seen California's landscape fried,

I've seen Oregon's forests tall,

And I've seen Niagara River's fall.

Discover America!

Land of milk and honey,

Where all you hear is money, money!

Discover America!

That has a familiar ring,

Like the bullets that fell on Evers, Kennedy and King.

Discover America!

I suppose it deserves another try,

Even though I hate to see widows cry!

Discover America!

Land of birth to those famous strays,

Oswald, Ruby and Ray,

The land where people fervently pray,

That America will see a better day!

C. Edwards

## HIGHWAY 15 REVISITED

Saturday, February 15th, 11:00 P.M.

The lights were dim and the air was filled with smoke as the folk singer approached the microphone. All the eyes in the small dingy room were set upon him and I sat back in the comfortable security of my chair.

It was a nice way to spend an evening. The coffee-house was not too expensive and the singer, though rather weird, was very good. The chords from his guitar and his mellow voice kept the audience entranced. He based his most powerful song on the cliché 'do your own thing' and while listening to the song my eyes dropped and I stared at the floor . . . "do your own thing" . . . well I guess the singer was doing just that, but was I; was the girl beside me; or the man with the long hair at the table next to me; or was the . . .?

Friday, February 14th, 9:05. (Valentine's Day)

It was a clear night and a great weekend was expected. Driving along the highway from Kingston to Ottawa, there were really no cares or worries on my mind. For the next few days I was going to have a great time and nothing was going to stop me — or so I thought!

A flash of light! A hubcap rolling across the street! A screech on the brakes! In the space of seconds, we were witnesses to a two-car collision. Without thinking we were out of our car and running toward a car in the ditch. Our bearings were shrills and cries coming from the car and when we got there, we were torn between nausea and panic.

Three children with broken bones and cuts were taken to our car for warmth, while the girl who was with us took care of them. An ambulance was called and a doctor on his way. There was a man unconscious and groaning on the floor of the car, his face terribly cut and swollen. There was a baby with its head pushed-in lying in the back seat, motionless in a pool of blood. There was the other car, where a man lay unconscious, hardly recognizable. Noise was everywhere! From one side there was the crying of the children we had brought to our car; from the other the agonizing sound of the man groaning in the front seat; from all around the shouts and confusions of people who had since come to the scene of the accident; and from within, my whole body was itself, screaming and searching.

Soon, a doctor arrived and two hours later, after prying bodies out of cars to put them into ambulances, phone calls were made and police statements signed, we were on our way to Ottawa. Driving in the other direction, out of my life, were six people on their way to Kingston Hospital, three of them in critical condition.

But the picture of the baby, with blood covering his body and his skull pushed in, stayed in my mind. I wonder where they had been going; what their names were; would they live — or would they want to? Would a life of retardation with serious brain damage be better than death? But, it was no matter, no one gave them the choice.

As I stared at the road ahead and watched it wind, I wondered where it would stop, or how, or when? No one spoke. There was nothing to say. It was late and we had to get to Ottawa and . . .

Saturday, February 15th.

"Do your own thing" . . . the folk singer sang but I was no longer listening. I had heard enough. I had seen enough.

'Do your own thing.' I guess that's what I will have to do. Life beckons me and I must make the best of myself that I can. I must fight to be myself, to do what I want, and to do it to the best of my ability. To live to the best part of my capabilities and to fight for what I feel is right. But what for? The folk singer had his message, what was the baby's . . . I wonder . . .

The singer strummed the final note on his guitar and the audience bellowed in applause. Loud talking and laughter surrounded me as I got up to leave. I looked around me, smiled, and left.

G. S. Henderson I



## ALOFT IN A BALLOON

The ropes let loose, the sand bags dropped  
The earth, a mystery,  
Climbing, climbing, up and beyond  
The realms of reality.

Wheeling, soaring, turning around,  
Slamming through clouds of fleece.

Reaching, feeling, hoping to grasp  
The highness; the holiness; the peace.

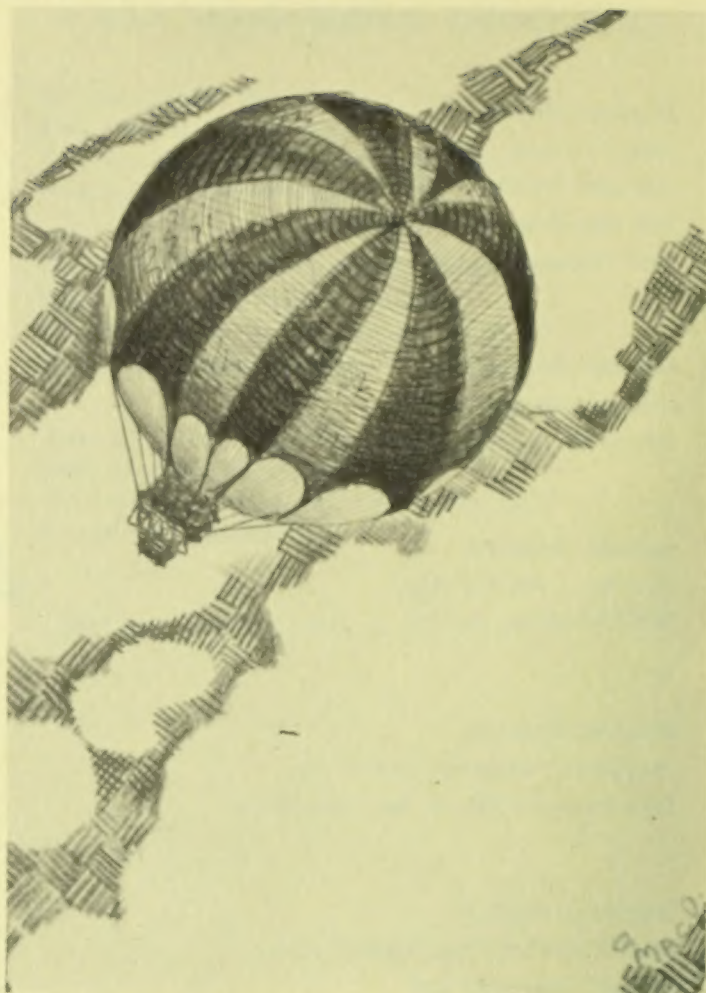
But all of this, a fallacy  
A mortal in this grace.

Pinned by ambitions, held by fate;  
Yet, I grasped to touch His face.

I thought why won't He help me now  
Please help me to embrace

Sky, clouds, warmth, oh - - - -  
Oh Lord, I've touched Your face.

J. V. Sara



## VINCULA ANIMI

I am

Bound

Flattered

Restrained.

My impulses are suppressed

in

Greyfullness.

What is this Grim Jailer?

He is  
My doubts  
My inadequacies  
My temerity.  
He is a working turnkey.  
He laughs at the truth within me.  
He perverts my spontaneity  
And he revels in his baseness.  
Why do I not fetter him?  
Why do I not stop him  
Hateful  
Vitriolic  
Laughing?  
He has been with me too long.  
He, my crutch, mocks me.  
Knowing his charge,  
The piece of me that is me,  
Shall never flower.  
And so he oozes his  
Gall, and laughs.

Ian Jones



# IT'S A SMALL SMALL WORLD YOU LIVE IN MASTER JACK

Do up your striped school tie and make sure your blue blazer is well pressed. It's your weekend off, so borrow Daddy's nice big car. Yes, you look the part — the future of Canada! You are to become The Establishment, the Upper Class . . . a member of the Clan.

Buy your big house, and decorate it with beauty and style, but not too ostentatious. Join your clubs; marry the proper girl, and now you may settle down. Your life is made! Sir Thomas, we have found your Utopia.

Oh for the life of Kings! There is nothing more anyone could want. Everyone is a part of one big family. Clans emerge from Port Hope, St. Catharines, Toronto, and even Aurora, but they are all brothers in society. The sisters are bred in three Toronto homes, and they too love the life of the Clan.

Alas, it is hard at times (life can be a chore can't it?). There are school functions, curling engagements, cocktail parties, rich lobster newburg and taxes. Thank God for tranquilizers and Alka Seltzer!

Yes, thank God! But He should thank the Clan, for they are at Church every Sunday and add to the collection plate almost religiously. Theirs is a glorious life after death. Their deeds will be remembered.

It is a rugged life, oh indeed it is. The cottage must be visited and the child must go to a camp in the summer. Such is the price one must pay.

From the rustic and rugged woodland the Clan members emerge rested and ready to live on in the world of the city. They return to their luxury car and coloured televisions and relax in comfortable arm chairs with looks of contentment and love of the life on their faces. Life is easy and life is good, why do newspapers have to be so pessimistic and unappreciative?



Time fades by and the dinner jacket soon is too small. Soon hair that was once full of colour and life has become grey. But life is not over, heavens no! The Clan members live it to the end. They still have the old club to visit and trusting friends to talk over the greater things in life. The scotch is still as strong and the social engagements almost as active.

Yet a new breed is emerging from the same places as their predecessors. They take their place in father's chair and with longing hands grasp the torch as it is held out to them.

And so the Clan progresses. Generations pass and the new take over. On the beautiful carved coffin is spread the Union Jack with the old school tie placed over it modestly. Tears are shed by lifelong dear friends and the newspapers pay tribute to a fine citizen.

The world may never have known him; "Who's Who" can certainly replace his name. But let it be said aloud that he lived his life gloriously. His life was rich and fine; he lived it to the fullest.



# WHY DRUGS?

There are many assumptions on which our social stand towards drugs and drug abuse is based. The accepted opinions on this subject seem to be embedded in our cultural heritage, involving important and traditional value judgments. The medical field in the past has been the approved authority, and with the nod of society, certain judgments have been established. Right or wrong, these judgments have been adopted and laid out by our institutions, professions, and the laws in order to treat the problem of drug abuse. As a result a simple, legal approach has been developed to deal with a complicated problem. One only has to look at our present success in upholding our traditional value judgments to wonder — have we adopted an approach to treat a problem, or have we misinterpreted the problem to adhere to an approach? Perhaps the complicated problem that we are trying to solve is not a drug problem at all, but rather a "people problem".

In the past three years our high schools and universities have experienced the ever mounting problem of students using drugs. In fact, this trend towards chemical stimulants is being felt by our whole social structure. The increase in freedom of expression in movies, in television, in literature, and on the radio, has no doubt acted as a catalyst to the problem, and could even be considered as the main promoter of the drug abuse. Our mass media have created a mystical atmosphere around drugs — far from discouraging their use, they tend to sensationalize "the magic potions". Thus curiosity often provides an incentive for people to try drugs. In many social groups, it has become the group's status symbol, and "the in thing to do". It is man's desire to be accepted into these social spheres that also helps him to take the initial step. Newspapers and television have built an image of respectability around these spheres and their use of drugs. It seems to have become the way to gain social status in the "creative" world of our affluent society. However, drug abuse is also a result of a number of other factors which stem from the problem of the individual in society. People suffering from frustration, anxiety, loneliness or personal weakness, (such as poor mental health) often use drugs as a crutch. The factors that lead to drug abuse, are extremely complex; there is no simple explanation. For this reason alone, drugs must be seen as a "people problem".

The use of drugs as mental stimulants has many varying effects. Apart from the immediate effects

under the influence of chemicals, little can be said with certainty without generalizing and hypothesizing. We know that LSD and other "hard drugs" constitute a serious problem, and that there is a great danger with these addictive stimulants. However, the use of marijuana seems to be the immediate concern within the schools today. There is little medical evidence that supports the condemnation of this "campus drug", as it has come to be called. Young people in their defense argue that marijuana is not addictive or a hazard to one's health. They insist that it does you less harm than smoking cigarettes, and that people under its influence do not become social problems as do alcoholics. They therefore conclude that marijuana is harmless. Yet,

even if it is not addictive, there is evidence that it is habit forming and harmful. It has moral, psychological, and social effects that are not particularly evident, but are definitely felt. As do all the chemical stimulants, it reveals a capacity of the mind to see more than it can tell, to experience more than it can explain, to be impressed by more than it can rationally justify. It reveals a world of boundarilessness — everything from the commonplace to the profound. For some, the experience is odd and interesting, for others it seems to reveal mysteries; yet for everyone it reveals a conflict with reality. It is from this conflict that the effect of drugs is most apparent. Some people are able to turn on and off to this separate world using it for escape, enlightenment and pleasure. They are able to distinguish between the visions of the drug world and the day-to-day living. However, many users carry their experiences over into their sober world and find themselves unable to cope with reality. Others become self absorbed and perplexed with their existence and refuse to accept our matter-of-fact world. Others still

react with severe-to-major maladjustments of the brain and nervous system. This effect, fortunately, occurs very seldom with most drugs, and to an almost negligible degree with marijuana. Nevertheless, marijuana cannot be considered harmless. It, like other chemicals, induces a state of euphoria and unreality where pressures and responsibilities are gone. From it develops a state of mind where nothing matters — but surely high school and university is a period in one's life when so much matters, when we should use all our energy and ability to take advantage of all that life has to offer, and in the difficulties of growing up. Anything that deprives youth of this receptiveness and energies in these years, cannot be harmless. Mari-





juana temporarily overcomes feelings of inadequacy and dependancy, that are often apparent in this stage. This is the time of a person's life to face and perhaps solve internal and external problems instead of running away from them. Temporary escape does not solve any problem, it merely postpones it, and sometimes magnifies it. If continual escape is what the marijuana smoker seeks, not only is he depriving himself of anything the world has to offer, but he is also in danger of future trouble. Case histories show that in time, marijuana no longer provides the escape desired, and the user often turns to something stronger, and undoubtedly more harmful. The effects of marijuana are bizarre or extreme in that sense of time, vision and hearing are distorted, pain and fear sometimes gain emotional control over the victim, even hallucinations may develop with large doses. Just as with alcohol, the user's ability to perform many tasks normally and efficiently is seriously impaired.

Drug abuse is definitely a problem that faces society as-a-whole with an increasing amount of gravity. Unfortunately we are suffering from a basic lack of understanding. However, the fact that we are looking in the wrong direction is probably the main reason for this. Although it shouldn't be ignored, scientific evidence about these chemicals and their effects won't solve the dilemma. In dealing with drugs there are two problems: Pharmacological substances, and people. The former deals with chemicals, what they are made of, and how they effect the human body. The latter is a problem dealing with people who use drugs, who have attitudes, opinions, and beliefs about drugs themselves, people who make judgments. It could be that much of the problem that has arisen on this subject is our failure to separate these two prob-

lems, and consequently to solve them either. It seems to have been overlooked that what we are faced with today may not be a drug problem at all. The problem is about people. It concerns not what they use, but why they use it.

Once this situation is recognized, the even greater problem of how to solve it must be answered. Because it involves society as a whole, it will require all of society to solve it effectively. Television and newspapers, institutions and schools, can all be helpful in their own way to discourage the use of drugs. The schools in particular can be used as a place for constructive developments in dealing with this problem. However, at present, any effective education and study are hampered by the institutional policies that our schools are under. They will have to get away from the detective business and the penalizing of students as most schools do now. The teachers would have to strive for positive development of the horrors of addiction. Students won't accept fact statements that have been selected or re-interpreted to support a particular position. Adults don't seem to realize that moralizing and preaching and scaring won't work. This type of approach only causes more problems and alienates the young from the old. Any sort of drug education should not be based on emotional appeal but rather on factual information well presented in an honest and understanding manner. Teachers should encourage open discussions of drug usage — the psychological, medical, legal and social applications. Proper appeal to the student's role and responsibility in society would also lend a hand to any programme on drug education. The drug problem is a fact: Let's let the young learn the facts, understand the dangers, and make their own sound decisions.

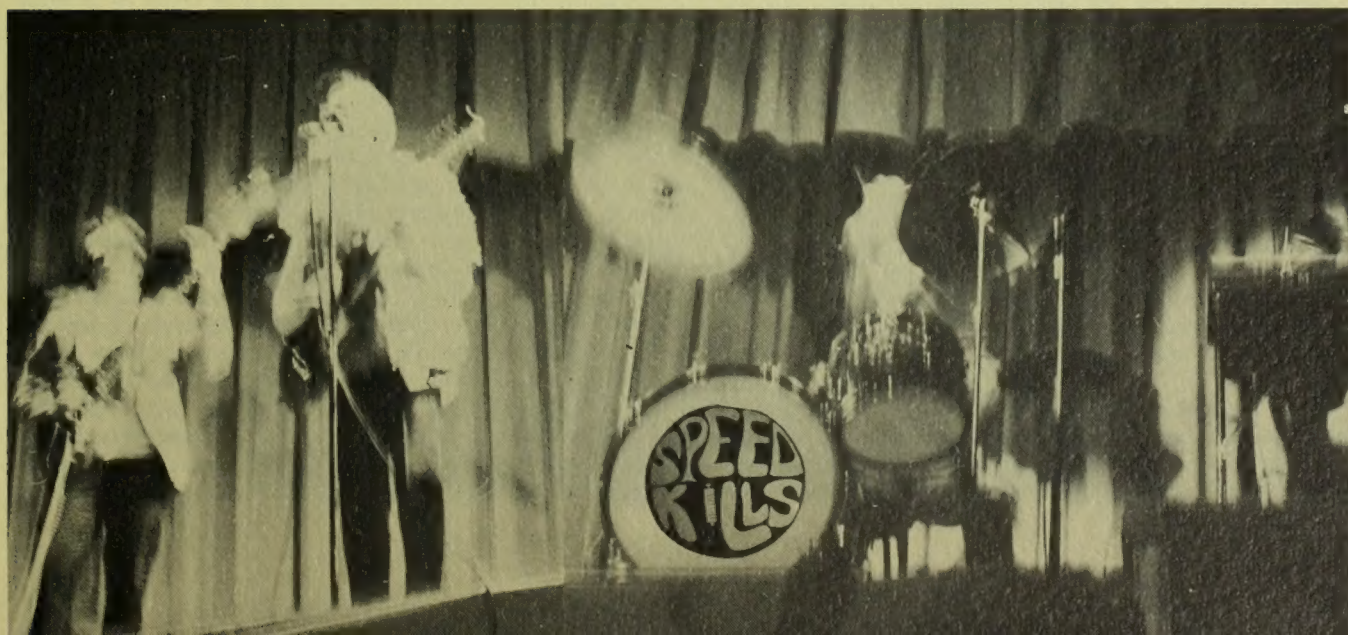
#### Drug abuse.

Why do people use drugs? What are the effects of drugs? This is not a drug problem, it is a people problem.

#### Why drugs?

The answer lies here.

R. S. Jolliffe





## *These Things Abide*

I Corinthians 13:13    'And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.'

I have been wondering all week what I can say to you, not only on this last Sunday evening of our School year, but on the last regular Sunday on which I will be speaking to you from this pulpit. We have been meeting together in this Chapel for three years now, and perhaps all the really important things have been said, not merely once, but over and over again. What then can one say as one's final word?

As I pondered that question throughout the week, I felt myself driven back on what I would regard as being the very simple, but nevertheless fundamental things, — back to this thirteenth chapter of I Corinthians in which St. Paul captures the very spirit of Jesus more magnificently than anyone else has ever been able to do it. It is a passage on which I have spoken a great many times. Yet somehow I never feel that I am at the end of it or have exhausted it in all its depth. Tonight I want to look again at its closing words, — 'And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.'

What can Paul mean? When you look at these things in a cursory way, surely the thing which stands out is not their abiding nature, but their fragility, their vulnerability. Is faith never broken, never betrayed? Does hope never fail? Is love never disappointed? We have only to ask the questions to know the answers. In fact, some people, looking at our world, would say that these are the things most likely to be ground into the dust, and that the man who puts his stock in such things is an arrant fool. You boys know the temptation. Some of you may have yielded to it already. If so, you will think that what St. Paul is saying here is strictly 'for the birds.'

May I ask you to think again? Let us take this terrible world which smashes such things and crushes them and grinds them in the dust. What ails it? What is wrong with it? Perhaps by asking these questions we may begin to see what Paul is driving at.

Well, surely the most dreadful thing about our world is just its divided nature. What a ghastly mess we have made of it all. Nation divided against Nation, creed against creed, colour against colour! Even within our own nation we see the division between the French and English speaking parts of it. Moreover, it isn't merely on this exalted level that we see the same spirit of divisiveness at work. We see it even on the level of the family, with parents falling out, and a new factor called 'the generation gap' working havoc in our community life. Of course, there is much to be said on the other side. Thank God there is! But the divisions are very real and very deep, and, as Jesus once said, 'How can a house divided against itself stand?'

Now, when we contemplate this state of affairs, we have to ask some rather basic questions. Perhaps the most basic is, 'Why? What causes this? Why can't we live with one another? Why can't we pro-

mote each other's welfare instead of destroying one another?' All sorts of answers can be given to that question. Some would say that man is a cruel beast, an aggressive animal, with a lust for power and domination. That is certainly part of the answer. Others would find the heart of the problem in the economic or political sphere, in a world imbalanced between the haves and the have-nots. That too is part of the answer. But deep down I feel that all such things are merely symptoms of a much more fundamental malady. For all of this is the result of a failure in trust. We do not trust one another. We have no faith in each other. For trust or faith is the cement which would keep the wall from crumbling, if only it were present. The real trouble is that it isn't present, and so we find ourselves in a world which is going to pot. Blacks don't trust the whites and whites don't trust the blacks. Christians put Jews in a category of no-trust; and Jews reciprocate in kind with much better reason, for their record of suffering bears them out. So on one could go. It is this lack of trust which makes man an aggressive animal. For his aggression is caused by his fear, and fear is the opposite of trust. It is this which creates the economic imbalance of the world, for we fear to share our wealth with others because we do not trust them to use it properly and not against us. Yet without trust, we cannot have a better world, or a world which lives in peace. Faith may be a fragile quality, yet it remains an eternal need. Man can't live without it, for it goes deep down into his own heart and also forms the basis of his community life. If we have no faith in other men, no trust in a common standard, then we can only pull apart, and fight and contend with one another. And when we do that, we become men who destroy their only hope.

You see, Paul is right. Trust and hope belong together. When men can only contend against one another, real hope is destroyed. For hope is always the off-spring of the kind of trust which unites. Do we not see that again by looking at our world? It has been the custom to give names to the different ages of mankind, — the Age of Faith, the Age of Reason, The Age of Anxiety, and so on. Our age is fast becoming the Age without Hope. We look at our world, and its problems are so colossal, so staggering, that almost automatically we assume that there is no answer to them. In spite of all our ingenuity in sending men to the moon, we feel that no one has come up with any real answer to man himself and that face to face with his own reflection all his ingenuity grinds to a halt. He becomes a creature without hope. Only the other day I picked up the *Globe* and Mail and read the account of an interview with Leakey, the great archaeologist, the discoverer of the oldest remains of man, who has carried the human story back further than anyone else. He is an expert



in evolution, for he has traced the stages of our story and the story of life from near its beginnings. And the sad thing about that interview was that he said that he was convinced that man's time had just about run out. He had done what many other species have done. He had over-specialised, particularly in the art of destruction, and over-specialisation leads to extinction. Leakey had no hope for our race. His opinion is shared by a great many people. They have become disillusioned, despondent, despairing. They cannot see that the future holds any promise. It is filled only with threat.

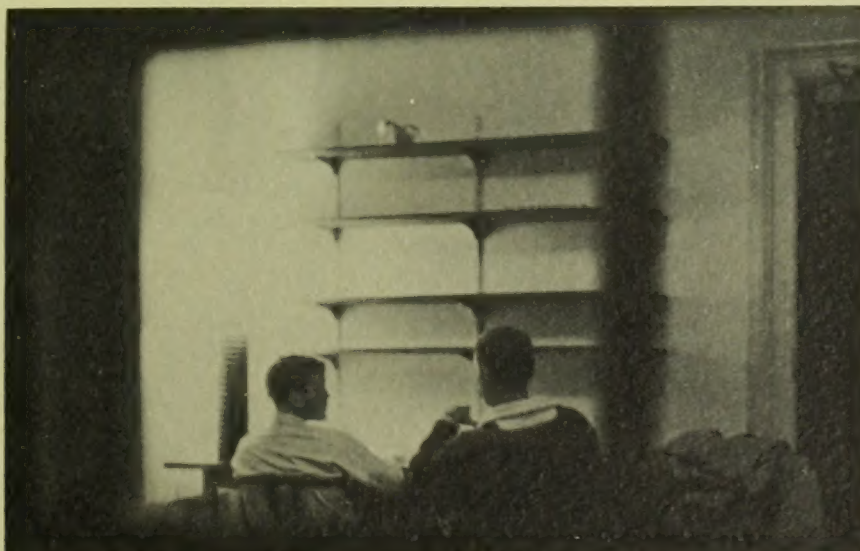
Yet man cannot live without hope. It is his forward look that makes him man. He has no hope, because he has no trust. Is there any power which can restore trust and therefore hope to the human race. Well, boys, I want to go on record again on my last night with you as one who believes there is. There is the last power which Paul mentions here. It is love. Paul is right when he says that 'the greatest of these is love'. For this is the basic thing. It is the only truly creative power at work within our world. Now, again many people would pooh-pooh this. That is because they have never experienced genuine love or because their love has been thwarted. But Paul is thinking of a special kind of love. He is thinking of the love of Christ. It was a love which was never destroyed, no matter how deeply wounded, no matter the indignities it suffered. It refused to give up before any obstacle. It never surrendered to resentment or the spirit which bore a grudge. It never stopped working to give men that which was so dependable that they could rely on it and begin to trust in it in such a way that the spirit of trust would emanate from them in their turn. And it is this kind of love which is needed in the world today. It is this love which made me a Christian in the first place, and it is this love which keeps me a Christian in the kind of world in which we live. Even when I fail in it, I have to keep coming back to it and trying to surrender myself to it again. Some people would say that we are incapable of this kind of love. I would agree, for I fail in it every day of my life. Yet the more one seeks to surrender oneself to it, the more, I am convinced, it works creatively within one, until we too spread the spirit of trust and hope within the world. Personally I would rather fail in trying to achieve this than never try at all, and I hope that in the past three years I have given at least some of you cause to think of life in these terms. If I have failed to do so,

I can only ask your forgiveness as I take my leave of you.

Finally, may I say a few words of a personal nature. I have enjoyed my three years with you, and I want to thank you boys for them. Whether you know it or not, in the last three years I have become an Andean, sold on this school, concerned about its future and deeply concerned about you boys. We have a great school. Make no mistake about that! Some of you have promised to come and see me in my new place of work. I want to make this an open invitation. Do come and see me. If I can serve you in any way, I shall be only too glad to do so. You will always be welcome. I want to thank too all the members of the staff with whom I have worked. They too have made the last three years most enjoyable and have taught me new depths of dedication. I am proud to call them my friends. Perhaps they will forgive me if I single out two names for special mention, for they are two people with whom I have worked most closely of all. I have been greatly blessed in all my organists, for they have contributed greatly to the worship of the sanctuary. Mr. Dawson is no exception. He has made our worship rich and meaningful, and he has had the added disadvantage of having had to live next door to me for three years! He has borne it with great Christian grace and charity! Finally, — and I am sure he will pardon a facetious note, — there is 'Tex'. We have a great school, boys, because we have a great Headmaster. I count it a great privilege to have served under him and to have deepened the friendship which began even before I came here. My admiration for him has grown with the years, for I have learned his strength, his wise counsel, his solid support, his reliability towards those of us who are his colleagues and toward you boys. I cannot speak highly enough of the guidance and support he has given me in the experiment begun three years ago, and to him above all I would like to say a simple 'Thank you'.

Now, in our final prayer, let us lift our School up into the presence of God and ask His blessing upon us all.

'Our Heavenly Father, bless our School and all who work within it, either as teachers or as students. Make it great in all those things which count most. Above all make it a centre from which the spirit of love goes forth, creating trust and hope in the hearts of men. We ask this in Christ's name. Amen.'

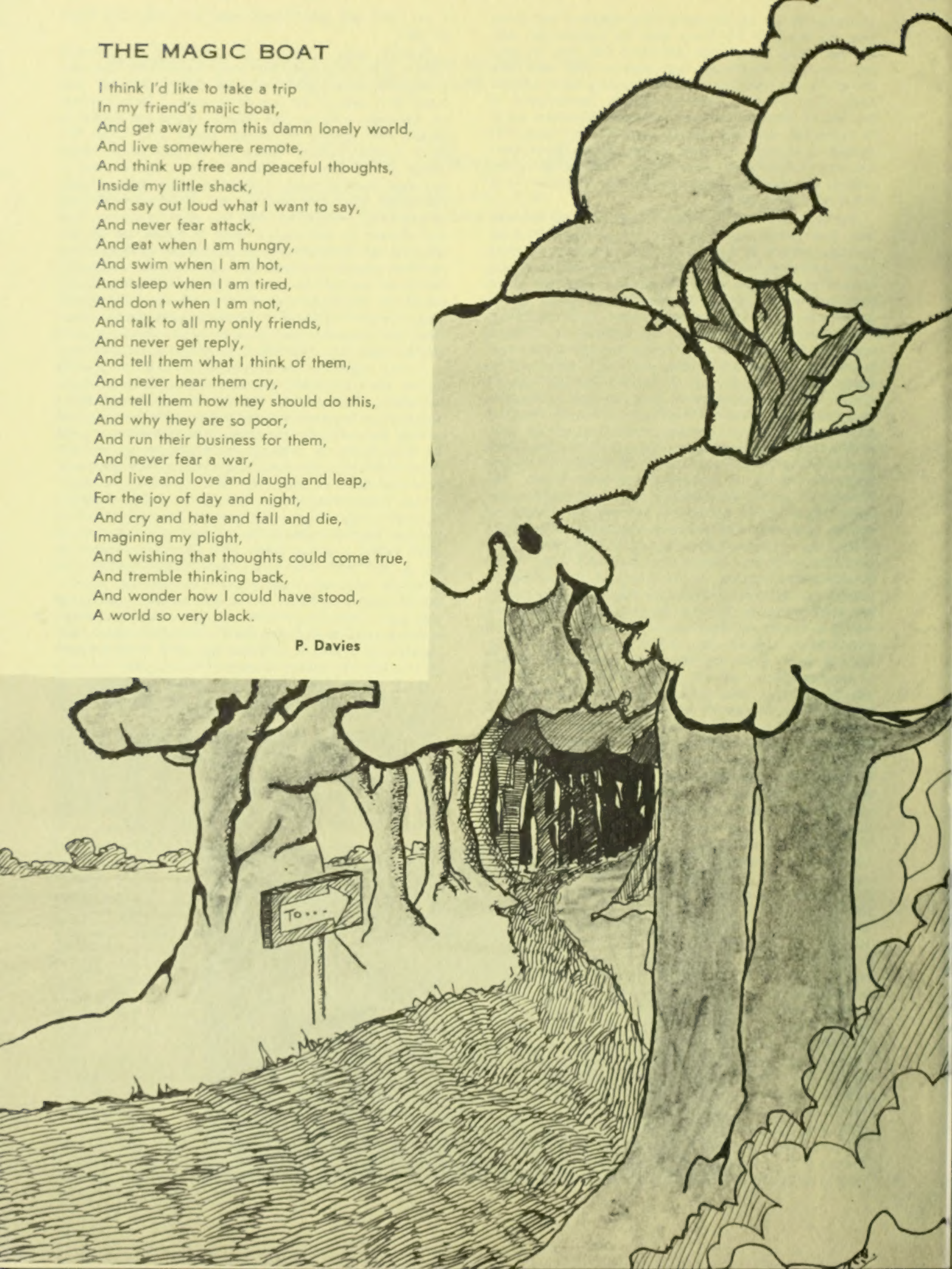




## THE MAGIC BOAT

I think I'd like to take a trip  
In my friend's magic boat,  
And get away from this damn lonely world,  
And live somewhere remote,  
And think up free and peaceful thoughts,  
Inside my little shack,  
And say out loud what I want to say,  
And never fear attack,  
And eat when I am hungry,  
And swim when I am hot,  
And sleep when I am tired,  
And don't when I am not,  
And talk to all my only friends,  
And never get reply,  
And tell them what I think of them,  
And never hear them cry,  
And tell them how they should do this,  
And why they are so poor,  
And run their business for them,  
And never fear a war,  
And live and love and laugh and leap,  
For the joy of day and night,  
And cry and hate and fall and die,  
Imagining my plight,  
And wishing that thoughts could come true,  
And tremble thinking back,  
And wonder how I could have stood,  
A world so very black.

P. Davies



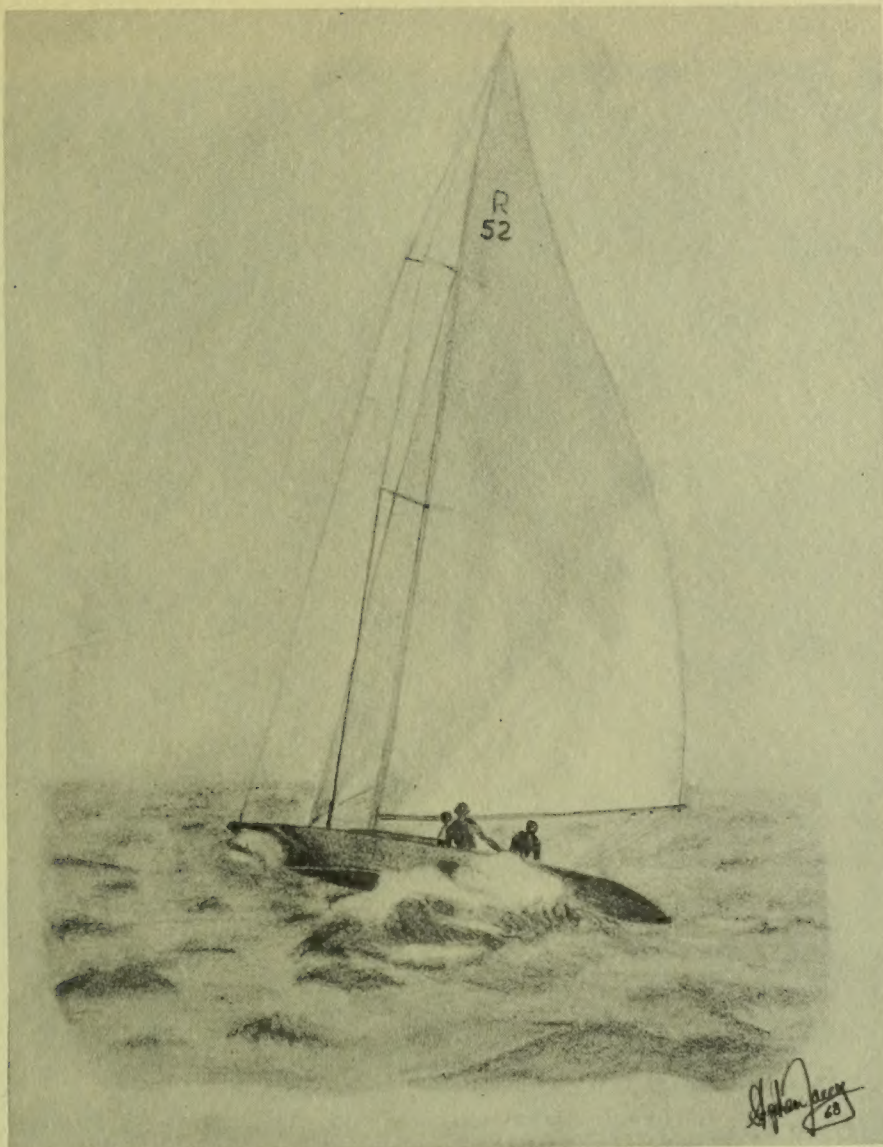


**ART**





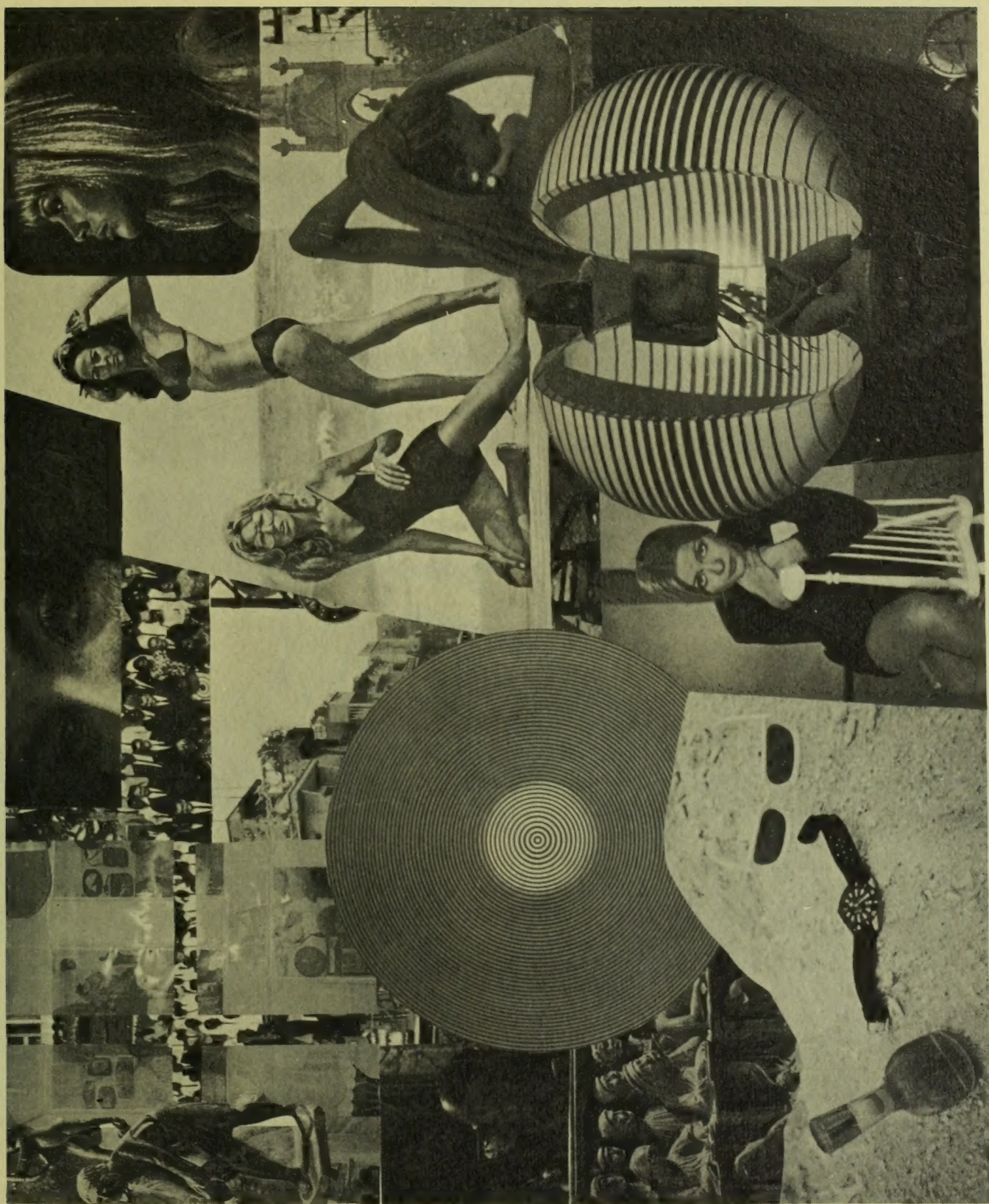










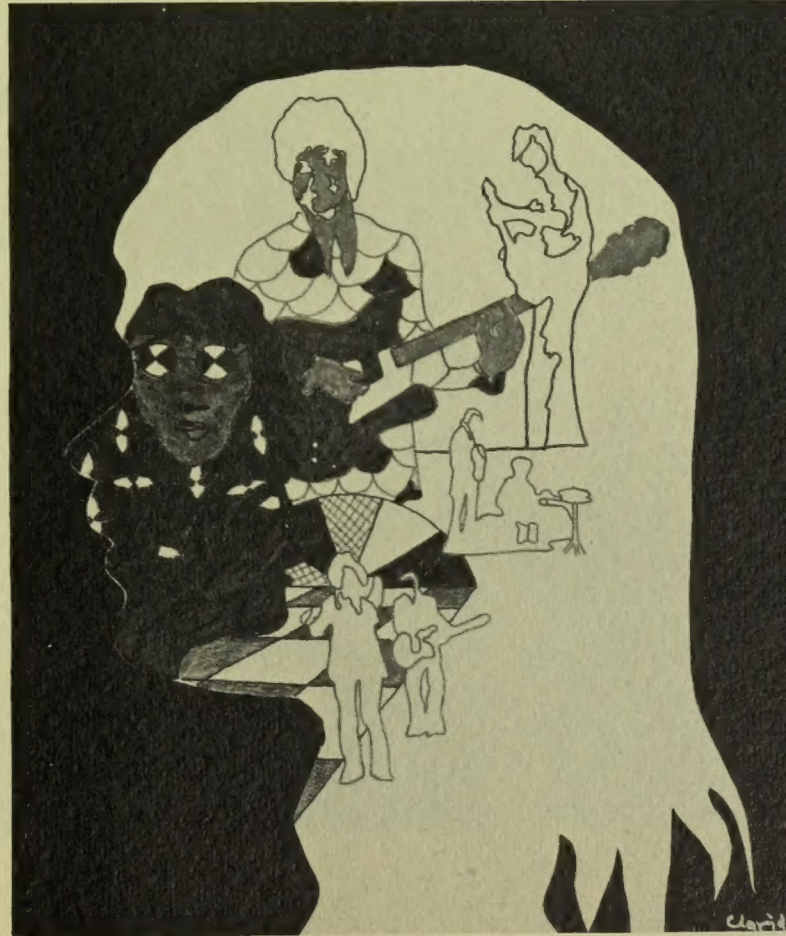
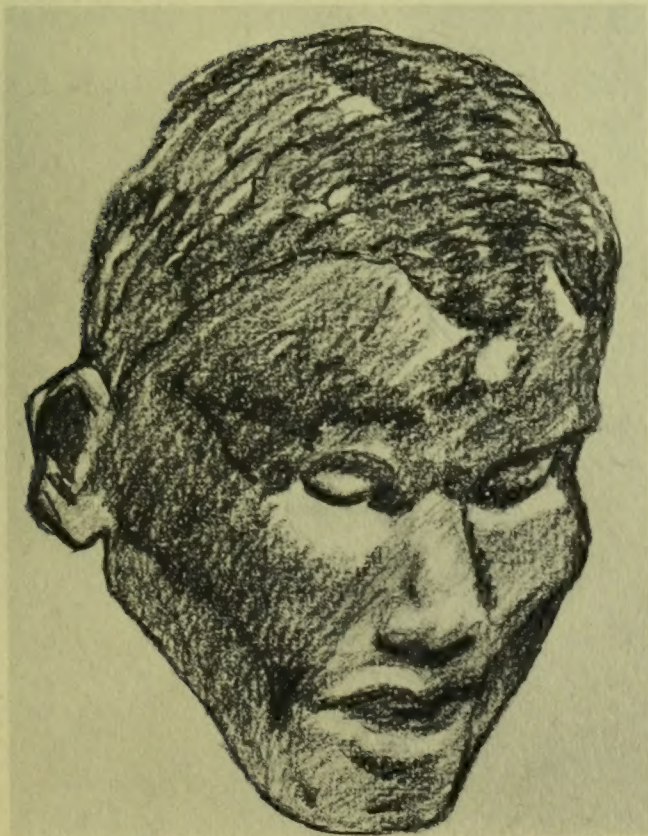
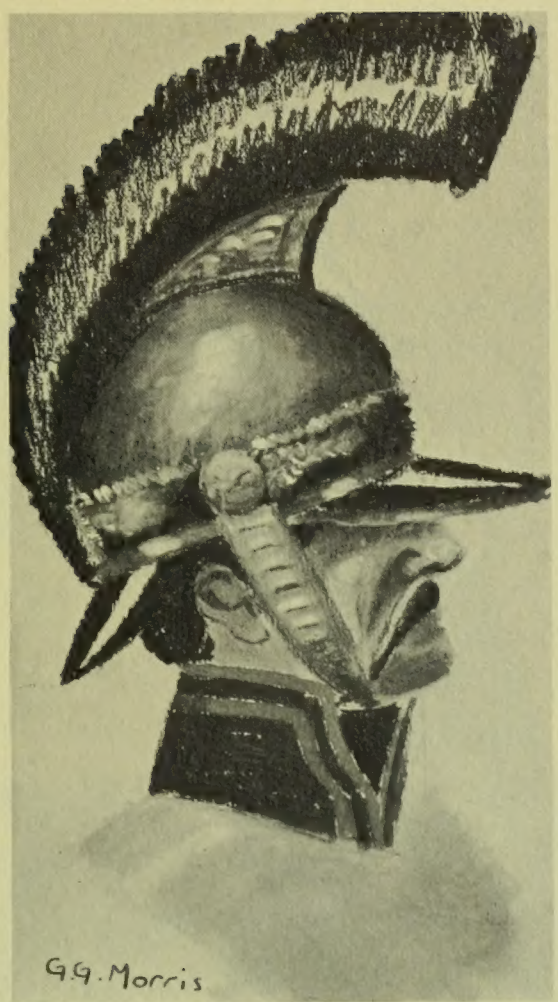
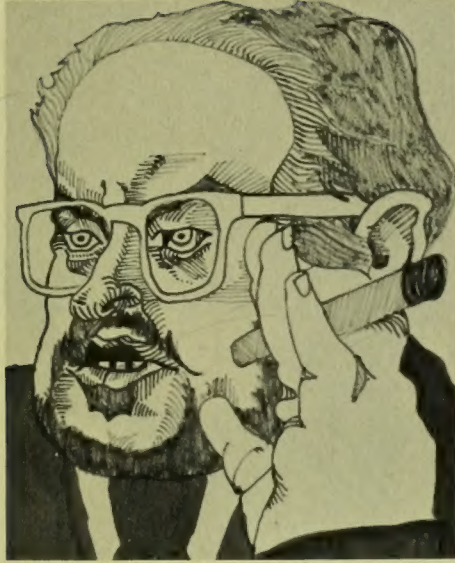








# Portrait Gallery









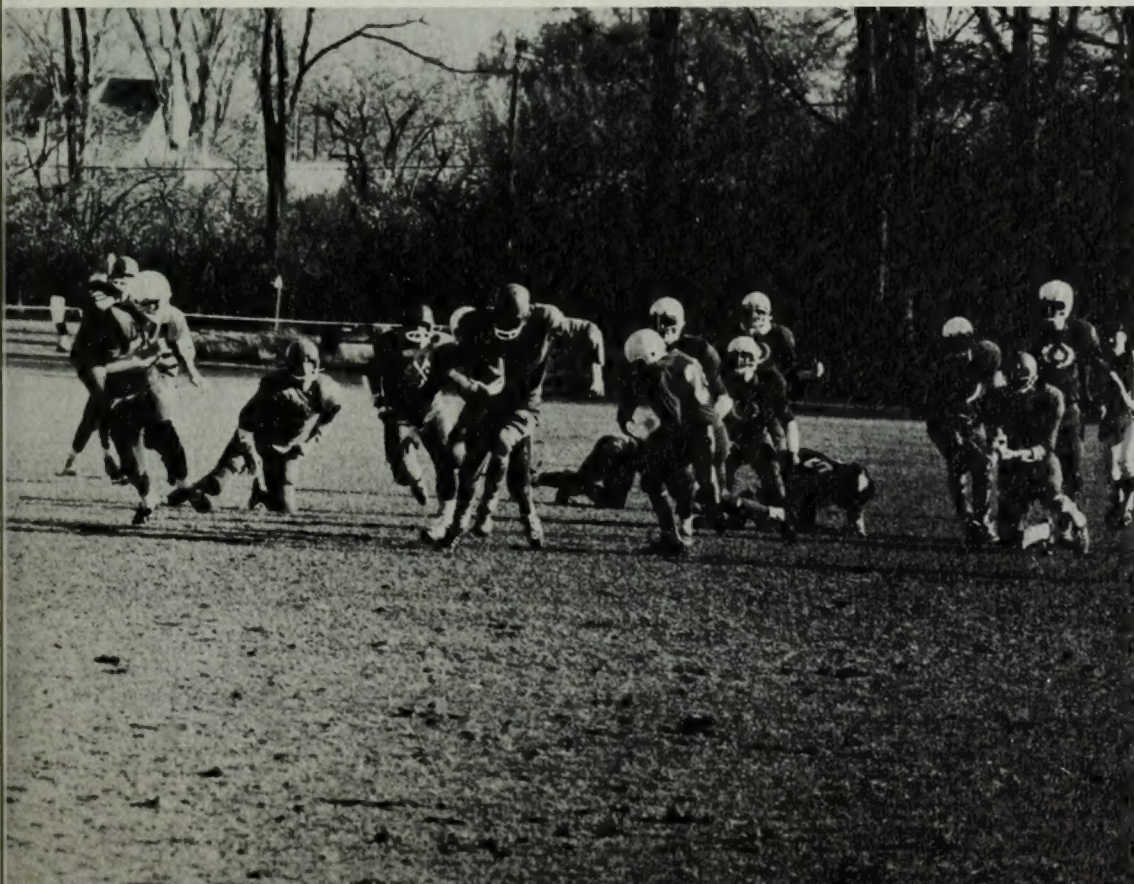
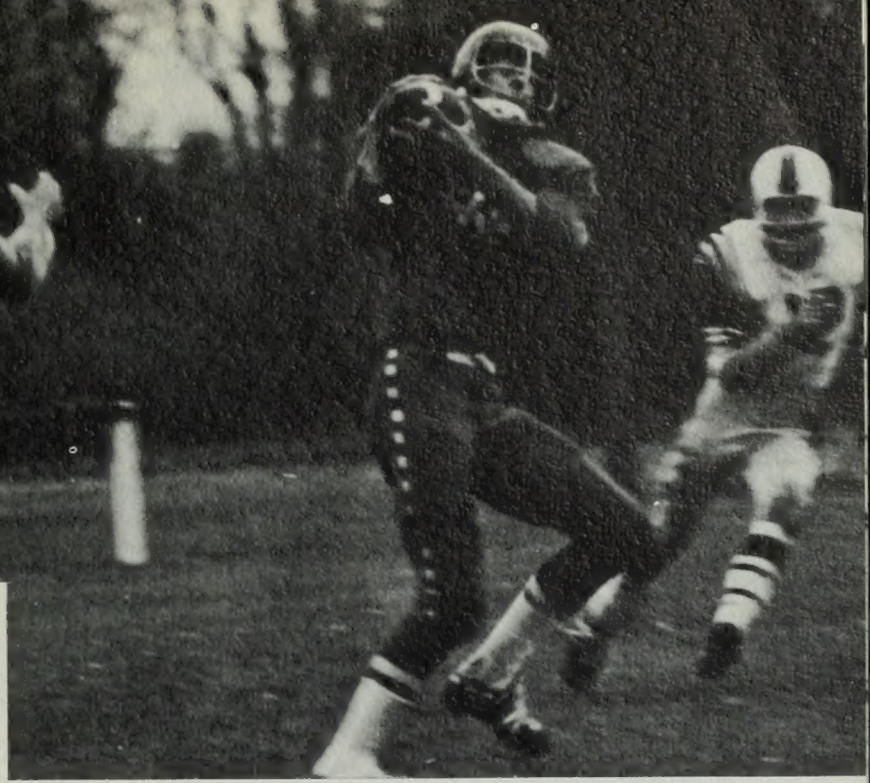




# EXCHANGES

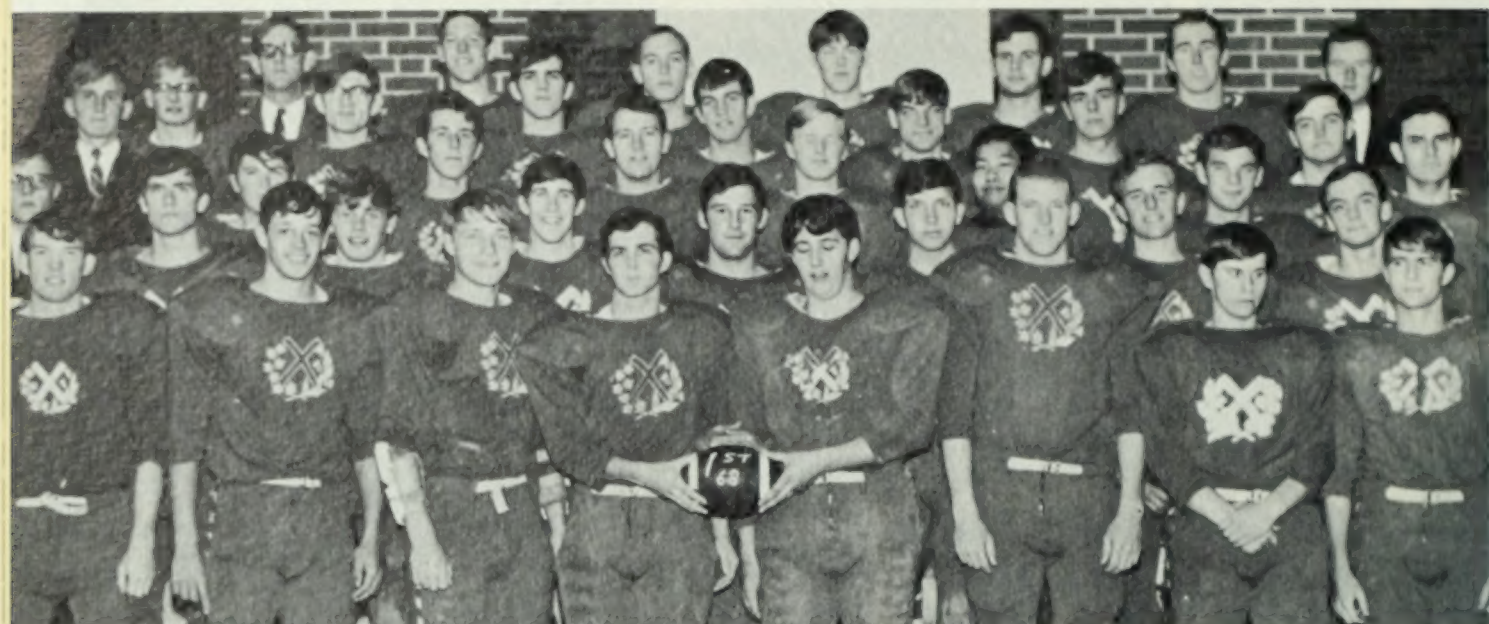
The Argus	Appleby College	Oakville, Ont.
The Record	Trinity College School	Port Hope, Ont.
The Brown and Gold	Morrison Glace Bay High	Glace Bay, N.S.
Selwyn House School Magazine	Selwyn House School	Montreal, P.Q.
The Viking	The Church of England Grammar School	Brisbane, Aust.
Acta Ridleiana	Ridley College	St. Catherine's, Ont.
The Grove Chronicle	Lakefield College School	Lakefield, Ont.
The Georgian	St. George's School	Vancouver, B.C.
The Ashburian	Ashbury College	Ottawa, Ont.
The Red and Black	University School	Victoria, B.C.
The Spectrum	Stanstead College	Stanstead, P.Q.
The Twig	University of Toronto Schools	Toronto, Ont.
The BCS	Bishop's College School	Lennoxville, P.Q.
The Boar	Hillfield College	Hamilton, Ont.
The Branksome Slogan	Branksome Hall	Toronto, Ont.
The Prism	Bishop Strachan School	Toronto, Ont.
The College Times	Upper Canada College	Toronto, Ont.
The Lower Canada	Lower Canada College	Montreal, P.Q.
Ludemus	Havergal College	Toronto, Ont.
The Pibroch	Strathallan School	Hamilton, Ont.
The Meteor	Rugby School	Rugby, England
The Stag	Shawnigan Lake School	Vancouver, B.C.
The Croftonian	Crofton House School	Vancouver, B.C.







# FIRST FOOTBALL



5th: Mr. Smith, Edwards I, Carter I, Wilson, Jackson (M.V.P.), Smith I, Mr. Kinney.  
 4th: Scott, Cameron I, Martin I, Levett, Kline I, Jurychuk, Thom.  
 3rd: MacKay, Campbell I, Patchell, Gilchrist, Higgins I, Wong, Gear, Pirie.  
 2nd: Hilborn, Henderson I, McLean I, Marshall I, Chappell, Clarke, Maynard, Dryden.  
 1st: Annan, Kitchen, Ballard I, Love (Capt.), Kane I (Capt.), Munro II, Morton, Jolliffe.

## SEASON REVIEW

To look at a record of two wins and three losses, and yet to say that the season was successful, may seem to be a ridiculous statement to most people. But, to most members of this year's football team, the coaches, and a large number of spectators, the season was a success. If team spirit, desire, and pride, were the key to a winning team, the Saints would have been untouchable this season.

At no time during a season of demanding practices and frequent disappointments, was there a complaint that the First Team had, or would ever, give up. It would have been very easy to have done so against Ridley as the team collapsed late in the last quarter; against Appleby as the game ended in a heated dispute with the Saints on the Appleby 20 yard line; and of course against U.C.C., as the Saints were trailing by 21 points at half time. This year's team may have lacked experience and talent, and also may have been unable to play well consistently, but by no means did it lack spirit and a desire to win. The School responded with loyal and greatly appreciated support. Many complained that the Firsts did not win, but no one ever complained that we gave up, or that it was boring football.



S.A.C. vs LAKEFIELD

The season opened for the Saints with an away game against an "expansion team". Lakefield, having recently joined the new Independent Schools' League, was eager to justify its admission. The game started slowly with neither team being capable of maintaining a sustained drive. The first quarter ended in a 6-6 tie just as a bus of S.A.C. supporters arrived to cheer the team on. However, despite the strong support of some loyal fans, the Saints continued to have trouble getting off the ground as they added only one unconverted touchdown to the score during the second quarter, against a much weaker and younger team. This inability to click in the first half was to prove to be an exciting but drastic characteristic of the team in later games.

The second half saw a more determined Red Team on the field. Spirit came to life and the Saints began to move. The Saints scored three unanswered touchdowns as the offense finally joined the defence in playing consistent football. The combination of power up the middle, effective sweeps around the ends, and hungry pass receivers proved to be too much for Lakefield. As the Saints rolled into the fourth quarter, all was going well. The defence seemed able to halt any Lakefield drives very quickly. Soon, however, the defence began to falter as inexperience led them to a series of mistakes. Fortunately, backed by a substantial lead, the Red mistakes were not very costly - at least in this game. The game ended with a conclusive 38-13 victory for S.A.C.





## S.A.C. vs B.R.C.

The Saints' second league game, and first home game, was played against Ridley on a clear Friday afternoon. The Saints appeared to be very nervous in the first two quarters, and mistakes cost us two Ridley touchdowns. The Red offense was able to scramble to the five yard line late in the second quarter, where Paul Kitchen swept around the end on the last play in the half for the Saints' first touchdown. The conversion attempt was wide, and the first half ended with the score 13-6 in favour of Ridley.

As in the first league game, the second half began with a completely changed Red Team. The breaks began as a stubborn offense made a sustained drive to the two yard line, where Geoff Love scored on a quarterback sneak. A fired-up Red defence was able to hold Ridley to no gain, and once again the Saints drove into scoring territory. A Red fumble gave Ridley the ball on their own five yard line, but the Red defence was able to get the ball back on the first play from scrimmage when Greg Patchell dove on a loose ball. This time the Saints made no mistakes, and Paul Higgins drove for a touchdown from the four yard line. Reid Dryden connected to Brian Wilson on a two point conversion, and at three quarter time the Saints led 20-13.

A defensive see-saw took up most of the next quarter, with S.A.C. trying to hold a slim lead. For the first time in the half, the offense faltered, and Ridley was able to gain good field position with only four minutes left in the half, and the game. The defence choked, and Ridley was able to tie the score with time running out. A St. Andrew's miscue on the kick-off led to a Ridley touchdown, and Ridley added another touchdown in the dying seconds, to win the game 32-20, having scored 21 points in the last five minutes of the game.



"Kitch" and "J. S." start 'around the end' for a long gain against B.R.C.

## S.A.C. vs U.C.C.

To stay in contention for an I.S.L. Championship, the Saints had to beat U.C.C., who had won their previous two games. After losing a close game to Ridley, spirits were high in anticipation of revenge.

The game started as a hard hitting defensive battle. Throughout the first quarter neither team was able to generate any sustained offensive drive. Early in the second quarter, Upper Canada hit the score board on a quick opening pro pass to Stu Lang. The U.C.C. defence was able to hold the Red offense, and a fumble, which was recovered by U.C.C., led to another touchdown. Once again the Red offense was held to no gain, and late in the half the U.C.C. offense powered over to make the score at half time, 21-0.

In the third quarter, the large crowd saw a semi-miracle. A completely changed Red Team came onto the field, with the intention of lessening the large lead which U.C.C. had established. The Red defence was able to hold, and on the first series of play, Paul Kitchen sped seventy five yards on a reverse for the first St. Andrew's major, which was converted by Reid Dryden.

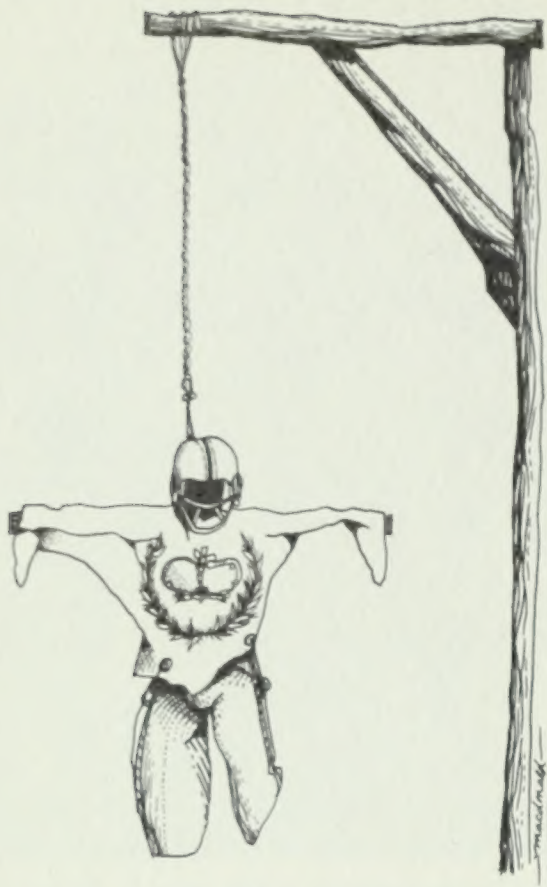
A short defensive lapse enabled U.C.C. to raise the score to twenty eight to seven, but the Saints struck right back. Geoff Love engineered a 60 yard drive, which ended in a converted touchdown by Paul Kitchen. An interception of an Upper Canada pass led to another Red touchdown on a pass to Brian Wilson, and at the end of the quarter the Blue lead had been narrowed to 28-20.

The momentum which the Saints had built up in the third quarter slowly faded in the last quarter, as the offense sputtered and the defence lapsed. U.C.C.'s strong defence was finally able to contain the Red offense, and the Blue Team was able to pick off four interceptions in the last quarter, capitalizing on two of them, and building their lead to the final score of 41-20. This marked the second consecutive defeat for the Saints, but proved to be the only game which the Saints lost to a definitely stronger team.

The "Wop" rolls back to start the S.A.C. 38-13 victory over Lakefield.







After losing two successively disappointing games to Ridley and U.C.C., the Saints were once again eager for victory. The Red Team travelled to Appleby on a cold, wet autumn afternoon, hoping to even up our I.S.L. record at two wins and two losses.

The game began with the Red Machine moving the ball very quickly to Appleby's 20 yard line, where the drive was stopped by a fired-up Appleby defence. The game continued with neither team being able to push the ball over for a major. The Red defence, playing its best game of the season, contained the Appleby drives and held them scoreless throughout the first half. But the Saints were only able to scrounge a single point out of the half, on a kick by Reid Dryden.

The second half began in a similar manner, with neither offense being able to capitalize for a touchdown. But late in the third quarter, Appleby connected on a 30 yard counter pass for a touchdown, which, when converted, made the score 7-1. The Saints quickly responded with a long march, ended by a three yard touchdown scored by Jolliffe. However, the Saints missed the all important convert, and the score remained 7-7.

In the last quarter, Appleby was able to capitalize on a Red fumble, and even though the defence held Appleby from the 30 yard line, Appleby was able to kick for a single point. In the dying minutes of the game, the Saints' offense came alive, and they made a sustained drive to the Appleby 20 yard line. The Saints fell short of time, and thus failed to score any points.

This game in particular, emphasized our inability to click in the first half. But this time it carried on into a fatal last half. A game which started very slowly ended in a final outburst of spirit — about one half too late!

#### S.A.C. vs T.C.S.

The last game of the season, if not important for the standings, as neither T.C.S. nor S.A.C. had any chance of finishing first in the league, was nevertheless important for the spirit and for the pride of each team. Weather conditions were ideal; slightly overcast and cool. As usual, we lost the toss and T.C.S. elected to receive. The Red defence managed to contain the dangerous Trinity offense, both *off tackle and around the ends*, right from the opening kick-off. Trinity's third down punt after two unsuccessful line drives proved to be fatal, as Paul Kitchen returned the punt 75 yards for our first unconverted touchdown. After the kick, the defence once again held, but the offense seemed to be unable to respond, and our running game came to a halt. The Saints went to the air and from the 30 yard line, on a third down pass, brought the score to 12-0. A tough defence and a strong aerial attack led to another T.D. in the second quarter, on a 50 yard pass play by Wilson. The Saints took a comfortable lead of 20-0 at the end of the first half. The Saints led with another scoring pass by Dryden in the third quarter. As in the Ridley game the team began to flounder in the fourth quarter. T.C.S. managed to score two touchdowns by the use of the "old sleeper play", and an off-tackle drive from the five yard line. However, we refused to give up the ball in the last few minutes, and the game was called as the Saints ran out of bounds on the four yard line. The game ended 28-20, and we went to the showers with an exciting finish to a moderately successful season of football.

#### STATISTICS

#### TD's

Help . . . .

Humberside	27-20	Loss
Lakefield	38-13	Win
Ridley	32-20	Loss
U.C.C.	41-20	Loss
Appleby	8-7	Loss
T.C.S.	28-20	Win

Kitchen-2  
Dryden-1  
Kitchen-4  
Higgins-2  
Kitchen-1  
Higgins-1  
Love-1  
Kitchen-2  
Wilson-1  
Jolliffe-1  
Kitchen-1  
Dryden-2  
Wilson-1





# SECOND FOOTBALL



5th Row: M. Hogg (Mgr.), J. Dobson, G. Wadds (Mgr), R. Davey, Mr. Edwards (Coach), J. Siddall.

4th Row: W. Boyd II, R. Pascal, P. Manchee, P. Pennal, A. Evans, B. Hutchins, W. Nobles I, C. Casselman.

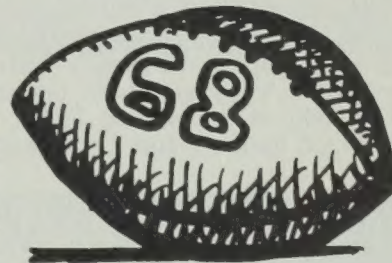
3rd Row: P. Slee, B. Anderson, E. Startup, B. McMulkin I, N. von Diergardt I, A. Ballard II, P. Moron, I. Mc-Iver, T. Stephens I.

2nd Row: J. Sara, R. Hurter, R. Boyd I, D. Pickard (M.V.P.), A. Sanderson, D. Grass I, T. Bryant, W. Jay.

1st Row: J. Currie I, A. Cary-Barnard, A. Rutherford, B. Christie (Capt.), J. Vincent (Capt.), E. Ruse, G. Rapai, J. Walden.

## IN REVIEW . . . .

This year the Second Football Team was small and inexperienced. However, even with these handicaps, this highly underrated team fell a mere 7 points short of an I.S.L. Championship. These 7 points were spread over two games, with a 12-7 loss to Appleby and an extremely close 2-0 loss to U.C.C. Under the direction of Mr. Coulter, who returned to the coaching staff, and Mr. Edwards, the team received both constructive and valuable leadership, building good prospects for next year's senior teams. Special congratulations go to Pickard, this year's M.V.P.

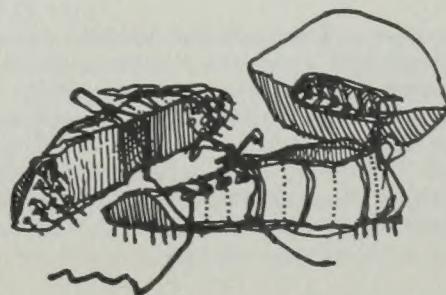
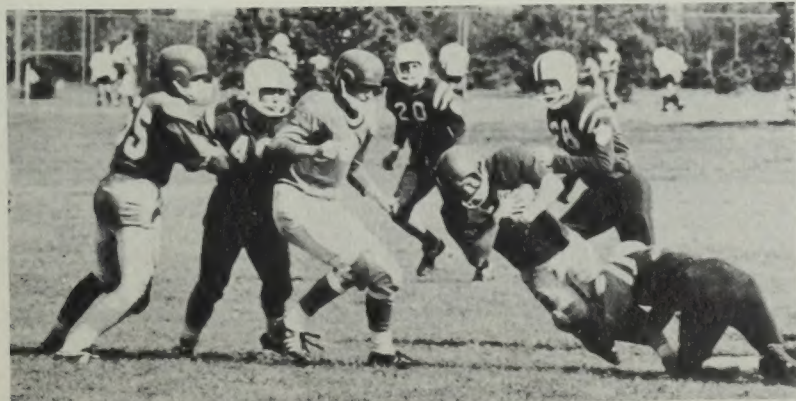
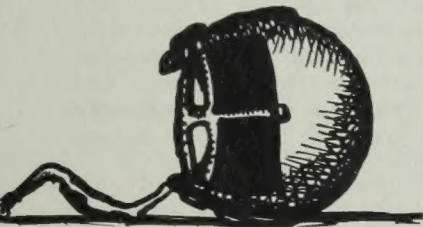


## A Disappointing Beginning . . . . .

As the Second Football Team ran proudly onto the field, there was a slight uneasiness amongst its members. This was the first game of the season, and we were determined, spirited, and ready to be tested as a team.

In the first half we fell behind, but, encouraged by a touchdown by Pickard, the Saints battled onward. The team kept fighting, but defeat was inevitable, and in the end, the Saints were only able to come up with six points to Hillfield's nineteen.

The Second Team left the field disappointed, but more prepared to meet Lakefield.





WE WON! ! . . . .

Tension was at a peak as we entered our first I.S.L. game of the season at Lakefield. However, after only ten minutes, Anderson had crossed the goal line twice. The offense continued to play well, adding four more touchdowns for their best offensive showing of the year. The single defensive mistake was on a quick reverse, resulting in a Lakefield touchdown. The game ended in a decisive 38-6.



## SWEET TASTE OF VICTORY . . . .

We met B.R.C. with a win behind us and the feeling that goes with a good team. Also, several members of the team had played for the Thirds of 1967 and the U15's of 1966, where they had been soundly beaten by B.R.C. This combination of revenge and team spirit proved to be superior in a tense see-saw battle. With two touchdowns, Pickard, as usual, led the offense. Currie was successful on one convert. A hungry defence, and some brilliant tactics, kept Ridley's punter busy in a close 13-9 Red Team victory.



## SIGH . . . . AND YET, SO VERY CLOSE.

With the I.S.L. Championship at stake an optimistic 2nd Team met U.C.C. at S.A.C. Our usually successful offense was unable to penetrate inside the U.C.C. forty yard line, and the game became a completely defensive match. The Red defence managed to keep U.C.C. outside the S.A.C. thirty-five yard line but, in a punting battle, U.C.C. proved stronger and avenged their 1-0 loss last year with a squeaky 2-0 victory.



## OH NO. . . . .

In retrospect, one might say that this was not one of our finer games. Our touchdown was scored by Peter Pennal in the second half. Appleby passed one over for six points in the first half, and ran another across in the second half to bring the final score to 12-7. The team had definitely played better games, yet even this loss did not heinously subjugate the Seconds to despair as they bounded back to a victory over T.C.S. a week later.



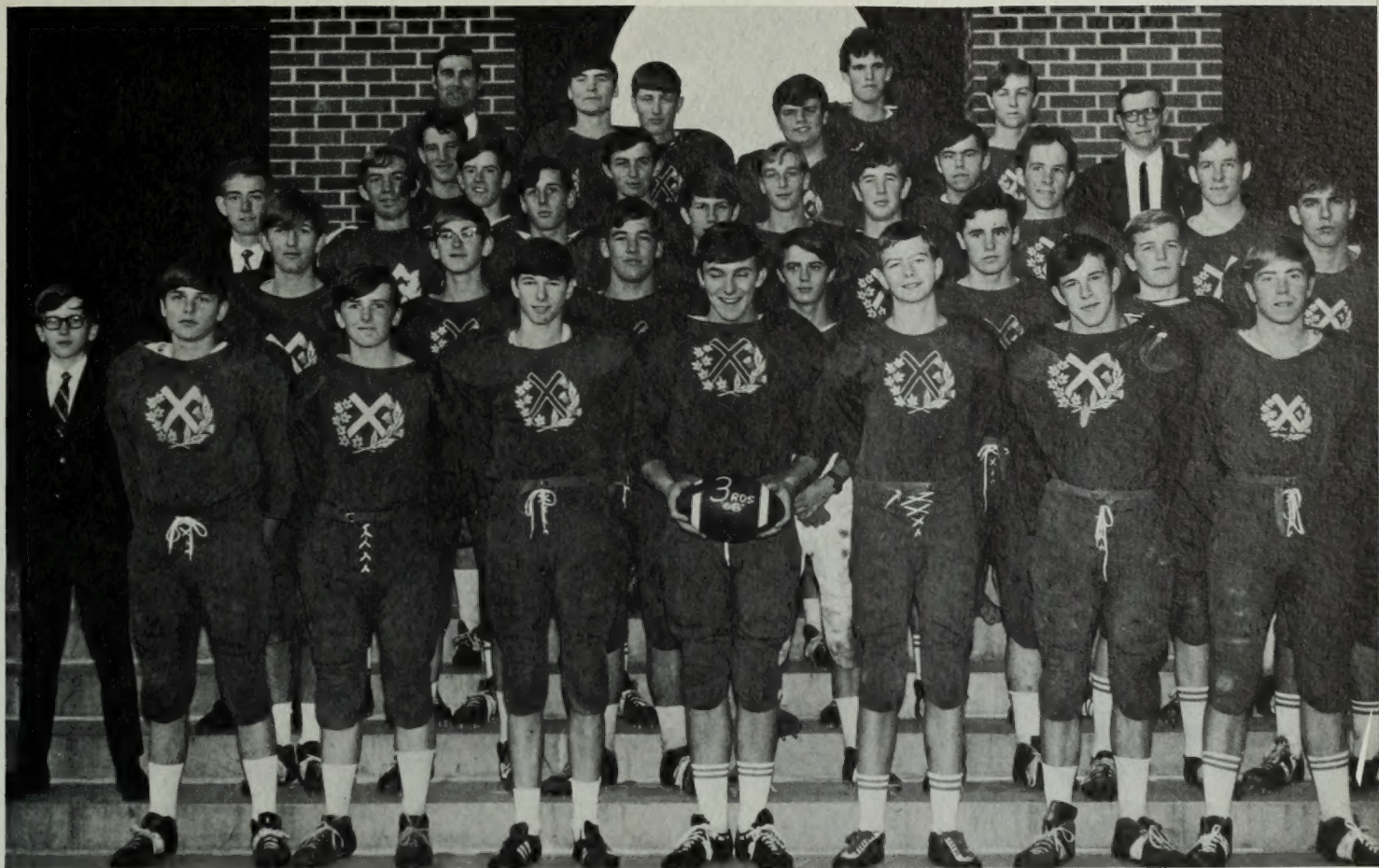
## AND HOW SWEET IT IS . . . .

After a disappointing Appleby game a determined Red Team was anxious to finish off a long season with a win, and did so by trouncing T.C.S. 25-1. As often happens, new stars showed themselves in the final game. Too bad they had to wait till the final game—the idiots! Anyway, with this sparkling victory, the season came to an exhilarating close.





# THIRD FOOTBALL



*6th Row:* Mr. Kamcke (Coach), D. Shantz, D. Robertson.

*5th Row:* D. Macdonald, J. Bosworth, J. Baxter, P. Russell, Mr. Stevenson (Coach).

*4th Row:* I. McBryde, S. Jameson, R. Wilkie II, L. Bradley (M.V.P.)

*3rd Row:* J. Walker, R. Bates, R. McLean II, N. Turner I, M. Ballantyne, C. Hart II, S. Hart I.

*2nd Row:* C. Stoate I, D. Boukydis, G. Westcott II, R. McCombe, W. Aimers, J. Ireland, C. Hawke I, J. Marshall II.

*1st Row:* J. Brickman, K. Sawyer, I. Smith III (Capt.), T. Amell (Capt., M.V.P.), C. Crosbie, W. Boyd III, J. Wakelin.

## SEASON REVIEW

This year's Third Football Team perhaps lacked the size and experience of most of their competition, but in no way lacked the spirit and desire to win. Throughout the season, because of many injuries, some players had to go two ways, a tactic not even most professional players are able to do effectively.

After the only exhibition game, a twenty three-zero victory over Hillfield College in Hamilton, the team easily triumphed over Lakefield, 42-0, in the first league game. The next game was a week later, again at home, against a traditional league member, Ridley College. Spirit was running high after the Lakefield game, yet the Saints lost a close game to a more experienced Ridley team by a score of 15-12.

The first game after Thanksgiving was against U.C.C., again at home. The Saints lost another close game 29-12, to a slightly superior opponent, evening the record at two wins and two losses. Spirits were high again as the Thirds played host to Appleby College, the second "expansion team" of the Independent Schools' League. Determined not to allow the Appleby team to verify its new status in the League, the Saints overwhelmed them with a 41-18 victory, in one of the team's best offensive efforts of the season.

The final game of the season, again at home due to a confusion in the schedule, was against T.C.S., picked as the best team in the League. A strong defence, combined with a keyed-up offense, put the Saints ahead in the final stages of the last quarter. However, with less than three minutes left, T.C.S. took three downs to score from the five yard line. The Saints were unable to answer the final Trinity touchdown, and the year ended with a three win, three loss record.

The team would like to thank Mr. Stevenson and Coach Kamcke for their leadership, and hope that this year's Third Team will help provide for a stronger First and Second Team next year.



# MAC HOUSE FOOTBALL



*Seventh Row:* W. Schmalz, T. Breithaupt, F. Drewry.

*Sixth Row:* G. von Diergardt, S. Duggan, T. Warnica, L. Mintz.

*Fifth Row:* T. Carter, P. Stock, J. Jameson, G. Hawke, J. Knowles.

*Fourth Row:* C. Metcalf, J. Dobson, R. Martin, P. MacLean, D. Kane.

*Third Row:* M. Jessel, G. Kilpatrick, I. McClintock, B. Tames.

*Second Row:* Mr. D. A. Hemmings (Coach), J. Shortly, H. Housser, F. Hovey, T. Buckley, J. Empey.

*First Row:* G. Agar, D. Stephens, M. Higgins, R. Bak, D. Toogood, Mr. W. S. Skinner (Coach).



## SEASON REVIEW

Last year the Under 15 Team from Mac House had quite a bad season; so this year, there was the feeling that we had better improve our standards.

On a cloudy Wednesday, the 16th of October, the Red Team played the Ridley 'Tigers'. We took the lead in the first quarter with a quick sweep around the end by Rick Bak. Then, as the game progressed, we found ourselves slipping due to inexperience. In the end, the score stood 24-6 for Ridley, but we found our weaknesses, which we were soon to overcome.

The following Saturday, we took on the always powerful U.C.C. Once again, we scored first, making it 7-0. We held this lead throughout the first half, and then came back into the third quarter feeling a bit confident. Perhaps this was the cause of our downfall, but the team fell apart and allowed three U.C.C. touchdowns in the last half. The final score was 18-7, but we felt we had played a reasonably good game.

Four days later, we finally found the path to victory. The Grove School's Under 15 Team came to take on the ever increasingly powerful Red Machine. Everything went perfectly as Don Toogood threw two passes to both Tim Boland and George Kilpatrick. Rick Bak also saw the light and pressed for four touchdowns. The game ended with an encouraging 59-12 victory, and everyone felt that this was the turning point of the season. This may have been Lakefield's first year in the Independent Schools' League, but we gave them a game that they'll never forget.

When the Double Blue Team came from Appleby, the Saints were once again eager for victory. We went into the lead with a quick touchdown from Bill Schmalz. Then we pulled away gradually, with a total of five touchdowns by Rick Bak and one other by Tom Carter. The score ended at 47-0. Here, credit must be given to the fine defensive showing. The final game of the season was on November 2nd, against T.C.S. Once again the Under 15's crushed the team from Port Hope 43-0, not wanting to end the season on a sour note. This was the best game the defence played all year. Mike Higgins, our Captain, intercepted two passes, and we were able to capitalize on T.C.S. fumbles. The final touchdown was one of the best plays of the season, as John Jameson caught a fifteen yard pass and outmanouvered three men for a forty yard run.

It was certainly an exciting season, but it would not have been possible without the helpful coaching of Mr. Skinner and Mr. Hemmings, who led us to win three out of five Independent Schools' League games. We would also like to congratulate our M.V.P.'s, Mike Higgins and Rick Bak.







# FIRST XI SOCCER



*Third row:* Mr. R. Wilson (Coach), G. Smith II, R. Martin II, N. Hally I (Capt., M.V.P.)

*Second row:* M. Yule, C. Roberts, P. Davies I, R. Woolnough.

*First row:* A. Mijares, J. Robson, D. Blanchard (Capt.), B. Skoggard, D. Marley.

## SEASON REVIEW

This year the First Soccer Team, coached by Mr. Wilson, assisted by Mr. Harrison, reached a degree of excellence seldom attained at St. Andrew's. A combination of competent rookies and capable veterans gave the team a quick and lethal forward line and a constantly stalwart defence.

To label any member of the team as the best player would be doing a grave injustice to the rest of the side. However, an M.V.P. was chosen, and Nick Hally was the recipient. In his third season in the nets, he demonstrated the skill necessary to keep the team on top.

Our first contest of the season against Pickering College (7-0) gave the team confidence, and showed our capabilities as a team. For the rest of the season we were plagued with injuries, poor second half play and a subsequent decline in spirit. Our losses to Ridley College demonstrated the severity of our weaknesses.

Trinity College had weathered their schedule undefeated and faced what appeared to be a weak S.A.C. side for their final match. In this game we showed our true ability, dominating all aspects of play. We had reached the end of a season as a "team", a team to be proud of. How, though, does one judge a team: by the number of games it wins; by the number of goals its members score; or by the way its members play together? I think the latter is the most important, for what can one good player do on his own? He needs passes, or support, or defence; without this he does not reach his potential. It has been said that "United we stand, divided we fall." This is how you measure the ability of a team, by how well it can succeed with what it has been endowed.

I speak for the graduating members of the team in saying that this has been a most enjoyable and fruitful season, and I wish all returning members the best of luck next year. I would also as Captain like to thank Mr. Wilson, who did so much to make us a winning team.

## A STEP AHEAD



"BLANCH" TIP-TOES THROUGH THE TULIPS.





# L. B. F. MATCHES

## S.A.C. vs. B.R.C.

This was the first of the L.B.F. games this year, and we had to win to stay in contention for the much desired championship. The team was in top shape on a clear, warm Wednesday afternoon, and was, to say the least, unaware of the tragedy that was to befall it.

We opened the scoring after ten minutes — Mijares (a rookie import from Mexico) put the ball in after a short scramble in front of the net. Five minutes later, Mijares deftly slammed a slicing outstepper from eight yards out, past the Ridley keeper.

At thirty minutes it was Mijares again, counting for his third after another Ridley defence slip-up.

Ridley applied hard pressure in the dying minutes of the half, and scored with thirty seconds on the clock.

The second half witnessed a catastrophe that is the dread of any team. After fifteen minutes of the whistle the Orange and Black left-inside scored after a gross error on the part of our defence. 3-2 in our favour. Ten minutes remained. An identical play resulted in an identical goal. Five minutes remained. A short scramble on the right wing resulted in a breakthrough — Ridley is leading.

The remainder of the game belonged to S.A.C., but we could not score after terrific pressure on the Ridley goal. The whistle, the final one, blew, and we had lost a game in which we went from nervousness but mastery, to collapse in controlling the ball.

We had lost a game which we rightly deserved to win, after complete domination of the first half. With heavy hearts, we prepared for a tougher game against U.C.C.



## S.A.C. vs. U.C.C.

This year the S.A.C. First Eleven played against U.C.C.'s First Eleven: a game which had never before taken place, for the U.C.C. First Eleven plays in a different league than S.A.C., until this year. Their team was known to be a good one, but it was expected that this game would be a well played match, for the S.A.C. team was quite strong, and played the same style of game, emphasizing ball control and speed.

As soon as the first half began, it became apparent just how close the game would be. Both teams were evenly matched, and played good soccer. There were quite a few shots on goal by U.C.C., but the Saints' forwards could not seem to find the final ounce of strength to get off their shots on the U.C.C. net, although they held the play down in the Blue half of the field a lot of the time. The first half ended, therefore, with both teams deadlocked at 0-0, and fighting harder every minute for the goal that would surely end the game.

After half time, the onslaught began anew. After about ten minutes of play, a U.C.C. forward made a nice breakaway run, and scored. The Saints began to hit back because of this, but the forward line was just not on that day, and consequently little progress was made. The Saints' time finally ran out, and the game ended, U.C.C. 1, S.A.C. 0.

Although the Saints had lost, they were still quite pleased with the game, for it was the satisfying type of game in which two sides played good soccer. The Saints had good reason to be proud of their effort as many had felt before the game that it might well be a mis-match. The U.C.C. team had been heralded as one of the strongest school-boy soccer teams in the province. However, the U.C.C. First Elevens must be congratulated on their win.





## S.A.C. vs. T.C.S.

Having lost to both U.C.C. and B.R.C., the First Eleven were determined to beat T.C.S., a school which had a reputation for being weak in soccer. This year, however, was the exception to the rule: T.C.S. had a very strong team, and it had tied U.C.C. twice, (2-2 & 0-0), and had beaten B.R.C. 4-3. If T.C.S. could beat S.A.C. they would have an L.B.F. Co-Championship. This made the Saints all the more determined to win, and at the beginning of the game team spirit was higher than ever.

St. Andrew's took up the offensive and never relinquished it throughout the entire first half. Shots poured on the T.C.S. net, and the S.A.C. offensive kept the T.C.S. forwards neatly in check in their own end. By half time the score stood 4-0 for the Saints.

Rather than slacken off in the second half, however, as the Saints have been known to do in the past, the First Eleven were more determined than ever to go all the way.

However, the second half started slowly, with the Saints not getting the ball as quickly as they might have, and consequently the T.C.S. pressure resulted in a goal. This, rather than making the Saints lose their timing, as it had done in previous games, made the First Eleven all the more determined to get back at their foes. The game then took the upswing for the Saints, and two more goals were scored.

The final score, then, stood at six-one, and it could easily have been much higher. Goals went to R. J. Martin, (3), Jim Robson and Tony Mijares (2). The T.C.S. First Eleven, to say the least, had been badly beaten, as it was easy to tell by the expressions on their faces. It was a good ending to a fair season, and the whole team was pleased with their effort.



ANOTHER RED GOAL!

## STATISTICS

Pickering	7-0	Won
Bradford H.S.	3-2	Won
Aurora H.S.	4-1	Won
U.C.C. 2nds	6-0	Won
B.R.C.	3-4	Lost
U.C.C.	0-1	Lost
B.R.C.	0-5	Lost
Pickering	3-0	Won
T.C.S.	6-1	Won



A BOOT TO THE BALL AND A CHECK TO THE MAN.





# SECOND XI SOCCER



*Fourth Row: I. Jones I, Mr. Pitman (Coach), A. Gibb.  
Third Row: M. Johnston, S. Stewart I, N. Wilkie I, C. Carr.  
Second Row: D. Smart, M. Parrott, P. Depew, M. Honderich (M.V.P.)  
First Row: C. Jalkotzy, J. Harding, S. McAdam (Capt.), J. Lampel, A. Reed.*

## SEASON SUMMARY

By no stretch of the imagination can the Second Soccer Team season be called a success. We won only two games during the year and tied one, losing the rest and scoring very few goals.

The flaw in the team was perhaps in its inability to score. The forward line could not score goals, but I think credit for keeping the average of goals against comparatively low, must go to the halfback line, headed by Lampel. This line acted more on the defence than on the offense, and it was here that its effectiveness was felt.

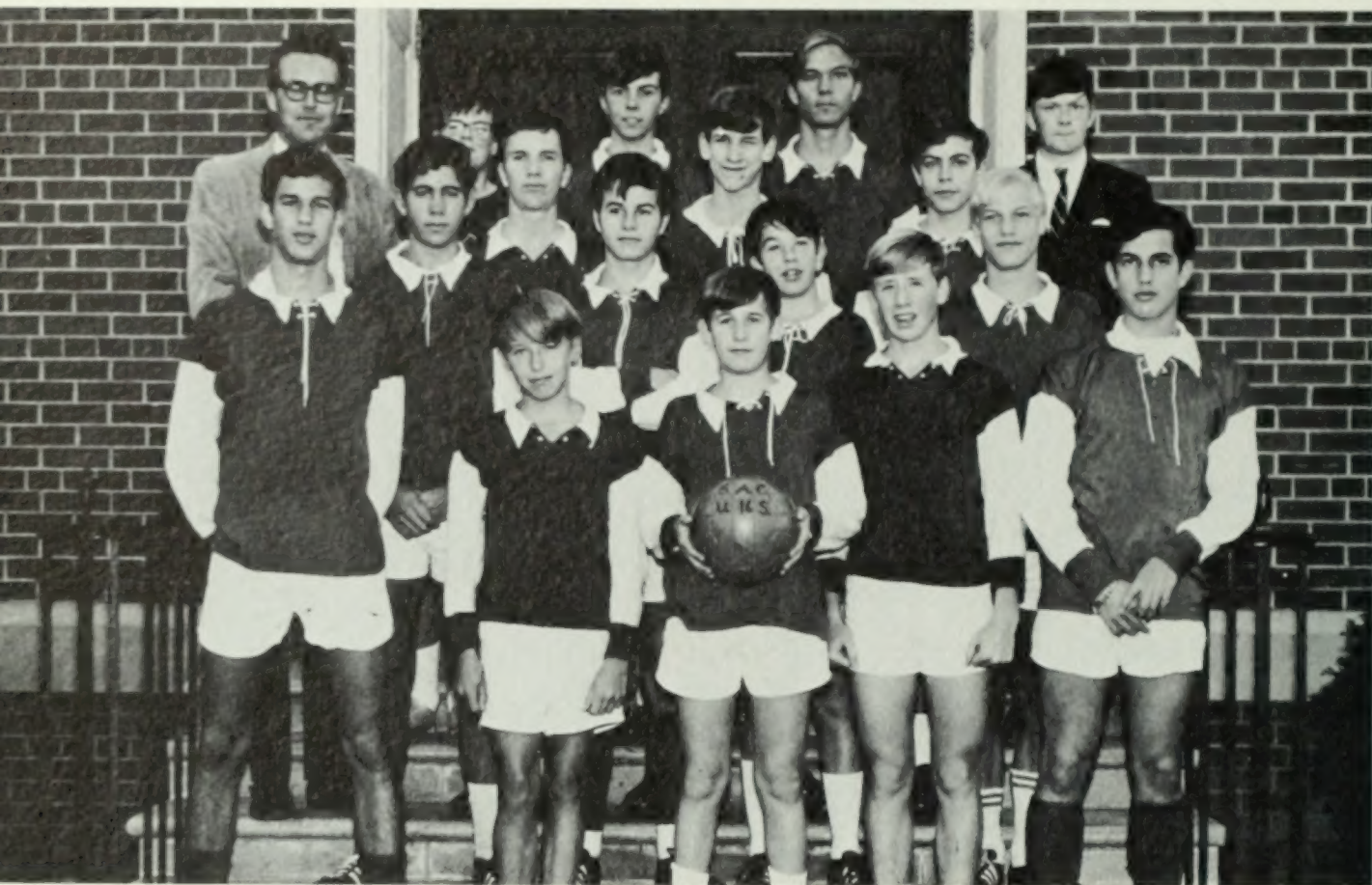
Mark Honderich was perhaps the member of the team who sparked the come-back enabling us to win our last game. He deserved the M.V.P. award, and urged the team on with "That little bit extra" which he always seemed able to muster.

The Second Soccer Team has usually been known for its spirit and ability to win games, as was seen during the last two seasons. However, both these assets were missing this year, and all we can hope for is that they appear in next year's team. Again, the team wishes to thank Mr. Pitman and Mr. Harrison, our two coaches, for all the effort they afforded us.





# UNDER 16 XI SOCCER



*Fourth Row:* Mr. D. Timms, D. Hally II, R. Francis, A. Addison, G. Noble (Mgr.).

*Third Row:* D. Sage, W. Kenny, P. Dales.

*Second Row:* M. Brownrigg (Capt., M.V.P.), I. Henderson II, C. Fairlie, D. Daly (M.V.P.).

*First Row:* S. Facey, F. McMulkin II, J. Davies II (Capt.), J. Dixon II, R. Lord.

## SEASON REVIEW



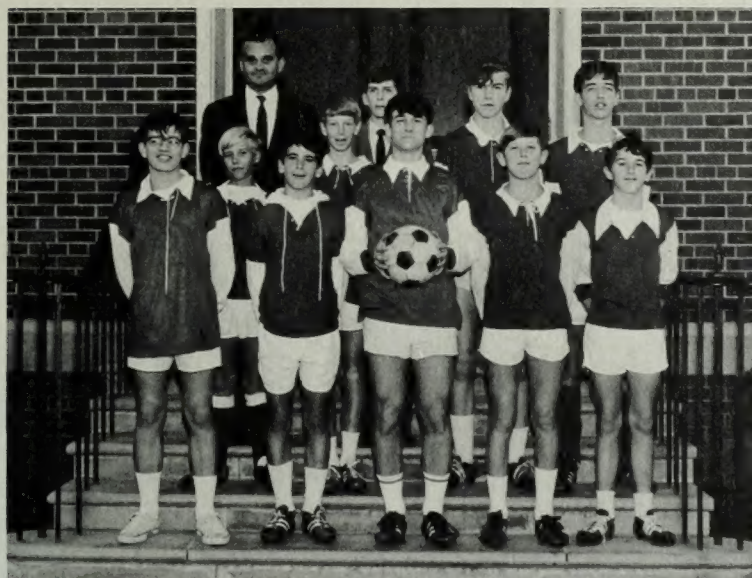
With only one member back from last year's team, the light-hearted but resolute Mr. Timms set about constructing a new team, and was highly successful. We had only 3 losses compared to 6 wins and 1 tie. Although the losses were L.B.F., we had nothing to be ashamed of, because each game was lost by the slim margin of only one goal. The team's morale was extremely high, and our ability to play as a team was always there, as isolated efforts were not required to win our games. Everyone played his best at all times, as the season ended with 20 goals for and only 8 against. We would like to thank Mr. Timms for his inspiring coaching, as well as Captains Jon Davies and Mike Brownrigg for their leadership and ability. Dennis Daly and Mike Brownrigg were the recipients of the M.V.P. awards.



# LOWER SCHOOL

1ST. XI

## SOCCER



*Third Row:* Mr. A. D. U. Inglis, D. Featherstonehaugh.

*Second Row:* M. Flemming I, J. Turner, J. Murrell, P. Healy.

*First Row:* M. Keech, G. Currie, A. Allan, T. Tyzcka, T. Stoate II.

*Absent:* J. Gray, A. Price.

2ND XI

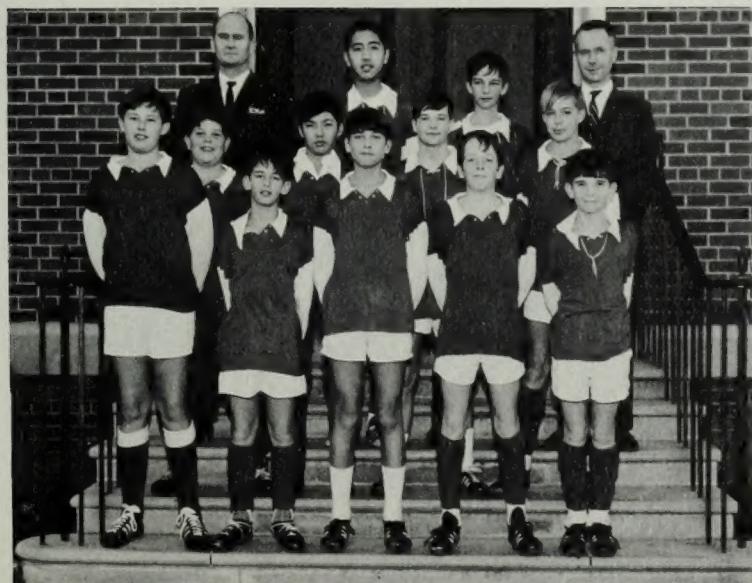
*Third Row:* Mr. R. J. Ray (Coach), P. Dobbin, C. Campbell II, P. McCreath, J. Peters.

*Second Row:* G. Little, S. Sturrock, F. Dalglish, B. Claridge.

*First Row:* M. Sanderson, M. Carter, M. Duder, H. Sifton, I. Ellis.



3RD XI



*Third Row:* Mr. R. C. Gibb (Coach), L. Lui, S. Fennell, Mr. T. E. Harrison (Coach).

*Second Row:* F. Bluestein, R. Leung, W. Kett, M. Jalkotzy II.

*First Row:* N. Long, D. Jones, R. Kline II, S. Herbinson, P. Fleming.

*Absent:* D. Cole.



# HEALTH SPA 1ST SESSION



*Fourth row: D. Gosse, Mr. G. West (Vic), M. Davis, D. Cameron II, G. Ralling, G. Leitch, B. Fallows.  
Third row: S. Krichew, W. Wright, G. Dobbin, M. King, G. Morris.  
Second row: S. Claridge I, P. Stewart III, J. Phair, D. Chen, R. Paulens I, D. Stewart II.  
First row: G. Edwards II, J. Hayes, C. Ross, A. Chang, J. McSherry, W. Doyle, C. Dixon I.  
Absent: L. Munroe I (Capt.), C. Lowery (M.V.P.).*

## BULLETIN

The Health Club this year enjoyed unrivalled success. In spite of the fact that this was the club's first year, we had an undefeated season as the result of an excellent conditioning programme and hard work. This conditioning programme was so effective that the club didn't suffer from a single injury all season. This activity is a St. Andrew's exclusive. It consists primarily of running, trotting, and walking around one of the school playing fields; interspersed with the usual calisthenics such as stride-jumps, push-ups, and "sit-downs". This programme's record shows its high standards, but its most important asset was that it was good, clean fun!

In spite of the hard work, the Health Club was very popular among members and non-members alike. It was so popular that some season members were "compelled" to sacrifice their positions so that boys from other lesser teams could join our ranks.

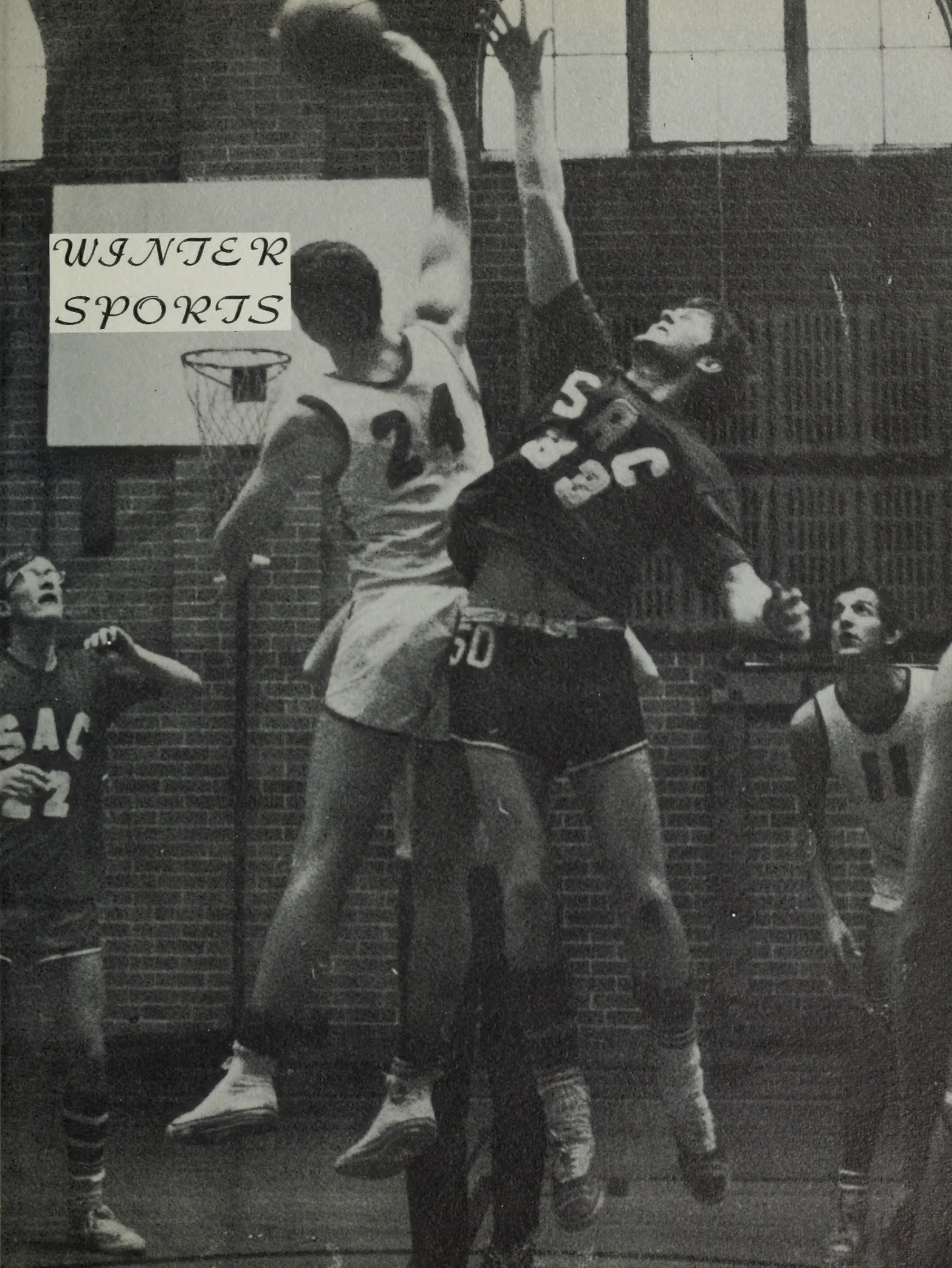
Special mention should go to McMulkin, who leap-frogged a hundred yards for a touchdown in our final game, and Munroe and Leitch, whose presence was always missed. However, of course, the bulk of the praise should go to "Vic" West, the inventor of the club's "revolutionary new concept" in conditioning. It was his perseverance and dedication that made the Health Club what it was. Once again, we thank the man responsible for the club, the one person to whom all members owe so much.



PHYSICAL FITNESS HAS ALWAYS BEEN ONE OF MY CHIEF CONCERNS.



*WINTER  
SPORTS*





# FIRST HOCKEY



*3rd Row:* Hally I, Ballard I, Martin I, Kitchen, Morton.

*2nd Row:* Sanderson I, Amell, Patchell, Anderson, Higgins I, Robson, Mr. Edwards (Coach).

*1st Row:* Ruse, Gilchrist, Love (Capt., M.V.P.), Dryden, Rutherford.

## SEASON REVIEW

To simply lose a hockey game or a championship is one thing, but to be expected to win and then lose is another. This is the only disappointing feature of this year.

In the words of Mr. Edwards, "The team probably was the greatest bunch of guys I have ever had the opportunity to coach. They did not win all their games but they gave their best at all times!" Having played on the team, I find that statement a greater compliment and reward than winning both leagues hands down. If the purpose of athletics in St. Andrew's College is to gain physical exercise and to enjoy oneself, this year's first hockey team came as close to being the ideal team as any other in the school's history. This year's team came to the unique point where two hour practices were enjoyable and something to look forward to, and a long ride in a school bus was fun. At least it is my personal experience, this has never been so before.

But of course, I must not simply say that we were simply out to have fun. We wanted to win just as much as anyone else, and we did win, unfortunately only to lose a few important but close games. We were engaged in two leagues: a high school league which we won; and a private school league which we lost. Later we went on to lose a semi-final game in a zone championship in our high school league. So immediately everyone concludes, since we lost the championship, the season wasn't successful. A year of 11 wins, 2 ties and 5 losses is not successful!

Reasons or perhaps what most people would call excuses, can be found. But I feel it's unnecessary to give reasons for our losses. I would rather praise our victories. The team would like to thank the school for its great support in all our games, but, if anyone is waiting for an apology for not winning everything, I'm afraid I cannot oblige them.



## GAME RESULTS

SAC	vs	B.H.	6-1	won
SAC	vs	Newmarket	9-3	won
SAC	vs	Huron Heights	5-1	won
SAC	vs	Grove	6-3	won
SAC	vs	Pickering	4-1	won
SAC	vs	Grove	2-2	tie
SAC	vs	B. H.	8-1	won
SAC	vs	Huron Heights	8-2	won
SAC	vs	Ridley	5-4	lost
SAC	vs	SAC (Old Boys)	2-2	tie
SAC	vs	Pickering	10-3	won
SAC	vs	Newmarket	9-1	lost
SAC	vs	Trinity	7-6	lost
SAC	vs	Upper Canada	5-3	lost
SAC	vs	Braemale	7-0	won
SAC	vs	Orillia	4-2	won
SAC	vs	Penetang	4-2	lost
SAC	vs	Appleby	6-2	won



# G.B.S.S.A. LEAGUE

Our greatest success this season came in the newly formed high school league. The league consisted of five teams including St. Andrew's and was one of two divisions of the Georgian Bay High School Hockey Association. The competition was for the most part inferior, as many high school teams lost players from their teams to city teams. It may be possible therefore for a team in the league to lose their three best players to a junior B or junior C team. Of course St. Andrew's was void of such a problem. Consequently, we finished first in the league with 7 wins and a single loss.

Perhaps playing in this league did more harm than good, as it may well have made us over confident going into the ISL games. The experience gained from these games certainly counter-balanced any possible over confidence, as would the single loss by a nine to one score to a team such as Newmarket.

As the statistics tell the story well enough there seems to be little sense to giving an account of each game, but two games do merit some mention — the two against Newmarket. The first game was completely one sided for St. Andrew's and was highlighted by a 4-goal effort by Tom Amell. One would think that the next game would be hardly worth playing — in fact it wasn't. Newmarket defeated us by a score of 9-1, scoring 6 unanswered goals in the final period of play. How or why we lost so badly remains a puzzle. But this fact alone seems to eliminate any suggestion of our over confidence in future games.



"PATCH" STARTS A RED RUSH

YAHOO . . .

I might just point out a few statistics, which ironically the Newmarket game emphasizes. Perhaps statistics do not always tell the truth, but these statistics do merit some mention. Taking the season as a whole, all 15 games included, the breakdown of each period shows an interesting trend in scoring and shots on net. Of the 327 shots on net in season play, 113 came in the first period, 129 in the second, and 85 in the third. Obviously our best period of defensive hockey was the third period, and our worst by a small margin, the second. Offensively the trend is similar. In the third period we scored 34 goals, while in the first and second, we scored 25 and 27 respectively. Not counting the Newmarket game, we again see that the third period was our best period with 14 goals against during the season, the second worst, with 18 against, and the first quite good with 15 against.

These statistics show that while we were able to get off to a relatively good start in each game and finish with an even more successful third period, the second period proved to be our downfall. Frequently, third period comebacks fell just short of recovering from second period lapses.

Undoubtably our worst hockey of the season was the G.B.S.S.A. tournament — the finals of our high school league. Having won the division very handily we were heavily favoured to win the tournament, but two games of hapless hockey were all we could produce. We defeated Orillia in the first game by a ridiculously slim margin of 4-2, but we lost the second game to Penetang, an equally inferior team by the same score. Unfortunately, they were inferior in talent, but far superior in spirit and drive. So ended a successful season in a dismal defeat.



# THE ISL

## PRESSING THE OPPOSITION

In the past decade, the closest the Saints have ever come to winning the private school hockey championship, now called the ISL, was in 1962-63 with a co-championship. This year's team was expected to gain at least the equivalent, if not win it hands down. We ended up tied for fourth place.

The first game was an away game against Lakefield — acclaimed as being the best coached and best disciplined team in the league. Bob Armstrong, a former Boston Bruin, coaches the Lakefield team, practically the identical team that beat us 9-1 last season. But this year we came out on top of a 6-3 decision, and probably one of our best played games of the season. Spirit was at a peak at this point, and everyone could sense a championship. But the game proved costly as Reid Dryden, an invaluable three year veteran was put out for the remainder of the season with a knee injury. It is also unfortunate that the game did not count in league play, and was merely an exhibition game.



### RIDLEY

The first season game was away against B.R.C., in the worst arena of the league to play in. With over 200 screaming fans forced to attend the game, it is difficult to think hockey. Playing nervously, perhaps too cautiously, we fell behind early in the game. Until the dying minutes of the game, when we closed the gap to a score of 5-4, the Saints always remained two goals behind. This game was a perfect example of a third period surge, which just fell short. Unfortunately, we couldn't seem to put the puck in the net. In the final two minutes we used 6 attackers, but no one could find the mark. There were also two disputed goals in the final period both against Ridley, but in both cases the referee claimed that the puck had not crossed the goal line. Some of us still feel that one of them did.

### LAKEFIELD

The first of three home games in a row was against Lakefield. The team that we had already beaten 6-3. This time we also had the advantage of home ice and a favourable crowd. However once again we lacked the necessary drive. We fell two goals behind early in the game, and again could not seem to get unwound until the final period.

We tied the score early in the third period, but much like the Ridley game, we could not seem to score the final goal. Despite the advantages and the opportunities that we had, the game ended with a 2-2 tie.

### T.C.S.

Two weeks later, T.C.S. came to Aurora to challenge the Saints. T.C.S. and S.A.C. had tied last year at T.C.S., and both schools had very similar teams as last year. The game would be, and was in fact, very close, as T.C.S. came out on the better side of a 7-6 score in a fast and high scoring game. The game could have gone either way in the third period, with the scoring turning into a sea-saw battle with T.C.S. out-scoring the Saints 4-3. Again the Saint's weakness seemed to be the inability to muster a strong second period. After getting a 3-1 lead in the dying moments of the second period, T.C.S. tied the score with two goals less than a minute apart. The third period was a frustrating 20 minutes of hockey as the Saints claimed that two T.C.S. goals were off side.

### APPLEBY

The final game of the season at Appleby was very anti-climactic as neither team had much to fight for. Perhaps the sole driving force in the game was that Appleby wanted to revenge their 4-2 loss last year. But their team this year was much weaker and the Saints gained an easy 6-2 victory. The game was a perfect example of what Mr. Edwards now calls "Carnival Hockey." The only real highlight of the game was Tom Gilchrist's well deserved 10 minute misconduct for calling the referee a 'meathead'. But it was a good way to end a successful season, and perhaps showed that our best hockey was played under "Carnival Hockey" conditions.

### U.C.C.

The third consecutive home game and second consecutive loss in ISL play, was against U.C.C. Although the Saints had no chance at this point of winning the league championship, they wanted desperately to beat U.C.C. and by doing so, give the title to T.C.S. or B.R.C. It was again a close game, as the score was 4-3 until late in the third period when U.C.C. scored an insurance goal on a breakaway. U.C.C. went ahead 2-0 in the first period, but the Saints tied the score before the end of the second. However, for the first time in ISL play, S.A.C. was outplayed for most of the third period, although they were only outscored 3-1. The game ended with a near brawl over a failure by the referee to call an obvious penalty, but the game was already out of reach, and U.C.C. defeated us taking another ISL championship.



# SECOND HOCKEY



3rd Row: Wong (Mgr.), McIver, Hutchins, Evans, MacKay.  
2nd Row: Mr. Coburn (Coach), Turner I, Casselman, Maynard, Yule,  
Carr (M.V.P.)  
1st Row: Dobson I, Martin II, Munro II (Capt.), Thom, Sara.

## SEASON REVIEW

If a team can beat Ridley at St. Catherines and U.C.C. anywhere, then they obviously had a good season. The seconds proved this year that they were a team and not a nut squad. We finished in second place right behind undefeated T.C.S. Our exhibition games were used constructively as practices. Because of this we lost in exhibition against Lakefield, Hillfield and Deveaux but when it was time to show, our teamwork rallied against U.C.C. and Lakefield. We also beat Ridley and Appleby. T.C.S. just edged us out 1-0 on a goal from the blue line, but their defence was strong and prevented us from scoring.

At the athletic dinner, goalie Cliff Carr was awarded the M.V.P. also Tony Wong was given an award for his devotion and hard work for the team as manager. Bob Thom was awarded a golden hockey stick autographed by the entire team for his many dedicated years to the second team under the leadership of Mr. Coburn who was very pleased with his success this year.





# THIRD HOCKEY



*3rd Row: Sawyer, Bradley, Wright, McCombe, Baker II, Hollingsworth.  
2nd Row: Mr. Kinney (Coach), Phair, Brickman, Hally II, Dobson II,  
Wakelin, Marshall II (Mgr.)  
1st Row: Flemming I, McMulkin II, Baker I (M.V.P.), Fairlie, Roots.*

## SEASON REVIEW

Since facts are the record of our achievement, let's start out by saying that we won 6, tied 1 and lost 3 games which is a complete reversal of last year's results. This success was due to the exacting direction and always confident support of our coach Mr. Kinney.

It is said that "new blood is good blood" but this year we had the advantage of the old and the new with Roots scoring many goals along with Dobson. Wright was a stalwart on defence and the results indicated the efforts of the whole team including Flemming "The mightiest midget of them all". It was a good year.





# MAC HOUSE "A"

## SEASON REVIEW



The Lower School "A" Hockey was quite successful this year. We finished the season with 5 wins, 1 tie and 1 loss. The first game that got us going was when we defeated Lakefield 6-2. We went on to play Ridley and were edged out 4-2. The T.C.S. game was very well matched and ended with an exciting 5 all tie. The best game of the season was when we defeated U.C.C. This was an upset for we had not won against them for quite some time. We went in with high spirits, and surprised them when it was 2-0 at the end of the first period. They got down to work however and at the end of the second it was 2 all. With some excellent goaltending we slammed in 3 goals and defeated them 5-2. That victory gave us a good season. It must be hard for a coach to take a group of boys our age and to mold them into a team and have a good season. When a coach does this, I think he should be mentioned and so we thank Mr. Skinner for devoting his time to us.



*Back Row: Metcalf, Higgins II, Bak, Housser, Martin III, Addison II, Mr. Skinner.  
Middle Row: Sanderson II, Boland, Currie II, Stephens II, McClintock, Sturrock.  
Front Row: Briethaupt, Jessel, Toogood, Duder, Allan.*



# MAC HOUSE "B"



*Third Row: Little, VonDiergardt II, Knowles, Warnica, Dalglish, Jolliffe (Coach).*

*Second Row: Fletcher, Cole, Kett, Empey, Macdonald III, Sifton, Gray.*

*First Row: Tames, Tyczka, Stoate II, (MVP) Duggan, Maclean III.*

## SUMMARY

"The balance sheet does not tell the whole story" — which is a short hand way of saying that although our team did not always score more goals than our opponents we profited from the training and encouragement we received from our coach Scott Jolliffe.

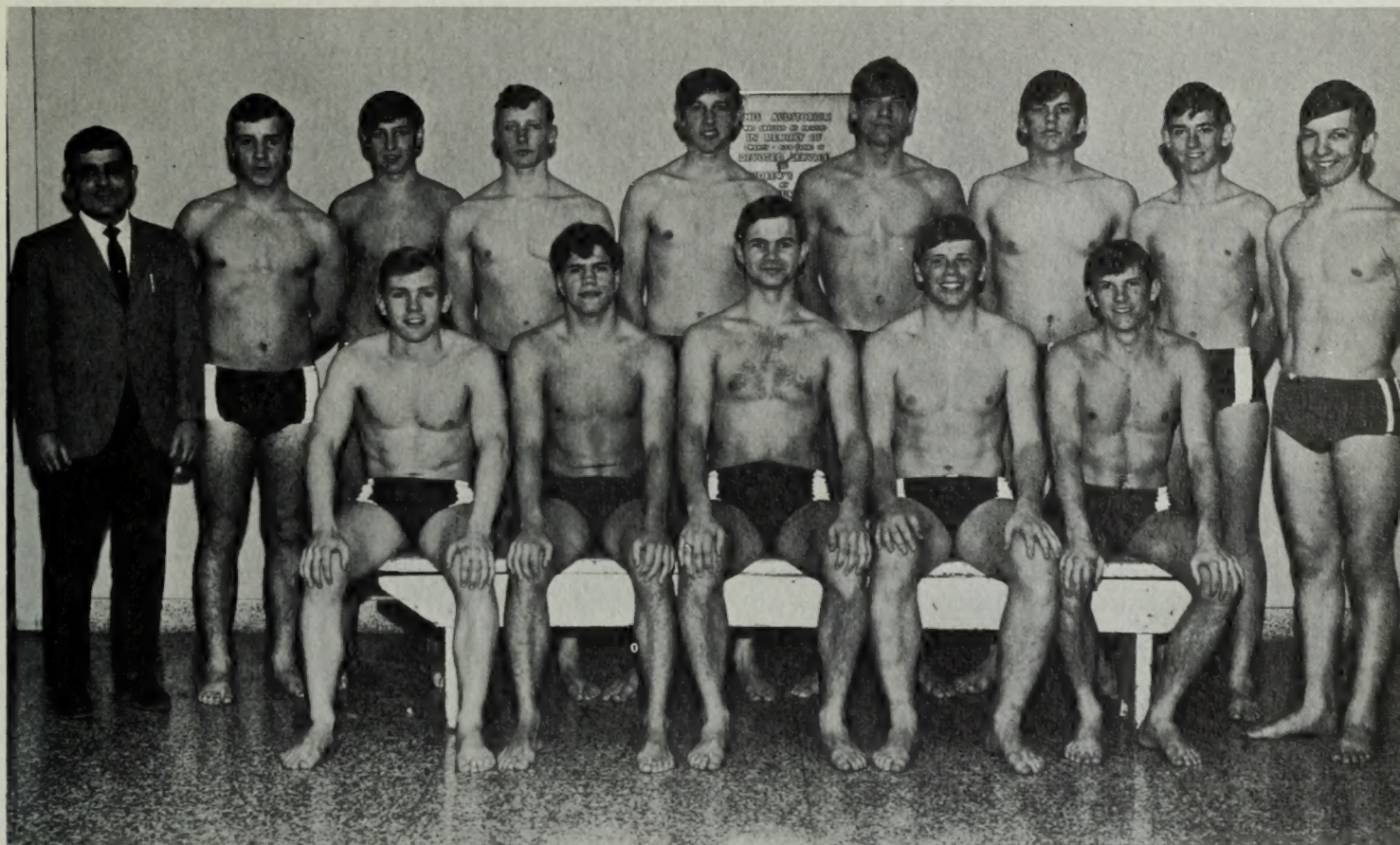
Some of the players were small in size but big in determination and always showed fine team spirit. We had exciting games against U.C.C., Appleby College, Pickering College, Crescent, and Ridley College. We would have been glad to have had more support from the members of the school than we received. We would like to convey our thanks to our coach Scott Jolliffe for his able coaching and leadership.

FOR THOSE WHO COULDN'T MAKE THE "B's"  
THERE WAS ALWAYS CURLING





# I.S.L. SWIMMING



2nd Row: Mr. Guggino (Coach), Walden, Ralling, Christie (M.V.P.), Morris, Kline I, Ratcliffe, Walker, Davis I.

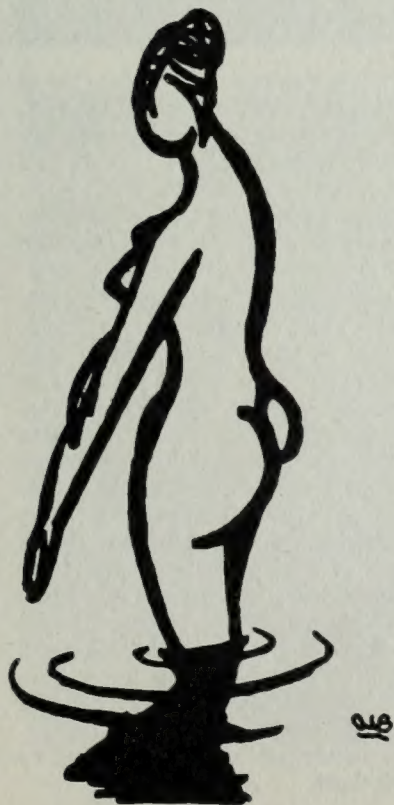
1st Row: Blanchard, Pickard, Jackson (Capt.), Wood, Roberts (Capt., M.V.P.).

WHAAAAT . . .

## SEASON REVIEW

Reviewing a championship team gives any Andrean pleasure; but for the swimmers, the memory is most pleasurable. In my five years of L.B.F. swimming, neither I, nor Chris Roberts, have seen a team work, train and sacrifice as much as this year's team. The team was relatively young and in a rebuilding stage compared to last year's powerhouse. Little hope of retaining the championship was felt around the school. The Swim Team felt that if extra effort and spirit was added, a miracle might unfold. With Mr. Guggino as a source of encouragement and desire, the team pulled together to win and retain its championship. Honourable mention goes to all, but in particular, to Dave Blanchard, Chris Roberts, and Blair Christie.

Lastly may I thank the school for their support at our finals. The team extends its gratitude to Mr. Guggino, the founder and builder of this championship team. The Don Maskel Trophy is for the second year in a row residing at S.A.C. I hope it never leaves.





# SEASON REVIEW

The season opened with a meet at U.T.S., a school known for its strong Swim Teams. We used the meet as a testing-ground to discover our strengths and weaknesses. Unfortunately, the rocket only rose a few feet, and we were eliminated by eight points.

Our next testing-ground was again in Toronto, at U.C.C. At this stage of the season we were shifting people from backstroke to medley, and from short to long distance. Unfortunately, we were shifting too much, and this resulted in a loss to U.C.C.

Our third meet was at Ridley, in their now infamous 25-yard pool. With few members lost from their 1968 team, and our inept turns, Ridley took the meet by 20 points.

Two meets down to their league competitors, the team realized that they must find a replacement for the "Super-Stars", who had carried last year's team to victory. Effort, desire, and participation became the norm. For the next few weeks, the team trained hard, and with added enthusiasm. New combinations, new relays, new divers, new schedules, new personnel, and new vigor brought the hopes of the defenders of the Don Maskell Trophy back to form.

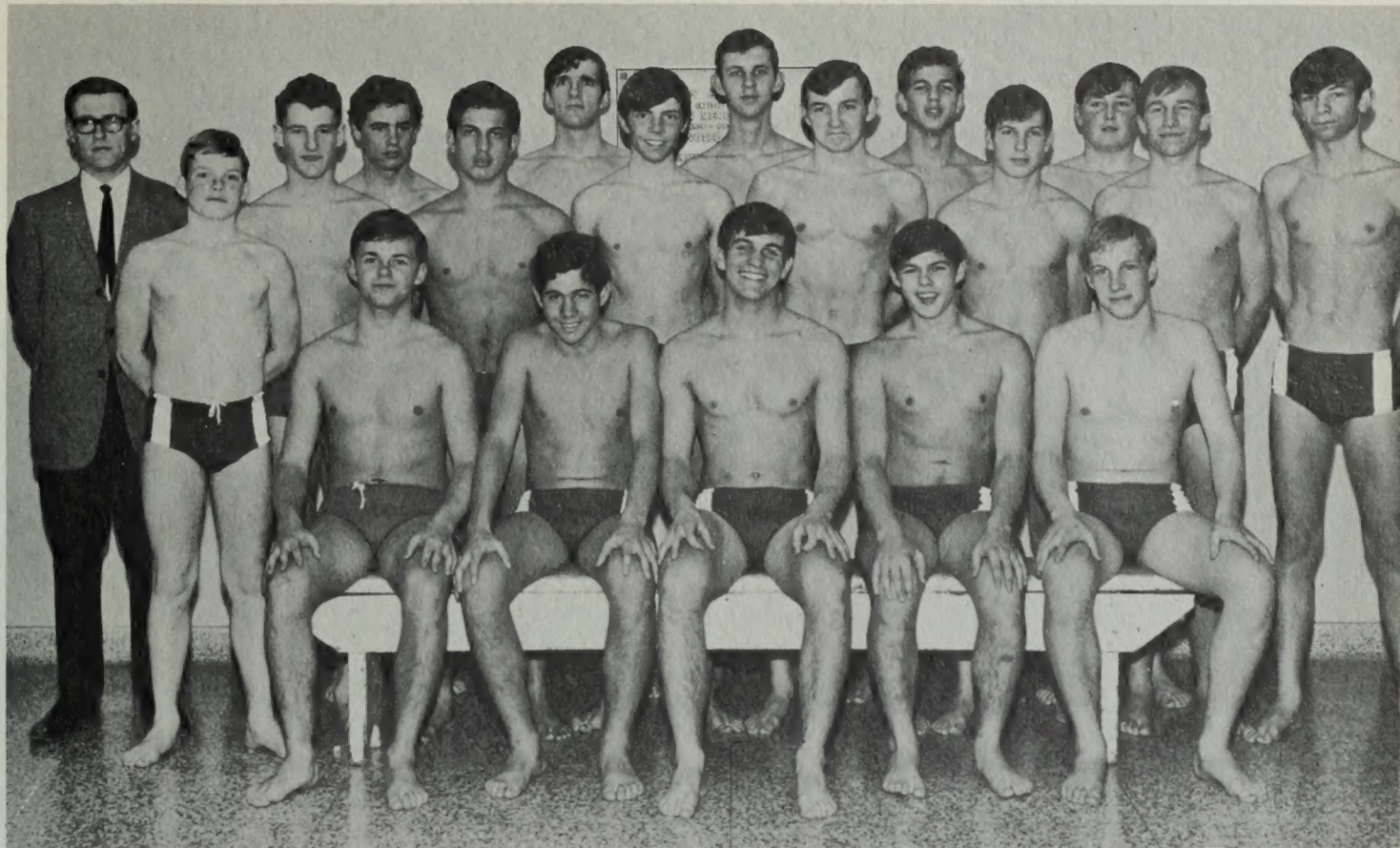


One might say that it was a new Swim Team that faced U.C.C., for the new combinations gelled, and the team defeated the arch-rivals by twenty points. Having learned that U.C.C. had beaten B.R.C., the team's spirit was even more, if possible, uplifted. This can be re-affirmed by the sound thrashing which T.C.S. received in our last meet of the season.

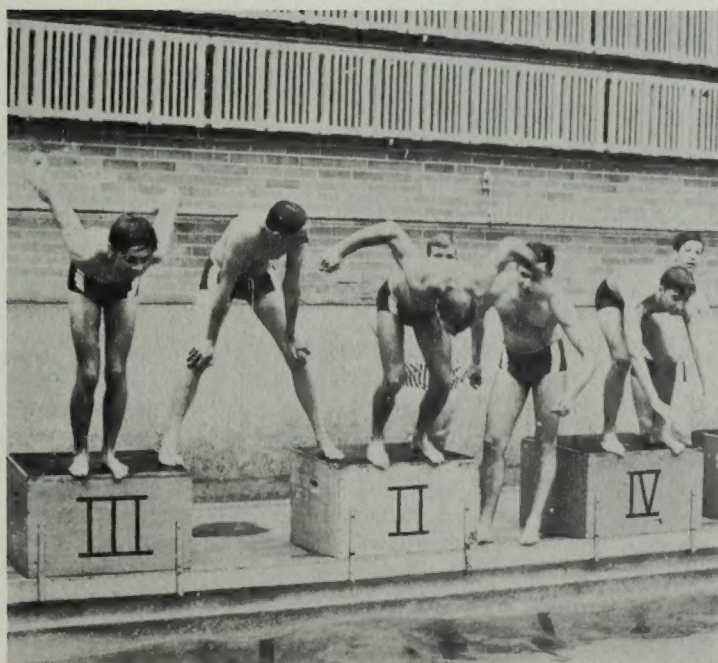
On March 8, the L.B.F. schools met at Castle Frank High School in Toronto for the Finals. From the very first race, the spirit which had been fermenting since after the B.R.C. meet began to get high. The medley relay team (Ralling, Roberts, Blanchard, Jackson) set the pace with an unexpected win. The lead from then on steadily accumulated as Davis and Morris placed 1 - 2 in the 200 yard event. Roberts won, in good style, the 50 yard breast-stroke, and Christie, the "Iron Man" of the team, took first in the backstroke and second in the individual medley. All-important third, fourth, and fifth placings were picked up by the remainder of the team. The final score, giving Saint Andrew's College the second L.B.F. Championship in a row, reflected the work, the drive, the desire and the team participation so important to any championship team.



# JUNIOR SWIMMING



*Back Row:* Ireland, Boyd II, Nobles, Facey, McMulkin I.  
*Middle Row:* Mr. Stephenson, Macdonald I, Lord, Francis,  
 Jameson I, Claridge II, Slee, Jameson II.  
*Front Row:* Davis II, Ballard II, Brownrigg, Levett, Koster,  
 Critchley.



Towards the end of the Fall Term, a meeting was held at Upper Canada College of all the L.B.F. Swim Team coaches, to discuss several new proposals for the coming season. The major change that resulted from this meeting was that future L.B.F. Swim Teams would not be divided into a Senior and a Junior category according to age, but rather there would be a First and a Second team, whose members would be chosen strictly according to ability. This ruling went into effect for the 1969 swim season.

Although on the surface this change may not appear to be a radical one, its effects may well be seen in the near future, for although the old Senior Team and the new First Team's composition will remain basically the same, the new Second Team may be flooded with older boys, who may replace any prospective young swimmers. In this fashion, the Swim Team may lose one of its greatest strengths, namely, that of having a depth of strength in young, upcoming swimmers; a lack of valuable swimming experience may also result. Therefore, although the new ruling indicates the growing popularity of swimming in L.B.F. schools, it may well lower the quality of the Swim Teams by eliminating prospective young talent.



# FIRST BASKETBALL

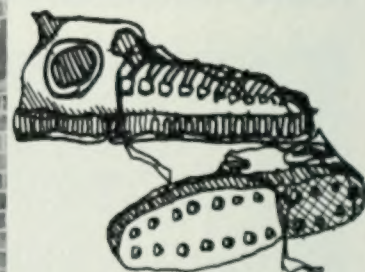


3rd Row: C. Dixon (Mgr.), D. Marley, Mr. Smith (Coach).  
2nd Row: G. Karrys, C. Edwards, R. Hurter (Mgr.).  
1st Row: D. Gosse, B. Marshall (Capt., M.V.P.), B. Skoggard.

## SUMMARY

If we compare this year's 1st basketball results to last years L.B.F. championship, one might say that this year's team was a failure. And yet, even though we won only two out of our five L.B.F. games, our overall record was one of 9 wins and 5 losses, two of the losses being within two points. I can go on to praise the individuals — Brian Wilson (before being kicked off), Charlie Edwards, John Murray, David Gosse and George Karrys, all for their offensive talents and Dave Marley, Bengt Skoggard and Brian Marshall for their defensive talents.

The first basketball team was lacking only in one thing, and that was desire. There was ample enough talent to make any coach happy, but the boys were not able to give of each other to form a working unit. With this spirit and unity the team could have treated Mr. Smith, to whom we are all grateful, to his second L.B.F. championship.



C'MON . . . SHOOT WILL YA!

S.A.C.	58	AURORA	50	won
S.A.C.	50	BRADFORD	46	won
S.A.C.	50	U.C.C.	47	won
S.A.C.	68	RICHMOND HILL	54	won
BRADFORD	77	S.A.C.	52	lost
PICKERING	62	S.A.C.	60	lost
RIDLEY	56	S.A.C.	55	lost
S.A.C.	70	MASTERS	42	won
S.A.C.	70	OLD BOYS	46	won
S.A.C.	45	HURON HEIGHTS	21	won
T.C.S.	94	S.A.C.	54	lost
S.A.C.	53	SUTTON HIGH	34	won
U.C.C.	70	S.A.C.	49	lost
S.A.C.	86	APPLEBY	63	won



### FIRST vs. U.C.C.

The first game with U.C.C. was played early in the season. In the second quarter the Saints began to pull ahead with Brian Wilson the leading scorer. At the half way mark, the Saints were leading 25 - 17. U.C.C. began to catch up in the third quarter but the Saints overpowered them to win 50 - 47 — Brian Wilson scored 27 of our points.

In the second game which was played in the closing days of the season the scales were tipped in the opposite direction. While injuries hampered the Saints, U.C.C. came up to win 70 - 49.



### FIRST vs. TRINITY

The Trinity team rallied to an early strong lead which they carried throughout the entire game. The Saints gained a bit during the second half but this was two quarters too late. But even so Trinity managed to gain only 8 points in the second half although the game gave them the L.B.F. championship.

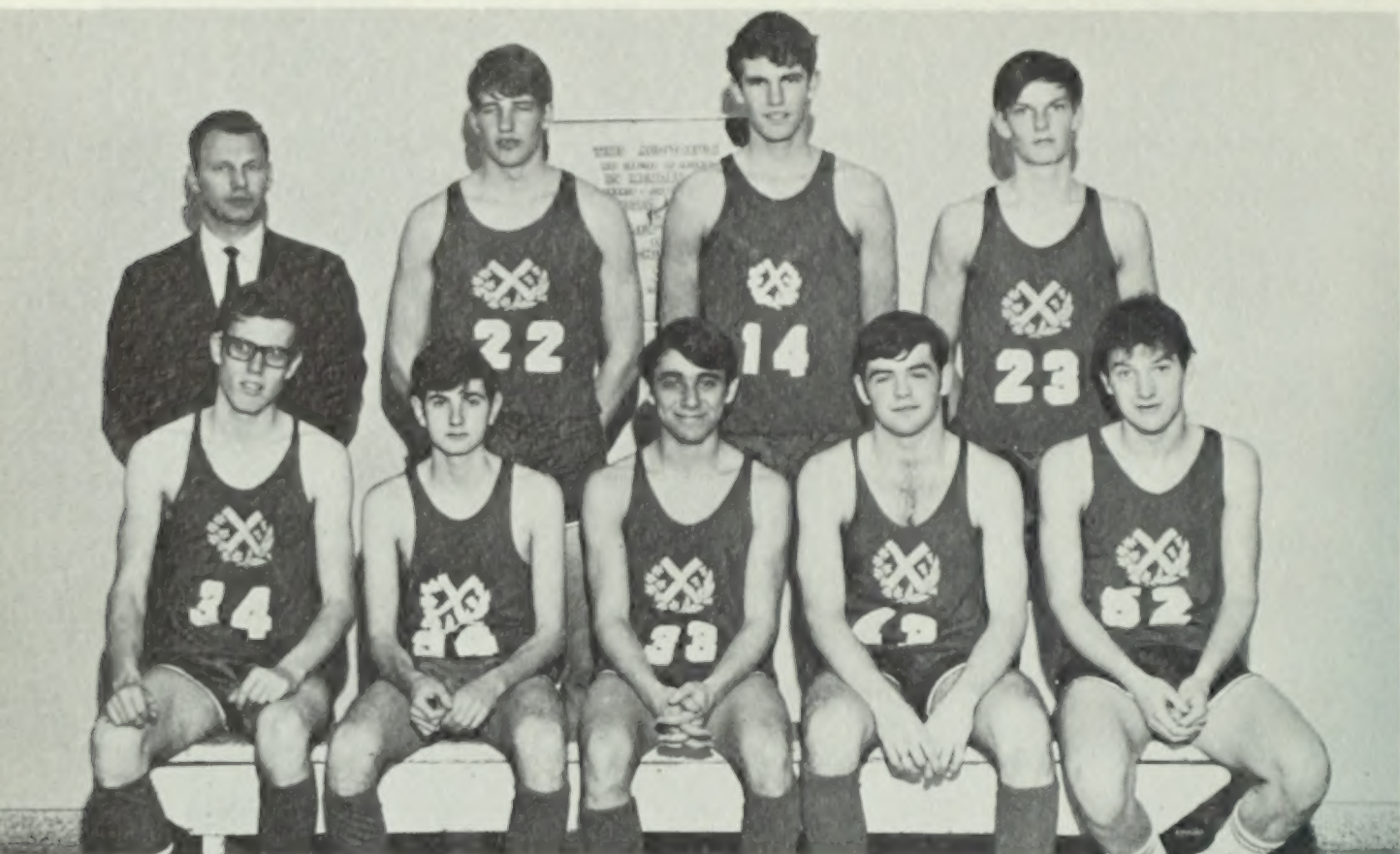


### FIRST vs. RIDLEY

The game went at a very fast pace and the Saints were ahead by 13 points at the half time. With an unusually high number of fouls, the Saints lead diminished and the game was tied until 30 seconds were remaining in the half when Ridley came two points ahead. Despite a close basket with 5 seconds to go, the Saints left Ridley defeated.



# SECOND BASKETBALL



2nd Row: Mr. West (Coach), Pennal (M.V.P.), Robertson, Manchee  
1st Row: Radford, Westcott I, Rapai, Currie I, McAdam (Capt.)

## SUMMARY

Oh Wow! Dynamite! West's Whompers come through again (almost).

As we strode on to the floor our team was willing and able to crush the opposition, but "they" wouldn't co-operate. Perhaps that's the reason we got squeezed out from the championship title, which we so richly deserved. On the I.S.L. front, we lost only one out of five games played, downing such rivals as U.C.C. 37 - 30, T.C.S. 68 - 23 and Appleby 51 - 11.

### Stars

"Stevo" McAdam pressed a sizzling game against the Bradford defence pouring 21 points.

Hungry Hans Raps (Rapai) dazzled the fans with his centre court Kamakazie followed by a lashing layup.

Captain, Peta Star (PENNAL), after many arduous hours of practice, perfected his now infamous "sleeper play".

Robertson, the **MOST IMPROVED PLAYER (M.I.P.)**, managed to keep down the opposition's score to a minimum by getting in the way of many shots.

Mr. West was responsible in no small part for the team's excellent showing with respect to the I.S.L. Without his valuable help in strategy and plays, our win-loss column would have surely taken on a much grimmer aspect. The team extends its thanks.





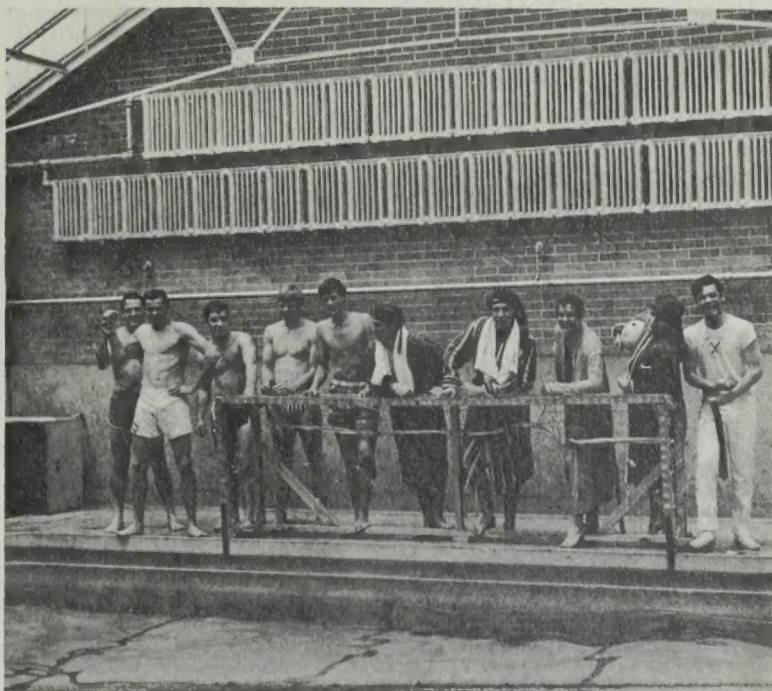
# THIRD BASKETBALL

## SUMMARY

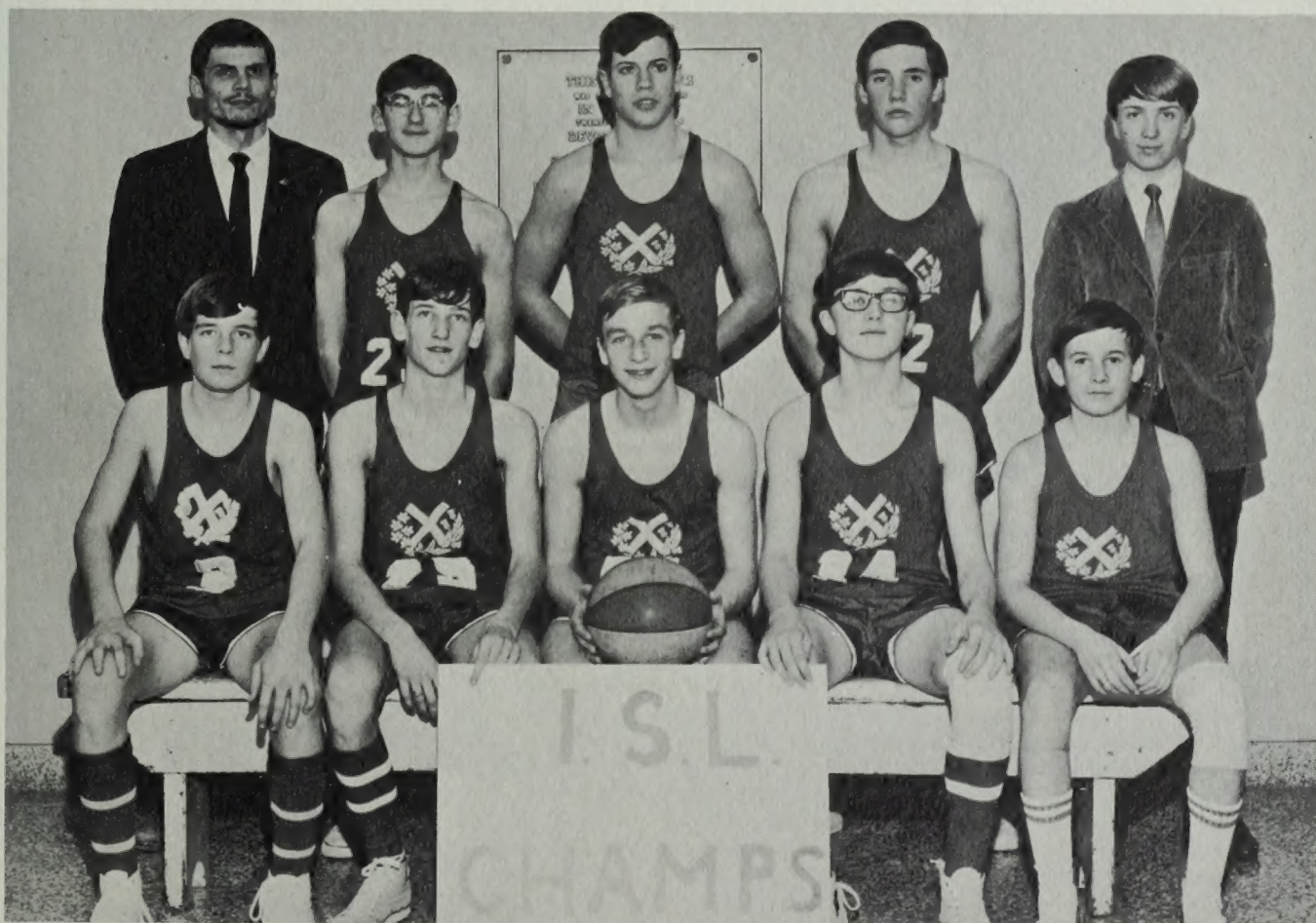
The 3rd Basketball had an excellent season this year. They retired at the end of the season undefeated. In doing so they won the I.S.L., the first time since 1966.

The scoring for the year was lead by Bryson Kilpatrick with 116 points, followed by Robin Wilkie with 105.

The toughest and the deciding game for the I.S.L. was the T.C.S. game. We realised by watching T.C.S. warm up that it was going to be a tough game. At the end of the first quarter T.C.S. was in the lead 14-10. By half time we were a little worried, with the score 23-22 in their favour. The third quarter was the roughest as we outscored them by only one point which made the score 26-26. Realizing this would have to be "it," we went in confident that we could do it. With two seconds left in the game, we were winning by two points and Wallace Kenny had a foul shot. He made it to make the score 39-36. Bryson Kilpatrick led the scoring in the game with fifteen points.



*Wallace IS everywhere!*

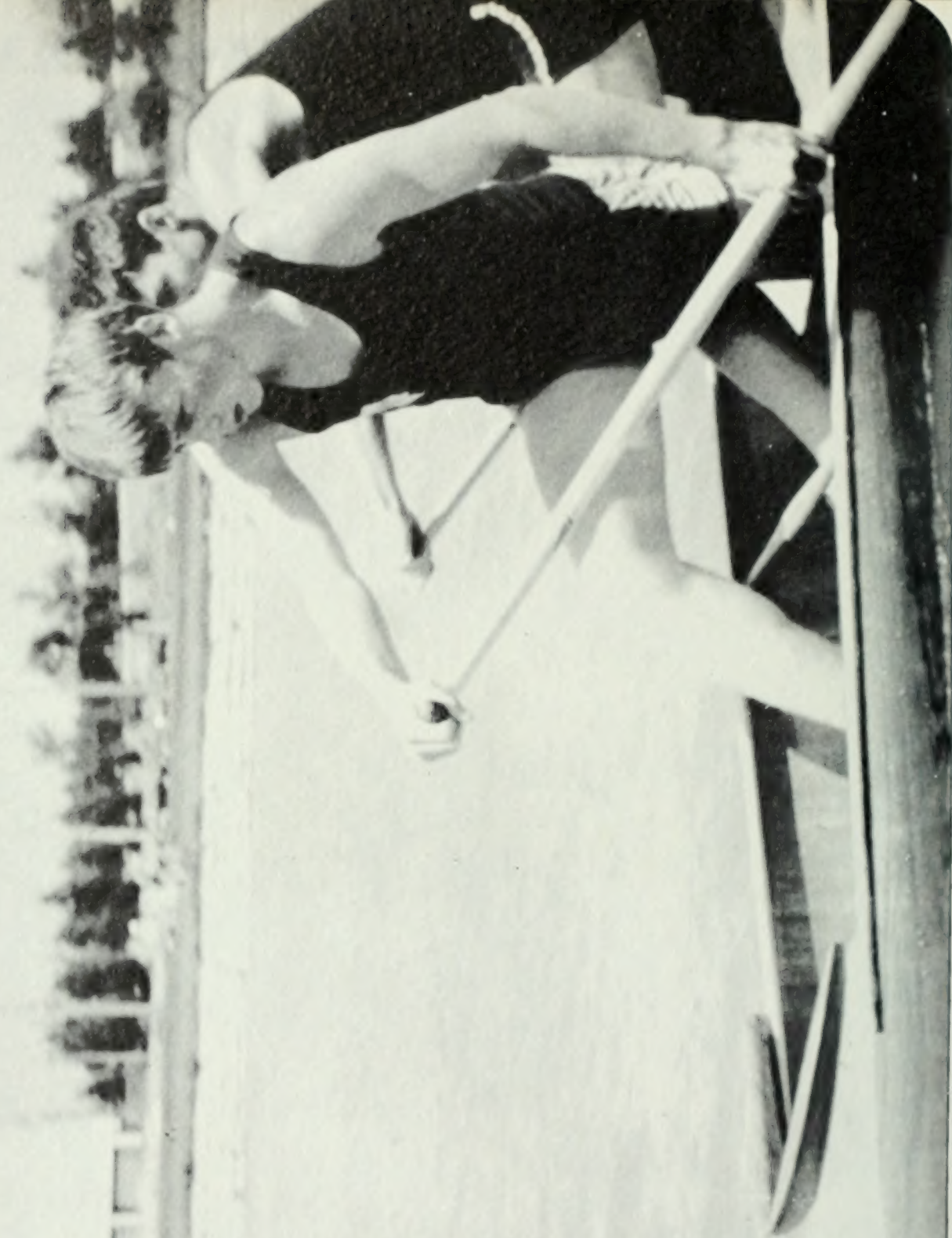


*2nd Row: Mr. Froese (Coach), Westcott II, Mijares, Bryant, Dunster (Mgr.)*

*1st Row: Kilpatrick, Kenny, Wilkie II (Capt., M.V.P.), Hogg, Davies II.*



JOHN WOOD: MEXICO OLYMPICS: 1968



*SPRING SPORTS*



# OPEN RUGGER 3RD YEAR VICTORIA SQUARE CHAMPS



*Second Row: C. Edwards, R. Campbell, Mr. Stoate,  
D. Pickard, D. Martin.*

*First Row: P. Higgins, P. Kitchen B. Wilson.*

King	13-0	Won
Barrie North	3-0	Won
UCC	6-5	Won
TCS	15-8	Won
Thistletown	13-3	Won
Old Boys	18-8	Won
Appleby	13-11	Won
Pickering	23-0	Won
Oakwood	16-3	Won
TCS	0-3	Lost?
Old Boys	21-0	Won
Eastview	16-0	Won
Peterborough	16-3	Won
Thistletown	8-3	Won
Lindsay	18-10	Won

## SEASON'S REVIEW

Coaching has always been an important facet of any successful athletic undertaking. Perhaps more so than in any other sport at St. Andrew's, the calibre and experience of the coaching in rugby has been shown by this year's Victoria Square Championship Open Team. If one were to consider all the time and effort that has been expended in the training of the rugby teams it would be little surprise to forecast more championship teams. To Mr. Stoate and the other coaches little can be said except "Thank you!"

This year the Open Team trained longer and harder than any other team to date. Rewarded with a championship at Victoria Square, the team must be congratulated on their unhalting effort. Due to the postponement of the May tournament the team had to train through the exams. On June 8th, the "Opens" upheld the now established

"tradition" of winning the "All Ontario".

It should be stressed that the eligibility of all players to play in the Senior Division indicated not only the calibre of play on the part of the Open Team members but indeed of all St. Andrew's rugby players.

To the Seniors who offered very good competition and support in times of injury the Opens owes its thanks. Without such a team to play against day after day, our training sessions would have been much less fruitful.

Rugger is a sport which takes not only good physical training but also needs the fundamentals of close teamwork. To all those who played and coached, or will be playing next year, another All Ontario Championship team can be produced if the fortitude as shown by this year's team is exhibited.



# KING CITY CHAMPIONS - 2ND YEAR



*Third Row:* C. Edwards, C. Carr, G. Kline, S. Munro, B. Anderson, D. Martin.

*Second Row:* B. Skoggard, Mr. Storate, A. Wong, D. Pickard, B. Levett, R. Huter, P. Higgins.

*First Row:* R. Campbell, P. Kitchen, B. Christie, B. Wilson, D. Morton.

## SENIOR RUGGER

Starting the season slowly the seniors suffered defeats against King City, Thistletown, and Oakwood. The play was sloppy as we were unable to muster good team work. But then came U.C.C. We entered the game thinking that there was little chance of beating the powerful Upper Canada team but we were determined to do our best. Surprisingly it was good enough to bring us our first victory of the season. Each individual contributed his best to a fine team effort and to a game won almost entirely on determination. Things were looking up. During the next few games, however, we fell back into the rut of playing as individuals. We beat T.C.S. in the S.A.C. Invitational Tournament but went on to tie Ridley and lose to both Thistletown and U.C.C.

All St. Andrew's teams were affected by the postponement of the Ontario finals at Victoria Square and with a very poor practice the day before the tournament, we were rather pessimistic of our chances. But on the day the team came together once again. Our first two games were the best we had played all season, as we defeated Parry Sound and Peterboro. A four hour wait somewhat cooled our fervour and we lost in a poor showing against Cedarbrae in the quarter finals.

Our efforts this year at Victoria Square proved us to be more than a 'farm team' for the opens, and provide for a promising future.

## JUNIOR RUGGER

The junior rugby team began the season with a slow start at the King tournament. We gained a single victory compared to two defeats. Also during this tournament in the third game we suffered two costly injuries when Mark Jurychuk broke his collar-bone and George Rapai fractured his leg, both within one minute! Three days later a rather depleted team met U.C.C. and, not surprisingly, lost.

But after a week of reorganizing and refilling a few vacancies, we swamped Oakwood 11-0 and clobbered the Ridley Senior team 8-0. !! With a few wins behind us and with sky-rocketing spirit boosted by our Ridley upset, the juniors eagerly awaited the St. Andrew's Invitational Tournament.

The day of the tournament came and we started the day off well by soundly defeating T.C.S. and Thistletown. Unfortunately we ran out of steam and narrowly lost to U.C.C. for a second time, placing second in the tournament.

The postponement of Victoria Square also proved to be costly to the junior team. Without any really serious and fully attended practice before the tournament (since some people were all ready while others had just finished exams), we were put out of contention very early in the day. But Victoria Square was just one small part of a very enjoyable and overall successful season.



# BANTAM RUGGER



*Second Row: C. Crosbie, D. Cameron, L. Dobson.*

*First Row: R. Wilkie, A. Price, D. Daly, J. Davies, I. Hogg.*

The bantam rugger team is usually made up from a young group of enthusiasts who begin the season knowing next to nothing except that it looks like fun and that they are bored to death with cricket. This year's team was no exception. Our first real experience in the game was at the King Invitational Tournament. We won our first game against Oakwood by a 3-0 score. Later on in the day Trinity defeated us knocking us out of contention for the championship.

As competition at the bantam level is difficult to find, our next series of games was at the tournament hosted by St. Andrews. Although we only won one game, the experience gained from the tournament was invaluable. Some of our team mates also benefited from the opportunity of playing with a team from Thistle town badly in need of players.

If nothing else of importance was gained from the short season of not enough games, we all truly learned the value of playing as a team rather than as a group of individuals. Rugger is more of a team sport than perhaps any other sport St. Andrew's offers.

# JUNIOR RUGGER

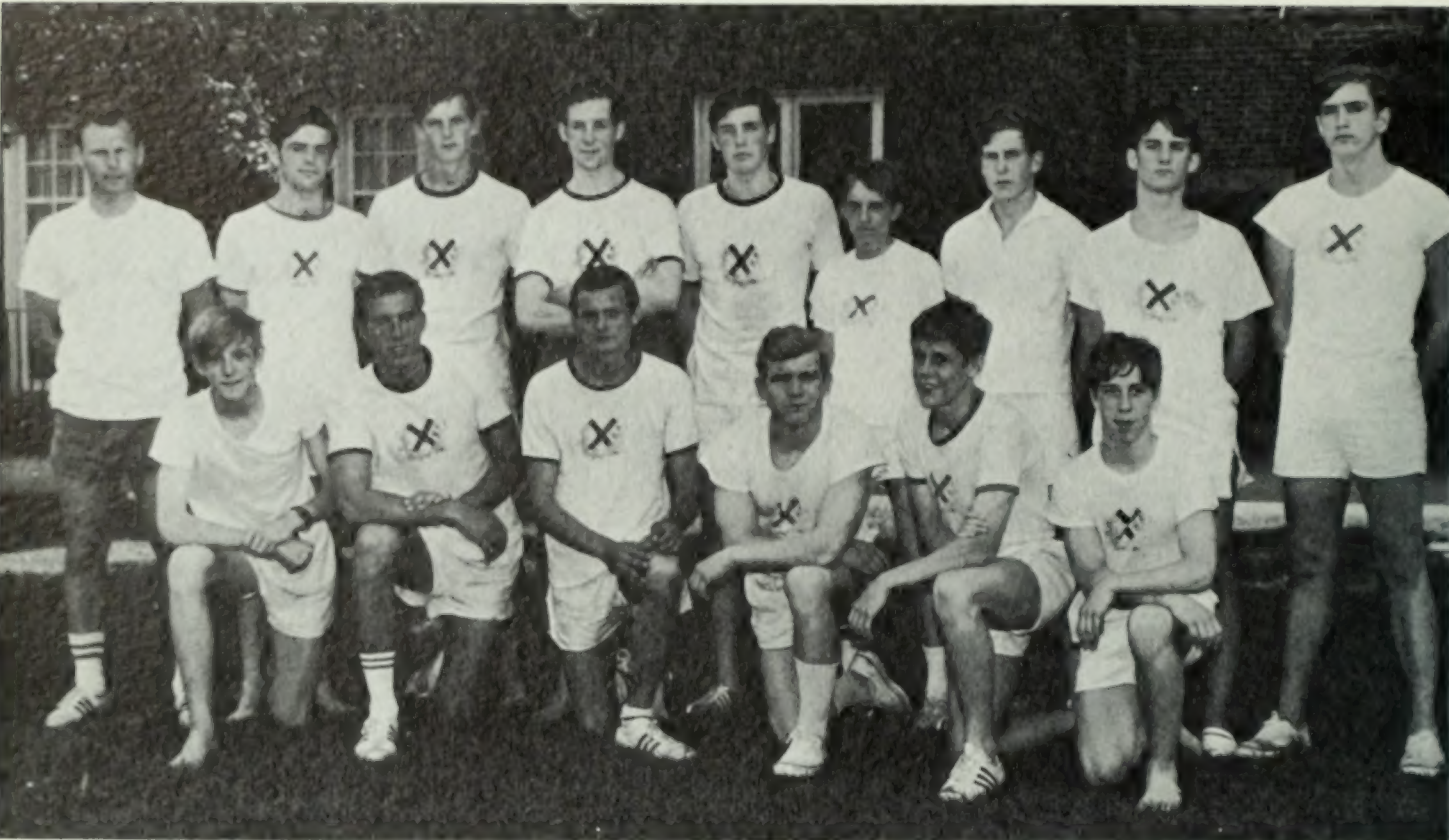


*Second Row: W. Boyd, A. Mijares, J. Wakelin, E. Startup, R. McCombe, M. Higgins, R. Boyd, I. McBryde.*

*First Row: W. Schmalz, I. Smith, J. Lampel, M. Yule, A. Ballard, J. Ireland, J. Brickman.*



# TRACK & FIELD



*Second Row: Mr. West, J. Currie, P. Manchee, S. Hart, T. Bryant, G. Edwards, B. Claridge, A. Allan, T. Carter*

*First Row: C. Campbell, N. Smith, R. J. Martin, D. Blanchard, J. Sara, R. Mackenzie*

## SUMMARY

This year's team certainly proved that the enthusiasm for track and field was not fading at St. Andrew's. The team, which was small yet effective, showed its strength in all the meets it entered this year. After cadets, our athletes went into a fairly vigorous training programme, not only hurrying to put themselves into shape, but trying to adjust to the spongy track as well. After two minor tri-meets at the beginning of the season, we met our traditional G.B.S.S.A. zone rivals, Markham, Pickering, and Stouffville, and for the first time won the division championship. We soon discovered that although the team was not multi-talented, its calibre in its own events was excellent. In the G.B.S.S.A. finals at Orillia the team held its strength against all the schools of the zone, with R. J. Martin, Radford, Robson and Allan all sprinting their way to the Ontario finals at the C.N.E., on May 30th and 31st. A most outstanding effort for SAC at the finals was made by R. J. Martin who tied an Ontario record by running the 100 yard dash in 9.8 seconds in his first heat. During the finals of the event, he placed second in Ontario with a 9.9 finish. R. J. certainly deserves to be greatly congratulated for his fine effort.

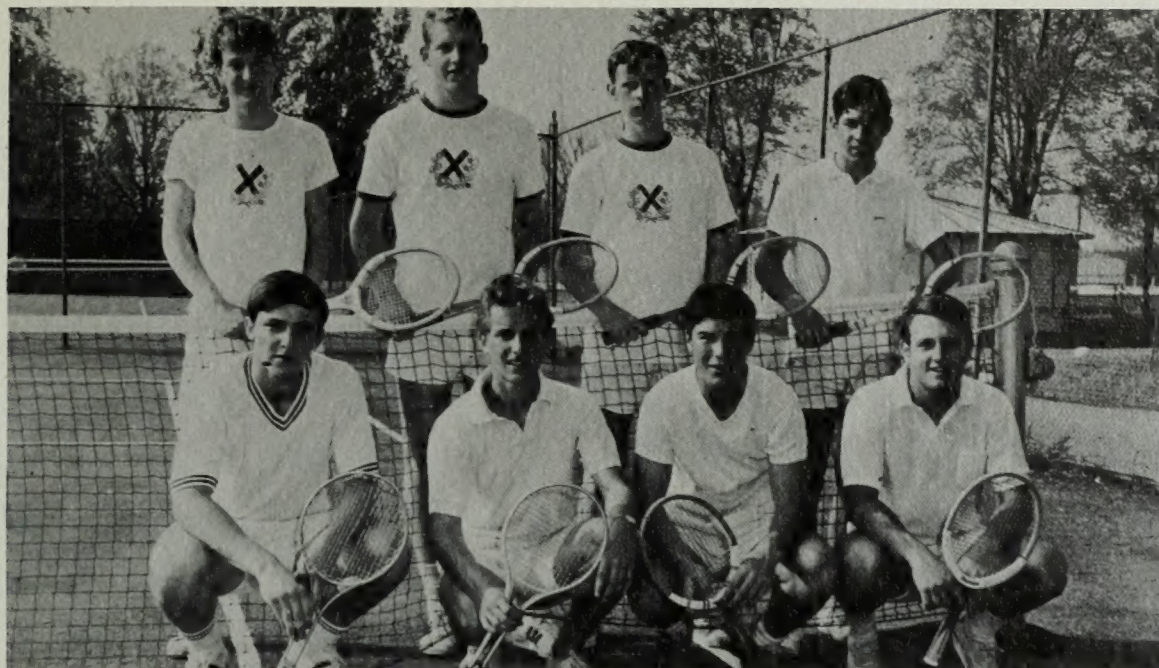
Also, late in May, St. Andrew's hosted the annual Independent Schools Meet, in which eleven representative teams participated. Again our small but specialized team did well, especially in short distance running and field events, finishing third in overall standings.

There was a marked increase of enthusiasm in track and field this year, with our small but powerful team proving its excellence. It was a strong foundation which, with the addition of more field men and long distances runners, could find itself amongst the best in Ontario in future years.





# TENNIS TEAM



*2nd row: S. McAdam, S. Munroe, D. Marley, M. Brownrigg.  
1st row: T. Amell, J. Maynard, A. Sanderson, T. Gilchrist.*

## SUMMARY

This year's Tennis Team started off the season on a very optimistic note. The entire team was composed of veterans, who had at least one year of L.B.F. play to their credit.

The first few tournaments of the season proved this, as the weak teams from Hillfield and Lakefield were decisively beaten.

The next tournament, however, was with U.C.C., a school which has always been strong in tennis, and the team suffered its first defeat. None of the team members were seriously disappointed by this reversal though, as the U.C.C. team had used the same players for both singles and doubles matches, and the general consensus was that if U.C.C. had used their entire team the result might well have been different. This tournament also gave the Tennis Team a first glimpse of the opposition it would face in the L.B.F. Finals, and it was easy to see that the finals would be a well-fought duel.

The tournament held at Ridley was a disappointment; the top four Ridley players had been sent to another school to compete that day, and as a result the S.A.C. players faced a very weak team, whom they easily disposed of. This tournament was not only a disappointment in that poor tennis was played, but also in that the S.A.C. team did not get to see what Ridley's team were really like before the finals.

The last tournament of the season was held at T.C.S., where the S.A.C. team tied 5 - 5, and unfortunately time ran out before the tournament could be concluded. T.C.S. had a very strong pair of singles players, but in doubles they were weak, just as every other school in the L.B.F. seemed to be.

With this knowledge in mind, four players, Amell, Brownrigg, Maynard and Sanderson, went down to U.C.C. for what turned out to be I.S.L. Championships, although Appleby, the only new school to appear, lost every match.

Competition was very tight, though, and when the day was done the scores stood U.C.C. & T.C.S. - 9 points, S.A.C. & B.R.C. - 6 points, Appleby - 0. The scores themselves show the even grounds on which the teams played, but T.C.S. were finally declared the winners, as they had beaten U.C.C. in 2 out of 3 matches that afternoon.

Although S.A.C. had not won, the School is particularly proud of the fact that Maynard and Sanderson, our doubles pair, were undefeated throughout the day, and earned the title of the best doubles pair in the L.B.F.

## SCHOOL TOURNAMENT RESULTS

SENIOR SINGLES —	J. Maynard	JUNIOR SINGLES —	M. Brownrigg
SENIOR DOUBLES —	T. Amell	JUNIOR DOUBLES —	M. Brownrigg
	A. Sanderson		K. Sawyer





# 1st XI CRICKET



2nd row: Mr. R. Wilson, B. Marshall, A. Evans, N. Hally, D. Mackay, B. Thom, G. Love.  
1st row: J. Percival, T. Ruse, G. Morris, G. Patchell, C. Cassleman.

## SUMMARY

The cricket season this year has been one of only mediocre calibre, but a third place finish in the Independent Schools League does some justice to our play. Luckily, the advent of fine weather for each match did not impede our progress as has been the story in the past. Our last match, against U.C.C. in Toronto, was played in a sweltering heat of over 90 degrees F. Through the experience of our coach, Mr. Wilson, many of the First XI have improved considerably in the last season and since it was a team upon which future cricket depends, this is most encouraging. Without his expert guidance and good patience, the spirit of the team would not have maintained as high a standard as it did.

Our game against the Toronto Cricket Club, although lost by a considerable margin, toned us down to some good batting in at least one of the L.B.F games — that against T.C.S., which was a most decisive win and most satisfying. The fielding in this game was above average and Casselman, who took three catches and batted 13 runs, and Morris and Patchell who bowled very consistently must be commended. The games against the weaker teams of Appleby and Lakefield were won by determination and a will to stay on top, which, although I am sad to say it, lagged considerably towards the end of the year, especially against U.C.C.

Although we did not win as many important games as last year, I am certain that with the experience gained this season both our bowling and batting will be of high standing in the I.S. League next year and I would encourage all the younger members of the team to show the same determination that they have provided in the past season.





## RIDLEY

It was truly 'cricket weather' when Ridley visited us for one of our most important matches of the season. It seemed as though the success of the entire season hinged upon this single game. Ridley fielded a powerful team, very much like that of last year which we had narrowly defeated. Unfortunately our whole team recognized their strength and we seemed to begin the game nervously and at a psychological disadvantage.

Ridley, winning the toss, chose to field first as we faced two of the best bowlers in the league. The first few wickets fell slowly but without scoring many runs. The Saints were saved from humiliation and supplied with some hope for victory by fine batting from Bob Thom who scattered 30 runs. St. Andrew's finished their innings with 69 runs hoping that it would be enough if supported with good fielding and bowling.

The Ridley and Lakefield games turned out to be almost identical. But this time we were the team that lost. Three Ridley batsmen were all that were required to top our 69 runs. It was a painful defeat, but we still had a chance of gaining a three way co-championship by winning the remainder of our games.

## U.C.C.

The last game of the ISL season was played on a very hot, humid day at Upper Canada. The game was important in that it meant a co-championship for St. Andrew's if they were to win, while a win for the UCC team would capture the triple crown for Upper Canada.

The toss was won by UCC and they decided to bat first. The game started off at a very quick pace with St. Andrew's being able to retire Upper Canada's first six batters for under 40 runs. The fielding for the first hour was excellent with Geoff Love making two catches, as wicket keeper. The bowling was strong and good length and SAC had the upper hand at this point. With seven wickets fallen, the red team began to lag. The fielding lost its sparkle and the bowling became erratic. The score slowly rose with wickets being hard to come by. Upper Canada's 9th batter was caught out with the score at 82 runs. Then a combination of poor fielding and bowling enabled UCC's tenth and eleventh batters to combine for 70 runs until they retired at tea with 149 runs. There was a great letdown in the team as four catches were dropped, each of which could have ended the innings.

Upon resuming the game with SAC at bat, the swift bowling of Heintzman and Phelan took its toll. Before the Saints could put a run on the score board, three wickets had fallen. Finally Hally was able to score, but, he too, soon fell victim to the quick bowling. Evans and Marshall were able to make the longest stand of the day, staying up for an hour and a half before Evans was put out by a nice catch by Gillespie of UCC. The two were able to put 30 runs up before Marshall was bowled by Phelan. The remaining batters were put out for very few runs although Casselman and MacKay were able to stay for 35 minutes almost gaining a draw. The game ended with UCC winning the Championship by a score of 149 - 53.



## TRINITY

Our hopes and spirits high, we travelled to T.C.S. on another almost too perfect day for cricket. Trinity and St. Andrew's seemed to be very equally matched teams and had thus far in the season identical records of two wins and one loss.

For the second game in a row, the Saints again batted first. Once more the 'meat end' of the batting order seemed to be leading us to a score far from safe. But Ted Ruse, recently acquired from the second team in a late season trade, sparkled in his first game with a confident 22 runs. The last St. Andrew wicket fell at a well earned 75 runs.

Our defensive game was paced by Greg Patchell's bowling as he gained 8 wickets. Undoubtedly our fielding was the best it had been all season with three good catches by Clair Casselman and a great one-hand grab close in by Brian Marshall. With less than twenty minutes to play, and with Trinity's best batsman still hitting well, Patchell bowled the eleventh man for the final wicket at 49 runs. This was easily our best game of the season considering the tough opposition we faced, and built up our hopes for the all-important game against Upper Canada.





# FIRST CRICKET



## LAKEFIELD

Our first home game was against Lakefield, another school new to the 'Independent Schools League'. Although a new member of the league, Lakefield was not to be underestimated as last year in exhibition games they tied us in the first game and defeated us in the return match. Our team seemed to possess almost the perfect amount of confidence for this game as we also had against Trinity. In our games against Toronto Cricket Club, Ridley, and Upper Canada the team was obviously nervous and seemed almost afraid and overawed by our opposition. However, confidence can only come through experience — something this year's team lacked but of course also gained.

Lakefield chose to bat first and managed to score a mere 42 runs. Our fielding was stable but the credit must go to the bowlers and to Gerry Morris in particular. Morris, by bowling out three batsmen with three consecutive balls, gained a 'hat-trick' which is an extremely rare feat for any level of cricket.

The opening three batsmen for St. Andrews, Love, Percival and Hally, were all who were needed to match Lakefield's score. Both our batting and our fielding in this game were very encouraging for future games. But we were expected to do well against the 'expansion teams'. The real test of our ability would be and was against the old rivals of Ridley, Trinity, and Upper Canada.



## APPLEBY

The first league game of the season for our comparatively young and inexperienced first XI cricket team was at Appleby. Last year, Appleby had not even fielded a cricket team, concentrating on other various Spring sports. But, with their recent entry into the 'Independent Schools League', they were obliged to form a team and prepare a field. Obviously it would be a good game for us to begin the season.

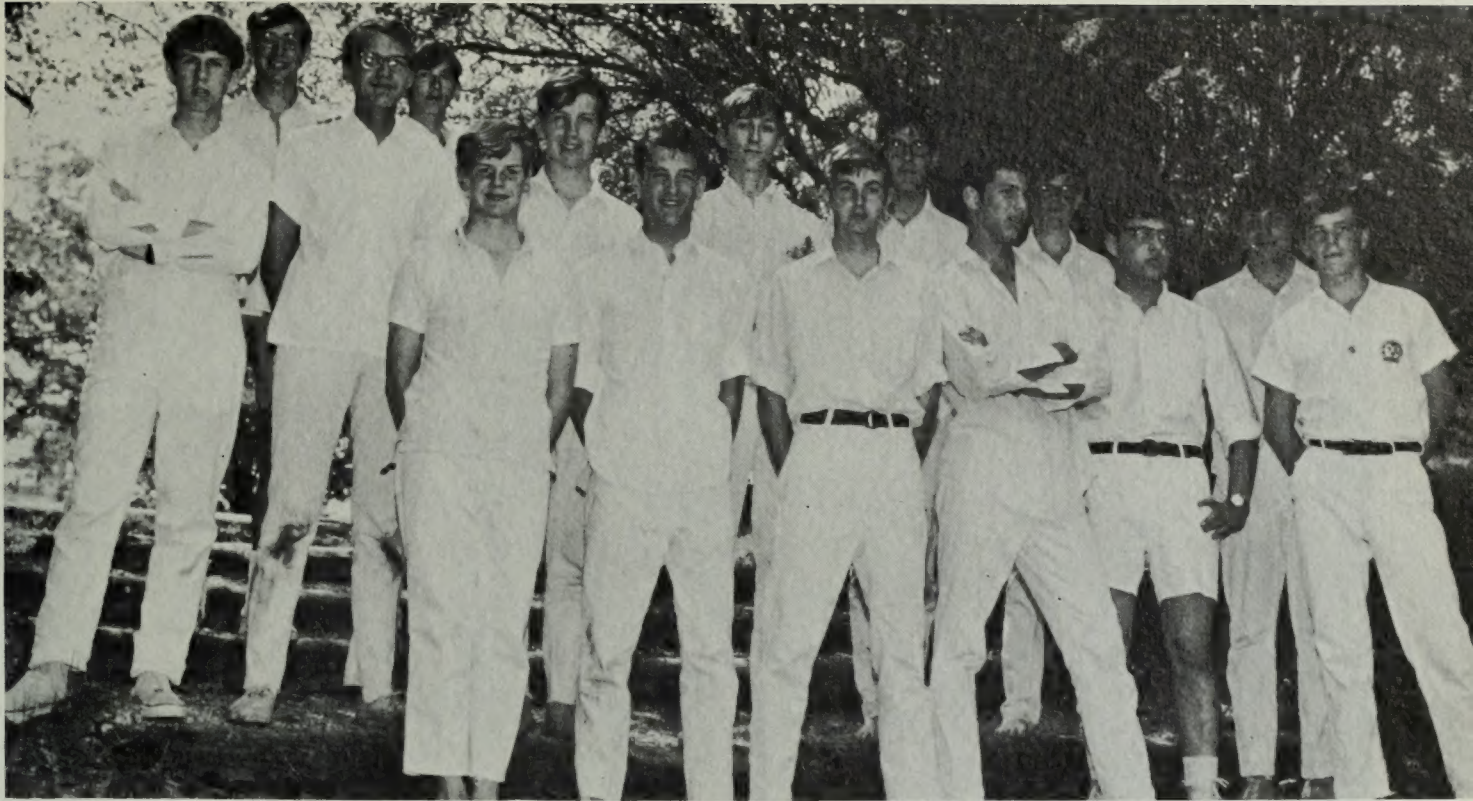
Winning the toss, Appleby elected to field first. Their bowling was reasonably good, but we were able to capitalize on the small field. Greg Patchell led the batting attack scoring over 30 runs in a very short time. Our last wicket fell in the same over that the team reached a century for the first time in a few years.

Inexperienced as they were, Appleby's batting would undoubtedly be the main weakness of their team. But our fielding proved to be sloppy at times and rather mediocre to say the least. This was probably the main weakness of our team and proved to be harmful in many games during the season. However, thanks to strong bowling from Patchell and Morris and good wicket keeping from our captain Nick Hally, we retired the Appleby team for 49 runs and for our first victory of the season.





# THE METS



*2nd Row:* N. Turner, G. Ralling, N. von Diergardt, G. Westcott, M. Davis, I. Jones, J. Marshall, D. Hally, S. Stewart.  
*1st Row:* P. Depew, D. Macdonald, M. Westcott, S. Facey, A. Cary-Barnard, G. Kilpatrick.

## SUMMARY

If the second cricket team had been able to obtain the necessary practice time perhaps we might have had a team which could, at least, have given the opponents a good game. However, this was not the case. There was far too much rain this year and the second team field, which drains badly anyway, was too wet to use. There are a number of other factors which must be considered too. There was no third cricket team this year and so a considerable number of players, who might have been third teamers, came to the seconds. Consequently, there were about a dozen and a half players of the same calibre making it hard to pick a standard team. Because the team was so young and inexperienced, there was a lack of confidence and hopes of winning were minimized. Combinations of all these points created a losing team in the 'Mets'.

The team played five games this year: Hillfield, Ridley, West St. Catherine's Cricket Club, TCS, and UCC. The Hillfield game, played by a make-shift team after two days of practice, was 0 runs for five wickets, before getting 17 runs all out. Hillfield came to bat and the game was over quickly. We went to Ridley with good spirit but the "black" boys were too strong for us. They batted 112 runs before retiring with 6 out. It was worthy of note that despite this large score, the fielding did not let up. When we came to bat, we went out in short order. Our next game was played on the 'A' pitch against West St. Catherine's Cricket Club. On a rainy afternoon they batted first and amassed 97 runs before getting out. Our batting, powered by Ted Ruse, (30 runs), produced 42 runs before the game ended. Though the weather was bad, it was a pleasant and friendly game. At TCS, the fielding was fair (100 runs all out) but our batting left us far short of a win. At UCC, we had 34 runs but were beaten by eight wickets. During the season, our team had no outstanding player except Ted Ruse who was shortly promoted to the first team.

But in Met tradition this report should not end on a pessimistic note. Mr. Gibb spent as much of his time as he could ably coaching the team. Among the younger players there were a number who showed that through practice and experience, they could be able cricket players and produce good teams in the future. Anyway, the Mets will never lose hope. Next year's all ours.





# MAC A CRICKET



*2nd Row:* Mr. Harrison, J. Murrell, D. Toogood, M. Jessel, P. Maclean, T. Boland, D. Featherstonhaugh.

*1st Row:* T. Tyczka, J. Gray, D. Stephens, J. Macdonald, W. Kett.

# MAC B CRICKET



*2nd Row:* P. McCreath, N. Long, J. Jameson, S. Duggan, J. Peters, Mr. Ray.

*1st row:* P. Fletcher, H. Sifton, B. Hovey, R. Kline, J. Empey.



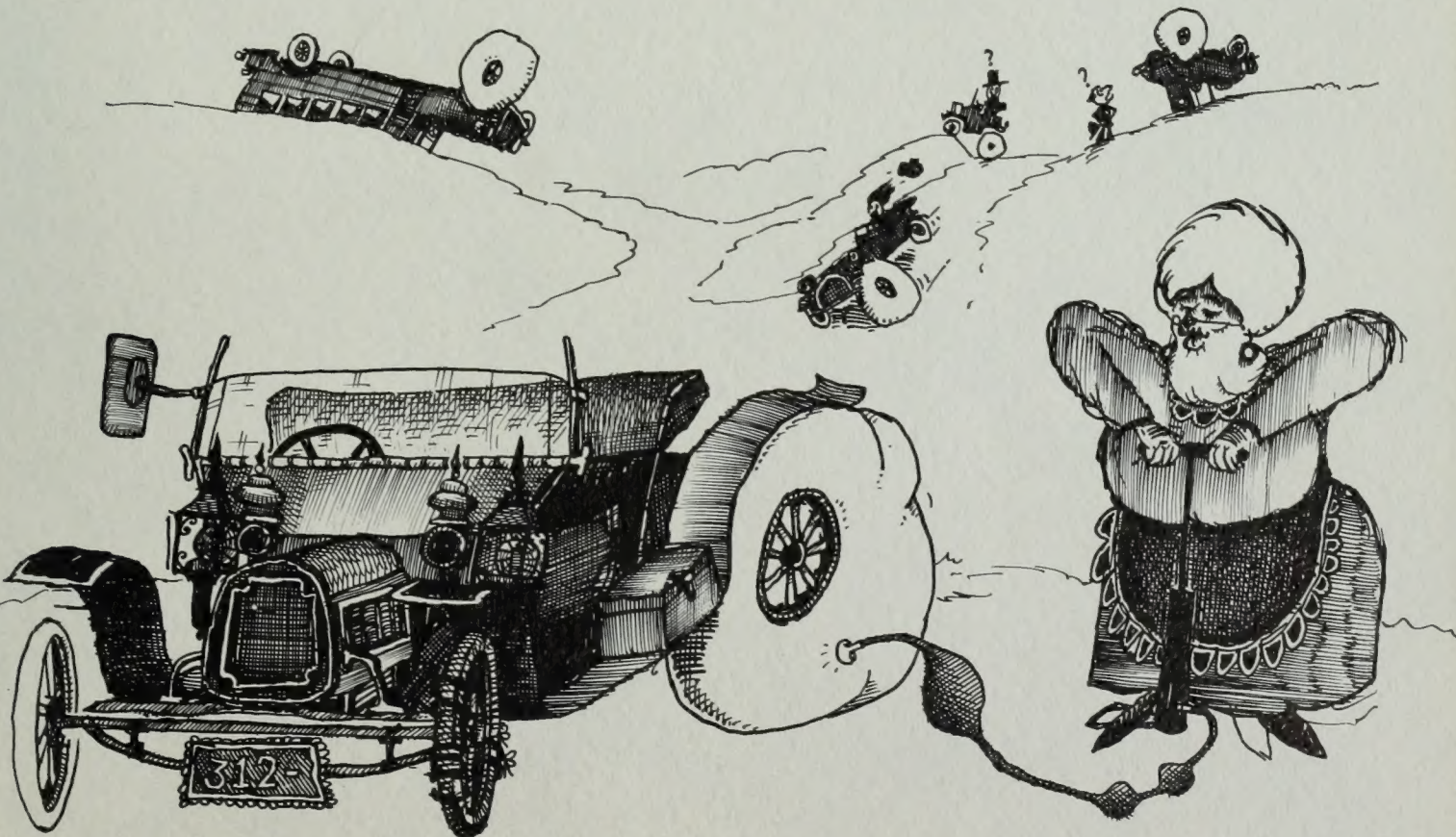
# MAC "C" CRICKET



*Second Row:* Grass II, Herbin-  
son, Kerr, Ellis, Alvarez, Rob-  
bins, Mann

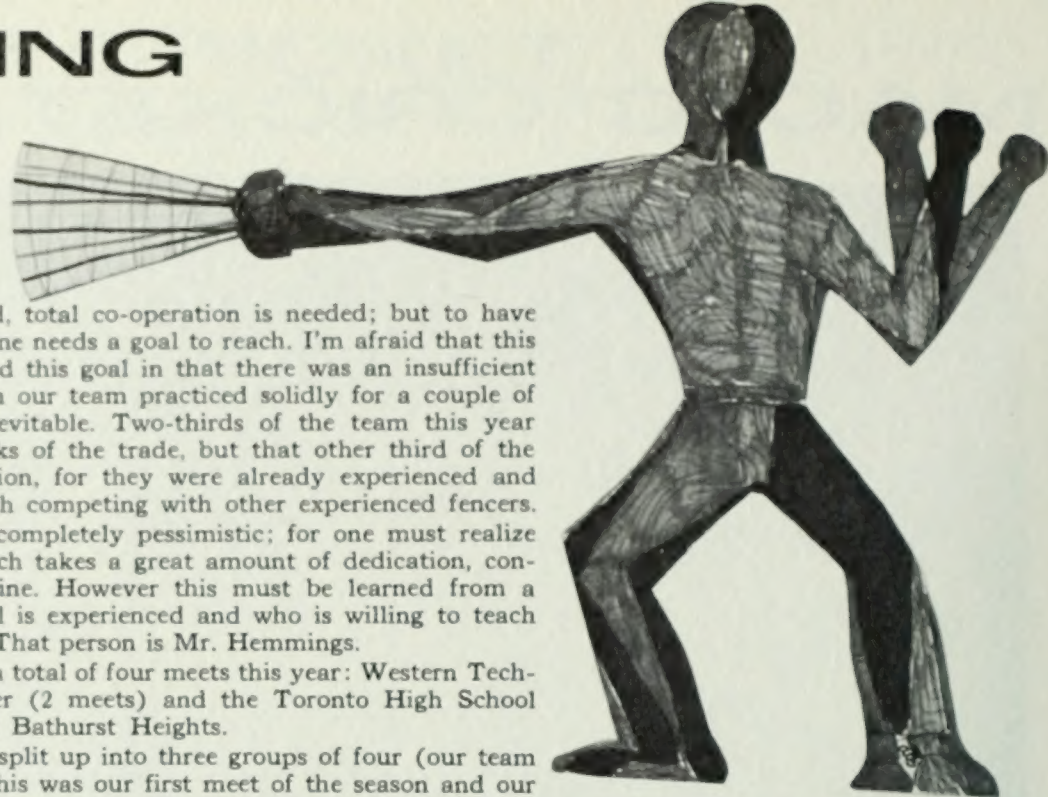
*First Row:* Jones II, Harper,  
Carter, Bluestein, Cole, Flem-  
ing, Little

Mother dear . . .





# FENCING



For a team to succeed, total co-operation is needed; but to have co-operation and success, one needs a goal to reach. I'm afraid that this year's Fencing Team lacked this goal in that there was an insufficient number of meets. Although our team practiced solidly for a couple of months, monotony was inevitable. Two-thirds of the team this year were just learning the tricks of the trade, but that other third of the team needed the competition, for they were already experienced and could only improve through competing with other experienced fencers.

But one must not be completely pessimistic; for one must realize that fencing is a sport which takes a great amount of dedication, concentration, and self-discipline. However this must be learned from a person who has fenced and is experienced and who is willing to teach a group all that he knows. That person is Mr. Hemmings.

The fencing team had a total of four meets this year: Western Technical College, W. A. Porter (2 meets) and the Toronto High School Fencing Championships at Bathurst Heights.

At Western Tech., we split up into three groups of four (our team at this time was larger). This was our first meet of the season and our novice fencers were quite nervous. Mr. Hennier, who was the coach of the Western Tech.'s team, must be complimented on this well organized and worthwhile meet.

On arriving at W. A. Porter we were surprised to discover how attractive the school was and how well fencing had grown there. We were quite successful that day. Our senior team, which included Alvarez, Crosbie, Chen and Cary-Barnard, won 10-6. Our juniors, which included Jay, Agnew, Reed, and Stock, also won. But we were less successful in the re-match.

At Bathurst Heights, we had, perhaps, our most fun. The championship lasted from about 12 noon, until 7 in the evening. Throughout the day, obviously a long one, Chen and Jurychuck were the most accomplished as they managed to reach the semi-finals.

Although we lost some bouts, we never lost our spirit. A great deal of this was sparked by Mr. Hemmings who incidentally ranked in the top three of the Ontario Junior Men's Foil this year.

To end on a happy note, I think that next year our fencing team should be of top calibre, since most of the team will be back for next season and with Mr. Hemmings' excellent coaching, we will be able to attain even greater heights.



2nd Row: C. Crosbie, P. Stock, Mr. Hemmings, D. Agnew, M. Jurychuk.  
1st Row: D. Chen, W. Jay, A. Cary-Barnard, A. Reed, L. Alvarez.








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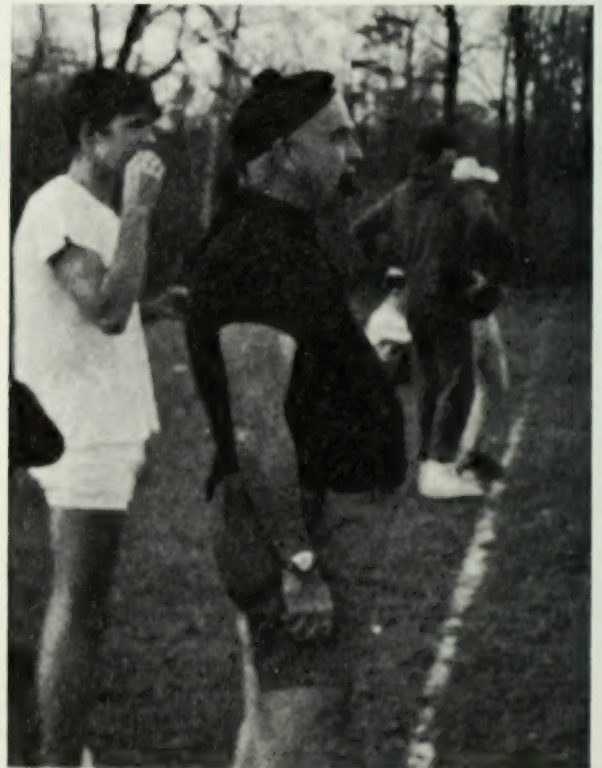
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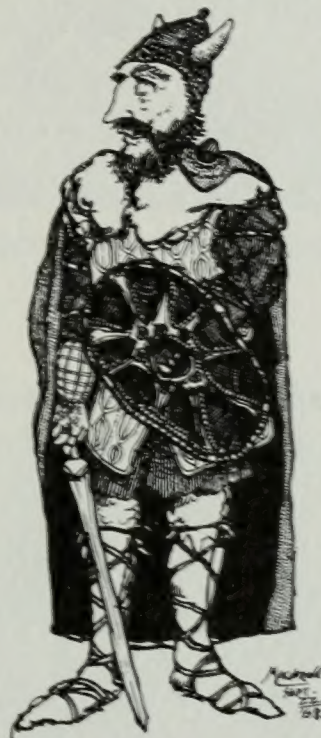


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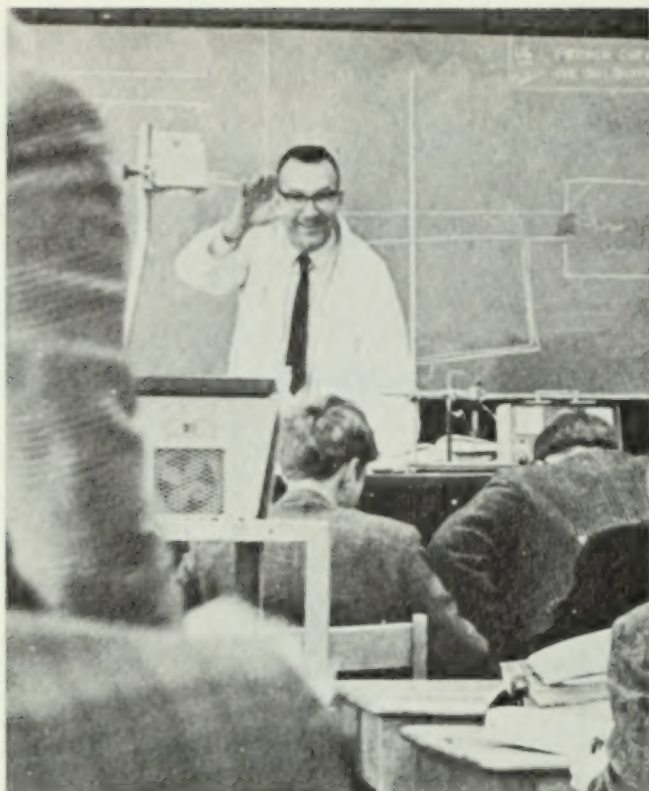
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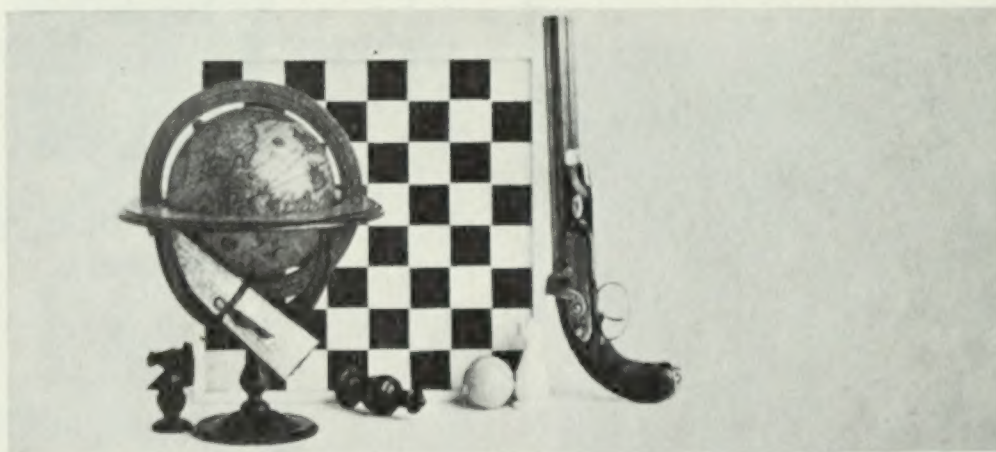
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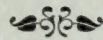
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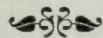


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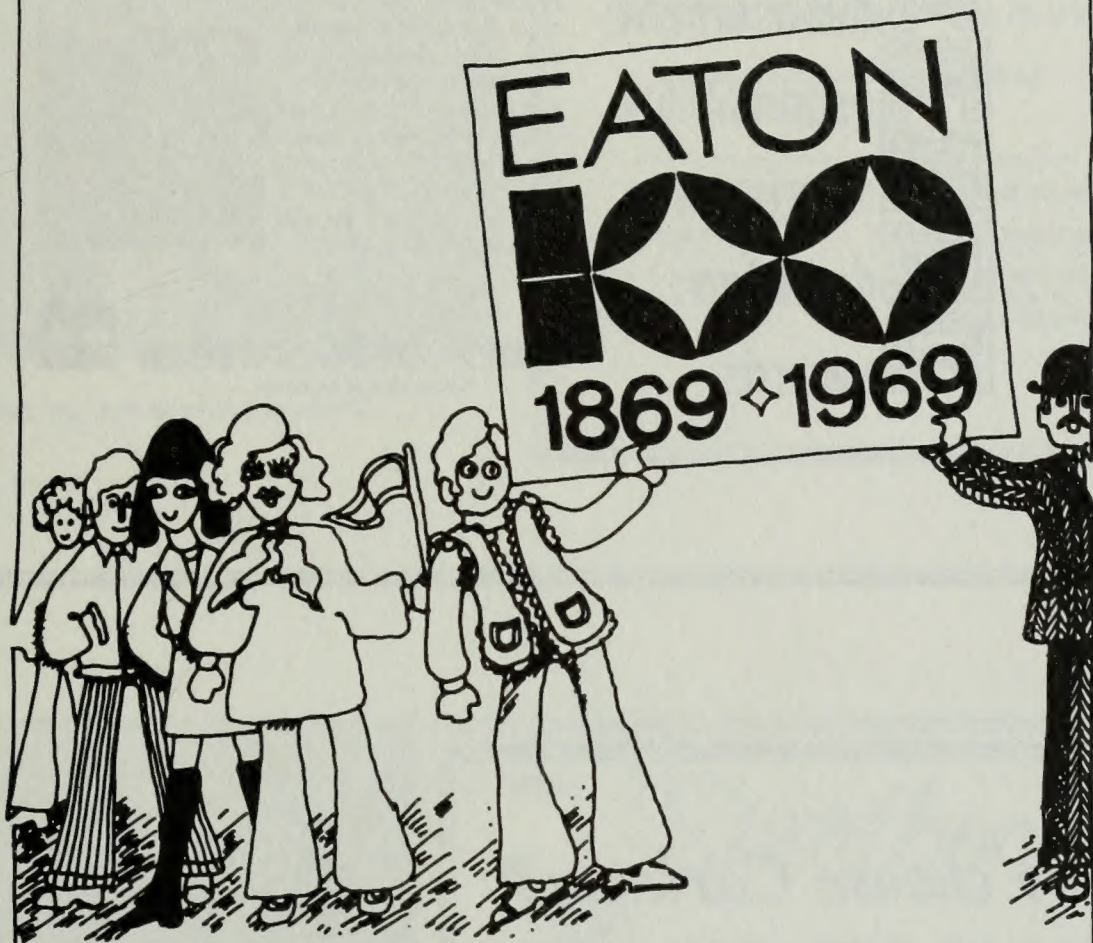
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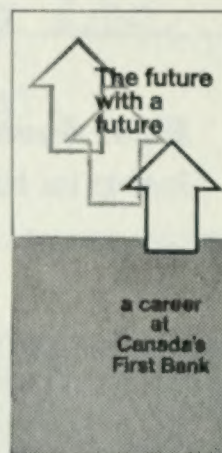
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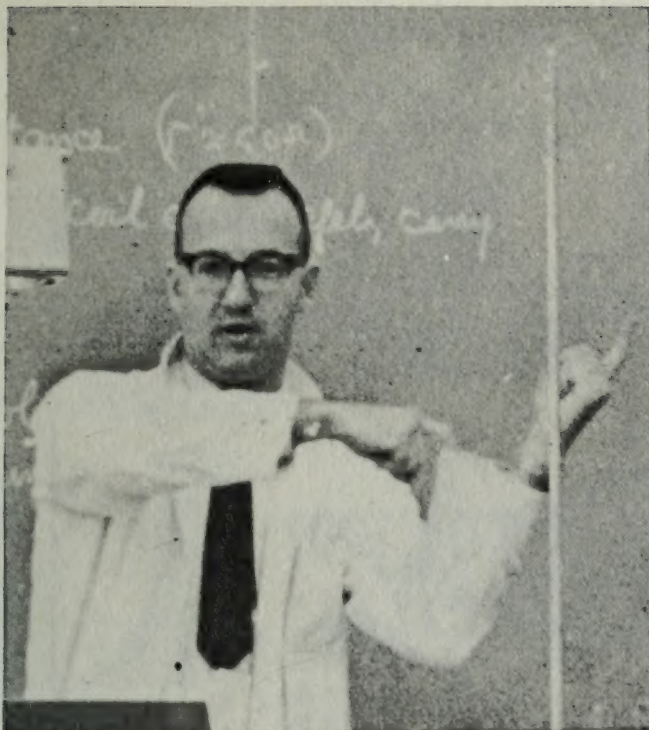
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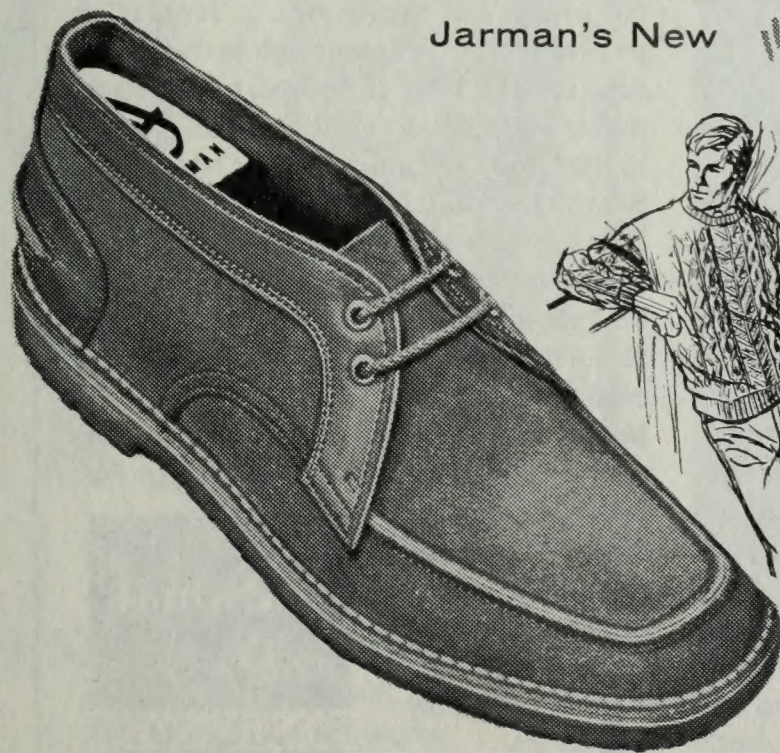
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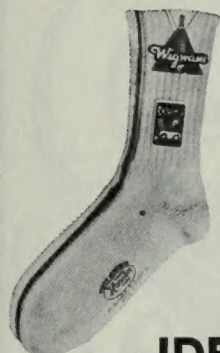




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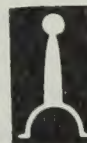
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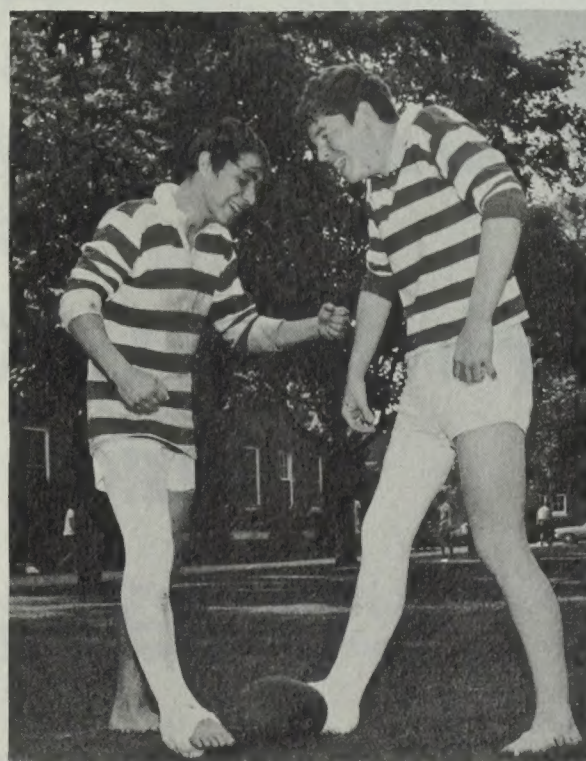
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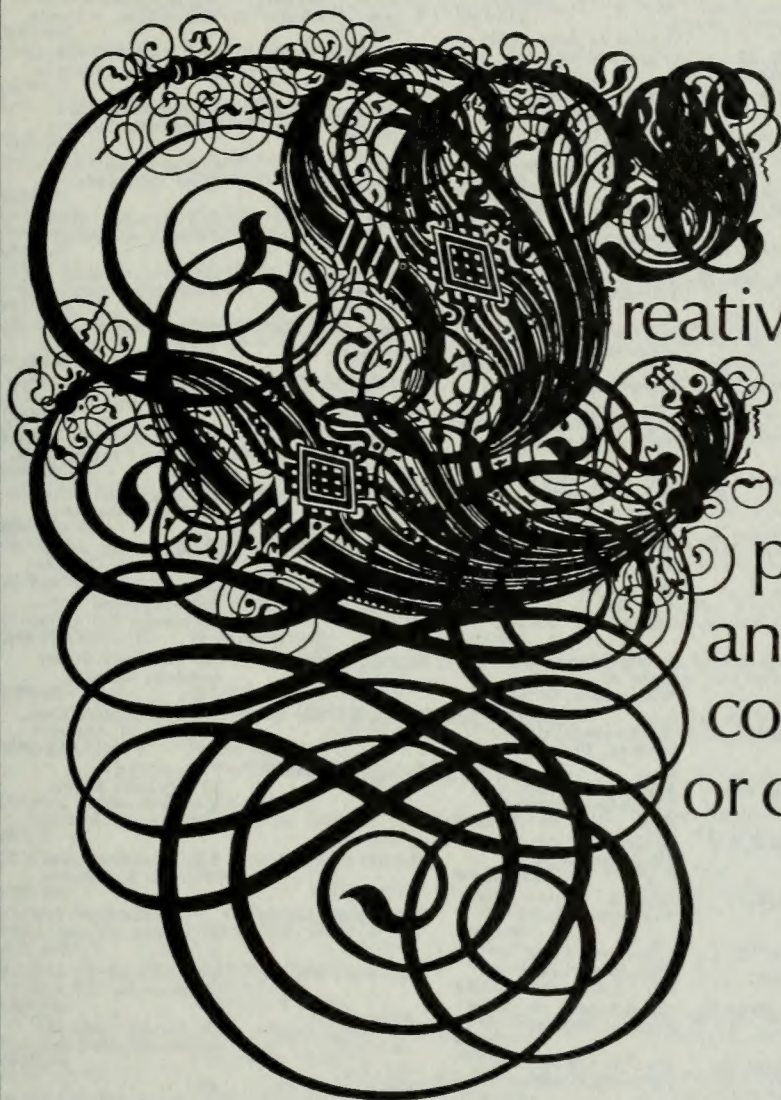
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May we compliment the academic staff and their advisor, Mr. Coulter, on another fine school year. A qualitative analysis of the staff reminds everyone of the rich and successful associations enjoyed by S.A.C. students. Although no attempt has been made to fully report on the educational advancements, the Headmasters Address page gives sure evidence of intellectual excellence, as well as, verbal originality.

As we Andreans progress towards our educational goals, we trust, that any suitable philosophy concerning present day life, which we may gain, will not have been overly influenced by our environmental control. It is quite true that School Life can be boring, dull, frustrating, defeating and sad yet trusting in the basic dignity and worth of those around us any idealism which we may develop will surely have been supplemented by our own innate realism.

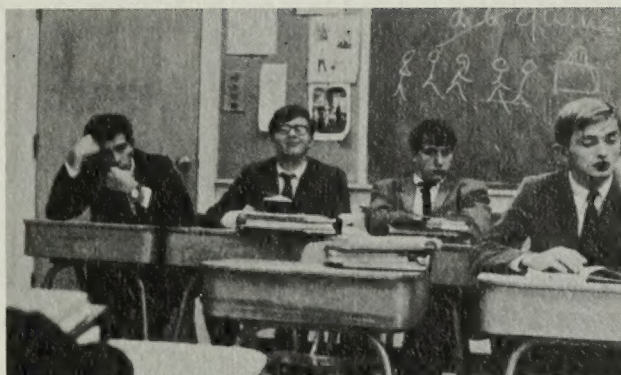
History has proven that the inadequacies of our system do not permit for any attainable Utopia. The source of these inadequacies lie in the fact that all groups have often failed to keep an open ear, so conducive to communication.

May we suggest, as representative of modern youth, that our educators in their splendid effort to relate the hypocracies and injustices of modern society to youth keep these ideas in mind. First, that any gap between educator and pupil may often be the result of an apparent superiority complex on either side. Second, that communication, mutual communication is more attainable when both parties respect, with sincerity, the views of the other. Third, that the best educator is the relator; he that can be or act the student with the respect of, and confidence of, the student can educate the student.

Thus, not only as Andreans but as members of the family of man, we will continue to be educated by our ability to communicate and comprehend the ideas of those around us. Our trust in St. Andrew's College and in the educators is to great to be wafted about.

Lets all play ball . . . together . . . now.

R. W. Campbell  
J. C. Maynard





# the "do your thing" page

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# why?

why no index  
why the new order  
why a staff photograph  
why no page numbers  
why good literature  
why a cadet section  
why no signatures  
why photographs through ads.  
why excellent write-ups  
why a directory with phone numbers  
why no editor's photograph  
why read this  
why why?

**we have you**

thanks for the fun  
hope you enjoy your yearbook  
read it when you're screwed up  
or like now  
a review is a review is **the review**

**the editors**





















**ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE 1968-69**

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